

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. NO. 31.

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Antioch Home News.

Are you insured?

This has been a busy week for fire insurance agents.

Mr. Fisher Sr. is still quite dangerously ill.

Mr. Edwin Richards has been quite sick for some few days past but is now we are pleased to say slowly on the gain.

Mrs. J. C. James Sr. was taken quite seriously ill last week but at present is slowly recovering.

Work was commenced on the foundation of Lyman Grice's new hotel on Monday last. Andrew Peterson has charge of the mason work.

Mr. Foltz we understand will again open up his store in the store building of R. D. Emmons where he will be pleased to see all his old and many new patrons once more.

Messrs C. B. Harrison & Son are prepared to do first class grinding at their feed mill on Thursdays of each week.

As we look at the portion of our beautiful little village made desolate by the recent fire, we wonder if our people need any more palpable evidence of the necessity of fire protection.

We would say to our many readers that we will soon be able to print the News on our own press and will then make up for any omission of news that may now occur in the paper.

Mr. M. A. Howard will occupy for the present the old furniture store belonging to J. C. James & Son.

Montgomery & Story are now comfortably located in their new quarters in the building recently vacated by the Williams Bros. where they will be glad to see all their friends once more.

We understand the Good Templars will hold their usual meetings in Odd Fellows hall for the present.

Brogan & Gray will soon be ready to move into their new quarters in what was formerly the Williams Bros. hardware store. The building will be finely fitted up for a market with all modern improvements.

J. C. James & Son will make many extensive improvements in their furniture store this spring as soon as the ground will permit.

The largest stock of furniture in Lake Co. at J. C. James & Son.

From a hospital case to the finest metallic casket at J. C. James & Son's undertaking and furniture store.

Mr. D. Lewis, of El Paso, Ill. has moved with his family to this village and will occupy the house belonging to T. C. Richardson.

To our advertisers whose advertisements have not appeared in this nor last weeks issue of the News we would say that the time they have contracted for will be extended so as to make good all omissions that may occur before we can again place their advertisements, which we hope to be able to do in a week or two at the farthest.

Favorable offers have already been made for a portion of the ground in the Rogers Block and it is more than probable that substantial brick buildings will take the place of the burned ones before many months.

Mrs. Ida Davis came out from the city on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Savage, during the past week.

Miss Mamie Pullen of Englewood made her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Pullen, a short visit the latter part of last week, returning to the city on Sunday last.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly Inter Ocean or Journal to new subscribers, one year for \$1.80.

Mrs. W. A. Story is at present quite seriously ill.

Mr. Geo. Olcott is getting the ground ready to build his new residence.

Jeweler Lewis has located at Williams Bros. new store and will be pleased to see all his old and new customers at that place.

TREVOR, WIS.

Sunday night last we had a very nice snow storm which made the muddy roads a little more muddy for a change.

Mrs. N. J. Schumacher returned from Ozaukee Co., Wis. where she had been visiting for two weeks among her friends.

This is election week in all the towns in the states for town and municipal cities to choose their officers and there will be quite a good deal of strife as to which party shall succeed.

There was quite a lot of sheep shearers left Trevor last Monday night for Minneapolis to shear 11,000 sheep, and more will be wanted soon by G. H. Booth who is agent for parties owning sheep.

The TREVORITE was burned out last week at the Antioch fire but made its regular appearance on time and it is to be hoped its subscribers will turn in and help the editor get on his feet again by forwarding their subscriptions as soon as convenient.

Last week Antioch had a terrible fire, which came very near cleaning out the whole village and which will, it is to be hoped, bring the people of that ancient city to think a little money had better be expended for some means whereby they can be better enabled to fight against another disaster of the kind.

CAMP LAKE.

Mr. Will Welton is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Bowman called on friends here Sunday.

Mike Gallagher, Lulu Jordan and Bessie Wilbur commenced their schools Monday.

John Gallagher has been quite sick but is slowly gaining.

Mamie Jordan spent a few days at home.

Norris Proctor is visiting here.

Miss Melvina Selby died at her home Friday April 3 of consumption. She has been an invalid for some time, but bore her suffering with patience. She leaves a mother, brother and three sisters, also a host of friends to mourn her loss.

Mr. Tony Enzenbacher and daughter Maggie came out to attend the funeral of Melvina Selby.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR. GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

Washington, D. C. Feb. 27, 1891.

Public notice is hereby given under section 2455, Rev. Stats. and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of September 6, 1890, that Netts Island in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45, north range 9 east 3d P. M. Illinois, containing 2371 acres will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office Washington D. C., on Wednesday, April 15, 1891, at eleven o'clock A. M.

The offering will be made subject to the rights of John Netts, the applicant for the survey of the

Island, to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff, Commissioner and ex-officio Register and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

Annual Town Meetings.

At the annual town election held in this village on Tuesday last the following officers were elected, there being in all 326 votes cast: For Supervisor, George H. Kennedy, by 19 majority; for Town Clerk, Harrison Beck, no opposition; for Assessor, Cornelius Coon, by 134 majority; for Collector, Wm. Grey, by 14 majority; for Commissioner, J. L. Harden, no opposition; for Constable, Howard Hadlock.

Obituary.

Once more the terrible visitant death has come and taken a kind father and loving husband and kind friend, and has blighted what was once a happy home. His death is rendered doubly sad since it came so unexpectedly.

Matthew Cribb was born in Ontario county, N. Y., on April 25th, 1824, coming to Lake county, Ill., in company with his father and mother and family in 1845. Becoming imbued with the California excitement he went to that State in 1852, remaining four years. Returning to this county in 1856 he bought the farm he occupied at the time of his death.

On the 13th of January, 1888, he was united in marriage to Deborah Reynolds, whose death occurred March 29th, 1891. On Dec. 22nd, 1893, he again united in marriage with Charlotte Miller, who survives him. He leaves one son, Jay R., and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Emma Quadenfeld, and four sisters and three brothers. Mr. Cribb's life was a quiet, practical one; no poor unfortunate ever came to his door and was turned away empty-handed. Living with his present wife 27 years without uttering one unkind word. How many leaving this world leave a fairer record behind? His death occurred March 25th, 1891.

GRAY'S LAKE.

The Sunday-School entertainment came off at this place on Sunday evening and was well attended and quite a success. All that took part did well. Archie Ritchie took the prize of a new hat as the boy that recited his piece the best; Mabel Curry the prize of new dress as the best reciter among the little girls. Mr. Howell, Mr. Nevill and Mr. Haron were the judges, and it took them quite a little time to decide which was best.

We are all excited here this morning over our township election. No doubt but the next election will be held at this place instead of Hainesville, as to-day will decide.

A great number of the sick which we reported last week, are improving.

Mr. W. B. Higley is able to sit up each day for a short time.

Miss Taylor, a young lady friend of Mrs. Higley, is visiting with her for a few days. We hope she will prolong her stay, as she is quite a favorite among the young folks.

Mrs. J. H. Phelps is in Chicago buying new goods ready for her opening next week. Give her a call and see a full line of new spring goods.

The roads still keep bad, which keeps the farmers back from their spring work.

J. H. Phelps has received several suits of clothes which he took orders for from the well known firm of Goldberg & Co., of Chicago, and give perfect satisfaction both in quality and fit. Not a single complaint.

Mr. Gardener is much better and able to attend to the comforts of the hotel guests again, and is quite busy.

John C. Murrie has a lot of lumber and fence posts on hand in addition to his other business.

J. C. Morrell intends going to Chicago to do business.

Our little town is booming and full of teams. We shall have a new harness shop here soon.

LIBERTYVILLE.

Mr. Saunier is building a front fence, which makes quite an improvement to his place.

Annie, the little girl of Mr. Ed Apple, is very sick with scarlet fever.

Our school commenced the spring term on Monday last.

There will be a hop in the Town hall, Friday, on next Friday evening.

The dance for the yearling male will come off on Friday evening, April 17th. We had our eye on the March calendar last week, hence the error.

It is reported that Henry Lawrence has rented the Wright farm in town for the year.

Mr. Geo. Horrick and Mr. Chas. Riceman, south of town, are under the doctor's care, suffering with the grip and complications.

Miss Nina Miller commenced the spring term of school in the Griddley district on Monday last.

A social dance was given on last Saturday evening in the new meat market, at Prairie View.

A dance was indulged in by several of our young people at Proctor's Hall, on April Fool's night.

Miss Mahel Ellis commenced the spring term of school at Quentin's Corners, in Cuba, on last Monday.

Miss Oceana Churchill who has been visiting in town for a few days, has returned to her home at Downer's Grove.

Mr. Ned Smith is visiting with his friends at Lemont for a few days.

At the annual township election held in Libertyville, Tuesday, April 7th, the following ticket was elected. N. B.—Here is the ticket all right.

DIED.—In Libertyville, Tuesday evening, April 7, 1891, after a short illness, Mr. Wm. Ellis, aged about sixty-nine years.

LAKE ZURICH.

School commenced Monday.

The coal chutes are done and the men have left.

The sidewalk from the postoffice to the depot is about finished.

Sit on a bent pin and you will have spring time.

Subscribe for this paper. Only one dollar per year in advance.

Mr. C. Hockemler, of Long Grove, was in town last Saturday looking over his interests at the factory.

Mr. Wm. Tyler of Elgin, has returned and will locate on his farm again.

Among those who did business in Chicago Monday are E. A. Ficke, H. Selp, Wm. Ernsting and Albert Wolff.

Houses to rent and horses and cattle for sale, at Spunners Bros.

Mr. C. C. Brown, of Missouri, was in this vicinity recently looking at property with a view to purchasing. He was favorably impressed with the property on the west side of the lake.

Mr. Chase has returned to J. C. Whitney's after visiting in Wisconsin.

Spunners Bros. have recently purchased the imported English draft stallion, Aylesbury.

Mr. J. C. Whitney is evidently preparing to drive a stylish team this summer as he is managing a fine span of colts.

Miss Mamie and Lydia Whitney visited their sister, Mrs. G. O. Prussel, at Ravenswood recently.

It is reported that Mr. James Kitten and family will return to this vicinity in the near future.

Mr. John Kanipple has rented Spunners Bros' farm near Honey Lake.

Mr. Joseph Whalen visited at Waukegan.

Mr. George C. Hume, of Chicago, is visiting at Mr. James H. Allen's.

Spunners Bros. have been making another deal in real estate, having sold their farm near Waukegan to Mr. Ed Peters, of Barrington. Consideration, \$4,200.

Henry Johnson and family lately in the employ of Wm. Spunners, have moved into the house vacated by J. Sumnerfelt. He contemplates moving again and says the house is haunted—doors opening and closing without any one near them.

Zurich is in need of a good large hall for meetings, balls, entertainments and other suitable purposes.

The township caucus was held in the town hall last Saturday. There was no opposition to the men put in nomination, excepting for collector there were four candidates in the start. Finally it was voted down to two and the race was between Fred Kreuger and Herman Snyder; the latter came out ahead by ten votes.

Mr. Henry Stoll entertained relatives of his several days this week.

Four horse teams are the rule nowadays with only ordinary loads. The mud is as deep as it has been at any time.

The weather we have had this week gives good evidence that spring is about here.

Owing to the Hillman building not being ready for occupancy our barber, Mr. John Brill, will not open up his hair dressing and shaving parlor before the 20th of the public.

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

FIGURE-HEADS OF FAMOUS OLD MEN-OF-WAR.

The Custom Rapidly Dying Out in the Vessels of the Last Years of the Nineteenth Century—Our Navy Fifty Years Ago.

The placing of figure-heads under the bowsprits of ships appears to be a custom alike ancient and honorable. Ovid tells us that the vessel in which he was carried to his place of exile bore a bust of Minerva under the bow. The ship that rescued St. Paul from the island of Melita bore a double image of Castor and Pollux. The Carthaginian merchant ships had their crocodile, the Punic cruisers their figure of Bani, the Norsemen and Danes their dragons and serpents. The famous English ship *Toribae* carried a ghastly skeleton at its prow, and the French privateer *Surcouf*, the terror of the Indian seas in the Napoleonic war, adorned the bows of his famous cruiser, the *Revenant*, with the figure of a corpse in the act of eating off its shroud. When the sloop-of-war *Pearl*, commanded by Lieutenant Maynard, of the navy of



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE OLD UNITED STATES "LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP" "DELAWARE."

George II., sailed into Port Royal after its victory over the redoubtable pirate Blackbeard, it carried under its bowsprit a realistic figure-head representing the head of the famous buccaneer himself as it was struck off his body by Maynard's sword.

The custom of decorating the bows with something emblematic of the ship's name or purpose is one that is rapidly dying out in the vessels of the last years of the nineteenth century. Particularly is this true in the ships of the United States navy, where the ram bow prevents the use of anything more than a simple scroll, or, as in the case of the *Yorktown*, a plain, unadorned shield. Our navy fifty years ago, however, then famous among the navies of the world, possessed an array of figure-heads the like of which had never been seen in warships before or since. A very interesting collection of these figure-heads is now to be seen at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md.

At the close of each month, when the cadets march from their quarters to the dreaded examination rooms, there to undergo tests for letter or worse, their route passes under the shadow of a massive Indian warping in wood, the figure-head of the old line of battle ship *Delaware*. It is mounted near the old mess hall, on a pedestal eight feet high, and the head towers fully fifteen feet above the ground. For many years this chief has been worshipped by the midshipmen as the patron saint of satisfactory averages, the attainment of which depends, according to an unbroken chain of academy legend, upon the favor or disfavor of his mute, though royal, wooden majesty. So, when the days for the examination come around, with a conspicuous glare



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CONSTITUTION"; A LIFE SIZE FIGURE OF PRESIDENT JACKSON.

ward of the second commandment, each midshipman, as he marches to his task, doffs his cap to the god, and thereafter his mind rests easy in the assurance that he has faithfully invoked the blessing of the idol of his professional ancestors.

For years and years the big white Indian has gazed intently across the parade ground, receiving the obeisance salutations of its subjects with only a stony stare. Its massive head, with its scalp-lock, is thrown well aloft, and crowned by four long feathers. There is a quiver filled with arrows at its back, and round its waist there is a belt, carrying a scalping-knife, tom-

hawk, and pipe. Altogether the big chief is a most imposing personage.

Although Marryat's gunner is made to tell Peter Simple that he "never knew a vessel with a figure-head to be anything," and although the figure-head is gradually disappearing from the later-day navies, there would seem to be something very appropriate in creating the prow of that famous old 84-gun ship, the *Delaware*, with the splendid head of a trial chief. The *Delaware* was built at Gosport in 1817, and launched in 1820, and for a quarter of a century she cruised in all the waters of the globe as the flag-ship of Commodores Crane, Patterson, and Morris. Those were the days when the American navy first began to earn the renown that afterward made it conspicuous in the eyes of the world.

Another figure-head at the Naval Academy, and one about which clusters a more lustrous history, is that of the old Constitution. This is a life-size figure of President Jackson, firm and erect, his left hand thrust in his coat, while in his right he carries a scroll, presumably the Constitution. This figure-head was carved at Boston in 1834, and placed on the vessel's bow in the second term of Jackson's administration, just after the ship returned from her famous cruise of sixteen months, and fifty-two thousand three hundred and seventy-nine miles. There seems to have been just as many offensive partisans then as now, for instantly the enemies of the administration began to clamor for the removal of the President's figure from the bows of the ship made glorious by the capture of the *Guerriere*, the *Fava*, the *Pictou*, the *Cyane*, and the *Levant*.

No attention was paid to these demands, and one fine morning, two months later, the officers in command were horrified to find the President's figure decapitated. Whereupon the *Boston Courier* of July 4, 1834, said: "It appears that during the night of Wednesday, the head of this wooden image was sawed off by some person or persons unknown. It is a rather mysterious affair. The Constitution lies at the navy yard, between two seventy-fours, and it is understood that a guard, or watch, is continually kept on board. It seems impossible that the deed could have been executed without discovery, notwithstanding that the night was dark and rainy. The head, which had been sawed from its trunk, it is said, was at least twenty feet above the surface of the water. It is the opinion of several intelligent men, who examined the premises yesterday, that the perpetrators must have gone to their work through the navy yard."

"It was reported last evening that Commodore Elliott had offered one thousand dollars for the person or persons who committed the deed."

The President's headless trunk adorned the Constitution's bows for a



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE BRITISH LION.

year longer, when the frigate was brought to New York. Here, on Saturday afternoon, March 14, the head carved by Messrs. Dodge & Sons was replaced on the trunk representing President Jackson on the bow of the frigate Constitution. The whole affair had been managed with great care and secrecy. The man who cut off the President's head was exposed three years later in a most unexpected manner. In one of the New York City courts there was an action of assault and battery in which Samuel W. Dewey was plaintiff and Joseph Fay and Edward H. Dixon defendants. In the course of the evidence, one of the witnesses stated that Dewey, who, it seems, was a captain, informed him on the evening of the assault that he (Dewey) cut off the figure-head of the frigate Constitution, Captain Dewey, who was a native of Cape Cod, afterward presented the head to the Secretary of the Navy, for which he was given a written obligation that he would never be prosecuted for the offense he had committed.

A splendid bust of Minerva, six feet high, forms another interesting figure of a collection of figure-heads at the Naval Academy, and commemorates as well an epoch in naval history made glorious by the triumphs of the frigate United States under the gallant Decatur. This figure-head adorned the prow of the old Macedonian when she was captured from the French by the English. The bust was very much worn and defaced when taken from the Macedonian at the time of her capture by the United States in 1812, and for this reason it is presumed that the relic is more than a hundred years old. When the ill-fated Macedonian was taken to England by her first captors, the figure of the British lion was carved by a sailor to take the honored place at the bow then occupied by the classic Minerva. The lion was completed, but before it could be put into place hostilities between England and America called the ship into action. When the Macedonian struck her colors to the guns of the United States, Decatur and his men found the carved lion in the captain's cabin, and it is now an interesting feature of the Naval academy collection.

Small-Pox.

While Germany loses only 110 persons yearly from small-pox, France loses 14,000 in the same time. This astounding difference is attributed to the rigid enforcement of vaccination in Germany, and to carelessness about the matter in France.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of The World.

Italian quarry laborers near Kingston, N. Y., after adopting some denunciatory resolutions, concerning the New Orleans lynching, looted an American flag and then riddled it with bullets. The quarry owners discharged the foreigners.

Information has reached the City of Mexico that the government of Guatemala will increase its forces on the Salvadoran frontier owing to the belief that Salvador intends to send troops to the same point.

Joseph Cohn & Co., wholesale clothiers at Kansas City, have assigned with liabilities of \$200,000 and assets of \$250,000. The firm was a heavy importer of Seligman, Mayer & Co., of New York, who failed a year ago.

The Colorado Senate bill appropriating \$100,000 for a world's fair exhibit was unanimously passed by the House. The bill will go to the Governor.

The English Government has decided not to invite Mr. Davitt to serve upon the labor commission and has asked Mr. McCarthy to suggest another Irish representative.

Negotiations have been resumed between William Walter Phelps, United States minister to Germany and Chancellor von Caprivi on the question of the withdrawal of Germany's prohibition against American pork products.

The general manager of the Nicaragua Construction company has received a cable dispatch from Greytown, Nicaragua, announcing the safe arrival of the shipwrecked party of which Senator Warner Miller was a member. The steamship Aquila, which grounded on the Rocaador coral reef, will be a total loss.

The international conference of miners at Paris was given a banquet. All the delegates joined enthusiastically in singing the Socialist song, the "Carminagole."

Nearly 10,000 pounds of sugar were thrown on the market at Baltimore Md., and sold for 4 cents per pound.

Judge Baker and Dr. Howard, under arrest in Fayetteville, Ark., are wanted in several counties in Nebraska and Iowa for swindling farmers out of large amounts.

"Gub" Moberly was lynched by a mob at Bryant station, Tenn. A note left pinned to the body read: "This is done for the protection of our wives and daughters."

Minneapolis millers talk of curtailing the production of flour because of a dull market.

A rumour was caused in the lower branch of the Nebraska Legislature by one of the members insisting on smoking on the floor.

The Minnesota Senate passed the bill requiring newspaper articles that reflect on any one's character to be signed by the names of their authors.

Emperor William of Germany inspected the men-of-war being constructed at Stettin and was tendered a banquet at Kiel.

It has been discovered that ex-High Chief Ranger Porter of the Foresters, who embezzled funds of the order, has four wives living, one of them at Grove City, Ill.

Rhode Island Republicans carried a sufficient number of towns to give them the necessary fifty-five votes on joint ballot.

Rival real-estate speculators at Sioux City, Iowa, propose to offer the government a site for the new postoffice free, in order to boom their holdings.

The great Whiteley reaper-shops at Springfield, Ohio, the second largest in the world, will in a few days be offered for sale under foreclosure. They cost \$1,500,000, including the machinery, which cost \$50,000.

The best-sugar experiments which several hundred farmers in central Kansas had contemplated under the direction of Dr. Schweitzer, claiming to represent a German syndicate which was to erect sugar factories should the experiment prove a success, have been abandoned, it having been learned that he has no relations with any German syndicate, and that his pretensions are baseless.

Brig.-Gen. Stanley has ordered the company of Indian scouts now at Novalie, Texas, under Lieut. Ryan to proceed at once to Pecos, on the Mexican border, in response to the petition of the people there, who claim they are at the mercy of desperadoes and raiders from Mexico.

It is understood that Supervising Architect of the Treasury Windmill will tender his resignation in a few days to accept a position in Philadelphia. He is offered the place there at \$10,000 per year, with much less annoyance than his present position entails. It is suggested here that the place may be again offered to Mr. Bell, of Chicago.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., was received by President Diaz of Mexico.

William Rockefeller, W. D. Bishop and Joseph Park, railroad directors indicted at New York in connection with the tunnel accident, have been admitted to bail.

Two men entered the house of Michael Strominger, an old farmer, near Harrisburg, Pa., and forced him to hand over \$3,000 he had drawn from the bank to pay off the mortgage on his farm.

Many deaths from the grip are reported in Berlin.

The Bulgarian government has made contracts with the Krupps for large supplies of war materials.

The Mexican Congress has convened. For the first time in the history of the republic the budget showed no deficit.

It has just been learned that twenty soldiers confined in the guard-house at Jefferson barracks, St. Louis made their escape.

Dr. Koch has returned to Berlin from Egypt. He is much depressed over the non-success of his lymph.

Three thousand Philadelphia brick-makers are out on a strike against a reduction of 10 per cent in wages.

The lower Mississippi is rising rapidly and several towns in its banks are in danger.

Adolph Spreckels denies the statement that the Havemeyer and Spreckels sugar refineries have combined to divide the sugar market between them.

The American national bank of Kansas City has resumed business. It has \$1,725,000 in its vaults.

There were 110 deaths in New York Thursday, seven being from the grip. There are 193 New York policemen on the sick list.

Two men were found dead in bed in a room in the San Antonio cement works. They had been asphyxiated by gas escaping from a kiln where lime was being burned.

Charges of embezzlement have been made against High Chief Ranger Porter of the Order of Foresters.

The total number of deaths in Chicago for March was 5,249.

The Leeds (Eng.) Millers' association has advanced the prices of flour 1s. 6d., making a total advance of 5s. 6d. during the month of March.

The license of the Capital Insurance company of Topeka, Kan., has been revoked by the State Commissioner, who claims the concern is insolvent.

Ninety-nine delegates, representing a million miners, are attending the international conference at Paris to discuss measures for the improvement of the condition of mine-workers throughout Europe.

John M. MacDonald, a cousin of the Canadian premier, died at Pine Bluff, Ark. He was a classmate of Livingston, the explorer.

Elias Martin, father-in-law of John Ankeny, whose house near Sycamore, Ohio, was blown up by dynamite while the family were asleep, has been arrested charged with the fiendish deed.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FAIR SHOW.

Communication with Minister Lincoln Opened.

London cablegram: Her Majesty's government has opened communication with Mr. Lincoln, United States minister, with a view to obtaining his advice and guidance in the selection and organization of the British commission which it has decided to send to the world's fair at Chicago. Mr. Lincoln will shortly have a conference on the subject with Lord Salisbury, who has shown every disposition to forward England's participation in the exhibition.

Gov. Waller, late consul-general of the United States at London, who made himself very popular while here, will open a bureau for information and assistance for intending exhibitors. Mr. New, the present consul-general, writes that he will soon return from America and give the countenance and assistance of the consulate to the work. The example of Great Britain is having an effect on the continent. Many inquiries are coming from France, Germany, and Austria, and bureaux of information will be established in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna within the present month.

DEED OF A CRAZY YOUTH.

Awful Tragedy at Bloomington, Ind.—All the Parties Are Highly Connected.

Bloomington, Ind., telegram: Ward Demaree, aged 22 years, killed his mother with a razor and then cut his own throat.

Demaree had been a college student for some time and had been studying languages preparatory to attending Princeton college. At the time of the tragedy an older daughter was absent at school and the mother lay upon the bed sick. Two smaller children were about the house. The mother, seeing that her son had a razor in his hand as he approached her bedside, motioned the children from the room.

Ward approached his mother's bedside and with one slash of the razor nearly severed her head from her body. The son, after looking at his fiendish work a minute or more, knelt on the floor and with the same bloody weapon cut his own throat.

The bed and floor presented a ghastly spectacle to the excited people who soon crowded into the room. The tragedy was enacted in the heart of the city. All parties are highly connected. The family knew of the son's temporary aberration of mind, but had kept the matter a profound secret.

MURDERED HIS WIFE.

The Brutal Crime of a Jersey City Prize-Fighter.

At Jersey City, N. J., Edward Hollinger, better known as "Big Hollinger," a colored pugilist, brutally murdered his wife by beating her on the head and face with a hatchet. Hollinger was arrested three weeks ago for assault on his wife, but was released on promise that he would live apart from her, and this promise he kept.

After having murdered his wife Hollinger tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a table knife, but that only made a slight gash. He then picked up the eldest of the children a girl 2 years old, and went into the street. Meeting a policeman he told him what he had done and surrendered himself. He told Chief of Police Murphy he was glad his wife was dead. "I deliberately killed her," he said, "and am willing to hang for it."

CHICAGO'S BIG DEATH RATE.

Over 1,000 Deaths During the Last Week in Chicago.

There were 1,103 deaths in Chicago against 995 for the preceding week. There were fifty-six deaths from la grippe against ten from a similar cause the week before. The police department has 244 on the sick list.

Killed by a Policeman.

Edward J. Mahoney lies dead at the morgue in Chicago, pierced with three bullet-holes, and John Monahan is at his home with a bullet-hole through his knee, under the guard of a police officer. The circumstance that brought them to this condition grew out of a most vicious assault upon Officer John Urie during the progress of which he shot both men.

Suicide at his Daughter's Grave.

Thomas Gadsden, cashier of the Merchants' National bank of Savannah, Ga., committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a revolver at the grave of his daughter in Laurel Grove cemetery.

He was a prominent man in Savannah and had been connected with the bank for many years and was interested in various business enterprises.

Serious Fire at Memphis.

Fire destroyed the new seven-story Abstract building and the Franklyn hotel on Adams street and did considerable damage to the Fellows building, loss, upward of \$100,000.

VERY CLOSE IN CHICAGO.

HEMPSTEAD WASHBURN APARENTLY ELECTED MAYOR.

Police Returns From All But Seven Precincts Indicate That He Has 1,367 Plurality.

Mayor... HEMPSTEAD WASHBURN, rep. City Treasurer... JACOB TIRDEMAN, rep. City Attorney... R. F. RICHOLSON, rep. City Clerk... JAS. B. VAN CLEAVE, rep.

Chicago, April 8.—At 3 o'clock this morning the police had received the returns from all the precincts. According to the Democratic leaders Hempstead Washburn received a plurality of 210. This result is not certain, although on the face of the returns it seems likely that Washburn is elected. At the time of this writing the result was being verified, and it may be found that a mistake was made in some of the footings. Shortly after midnight it



HEMPSTEAD WASHBURN.

was believed that Cregier had been elected by a plurality of 406, but a mistake was discovered in one of the footings that changed the result. According to the latest Democratic returns the following is the result: HEMPSTEAD WASHBURN... 46,420 CREGIER... 46,210 HARRISON... 38,853 ELMER WASHBURN... 21,621

All Chicago Democratic papers concede probable election of Hempstead Washburn and the entire Republican city ticket.

Chicago, April 8.—The Times says: It is possible that Hempstead Washburn has won in the great majority light, and has but very small plurality defeated Mr. Cregier. The incomplete returns would indicate this result, and the Times is in possession of no facts which would authorize it to make the claim that Mr. Cregier has been chosen. The official count must settle the question, and the Mayor's political managers say they will give up only when the board of election commissioners declare the result.

The News says: H. WASHBURN (Rep.)... 46,425 CREGIER (Dem.)... 46,210 HARRISON (Ind. Dem.)... 38,853 E. WASHBURN (Rep.)... 21,621 MORGAN (Rep.)... 21,621

The above figures embrace all but seven precincts.

Other Illinois Towns.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 8.—Complete returns show that Rhenna D. Lawrence, Republican, is elected Mayor of Springfield by 350 majority over Charles F. Day, the present Democratic incumbent. The Democrats elect the remainder of the city ticket by about 200 majority.

The Republicans have gained two Aldermen, but still lack control of the city council.

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., April 8.—The Republicans swept the city, carrying the city and township ticket and electing five out of seven aldermen.

GALESBURG, Ill., April 8.—L. A. Lawrence, anti-license candidate, was elected mayor. Three anti-license and two license aldermen were elected.

THE RESULT IN MICHIGAN.

Republicans Carry the State by About 5,000 Plurality.

Detroit, Mich., April 8.—Returns from the election indicate that Republicans have carried the State by about 5,000 plurality. There are many districts still to be heard from, however, and the vote is considerably closer, but it is not thought that later returns will make any material change in the result.

In the municipal elections in the larger cities the Democracy held its own and made large gains. Grand Rapids, Saginaw, Bay City, Lansing, Marshall, Adrian, Monroe, Pontiac, Easton Rapids, Mason, Hastings, a Clair, Saint Ste. Marie, Marine City, Muskegon, St. Ignace, Manistee, Cheboygan, Ionia and Menominee elect Democratic Mayors, while the Republican candidates were successful in Battle Creek, Hillsdale, Charlotte, Grand Haven, Lapeer, Ypsilanti, Flint, Big Rapids, Port Huron, Albion, Jackson, Kalamazoo and Corunna.

IN WISCONSIN.

Pinney Will Probably Have 30,000 Majority for Supreme Court Justice.

MADISON, Wis., April 8.—S. U. Pinney of Madison has been elected Associate Justice of the Wisconsin Supreme court, to succeed Chief Justice Cole, whose term expires next year. His majority over E. H. Ellis of Green Bay will probably be large. Pinney's majority from present indications may reach 30,000.

Beloit Met the Saloon Question.

BELOIT, Wis., April 8.—The city of Beloit met the saloon question and has gone for no license by 123 majority, the first victory for the no-license people in thirty years. E. G. Smith, Republican, was elected mayor by 65 majority. The total vote was 1,600, the largest ever polled.

Ashland Will Be "Wide Open."

ASHLAND, Wis., April 8.—The municipal election was very exciting and resulted in an overwhelming majority for O'Keefe and a "wide open" policy. The streets are filled with drunken men and riot and revel reign. O'Keefe's majority, 604. Political lines not drawn.

BARON FAVA'S RECALL.

It Causes Considerable Excitement at Washington.

The recall by the Italian government of Baron Fava, Italian minister to Washington, still continues to be the all-absorbing topic of diplomatic and official circles.

Dispatches from Rome give assurance that the action of the Italian government in withdrawing its minister from this country will lead to nothing more serious than a diplomatic controversy. Yesterday's reports that American citizens traveling in Italy were being held as hostages is denied.

The basis of the recall is that the United States government has not given assurance that the murderers of the Italian subjects acquitted by the American magistrates and murdered in prison, while under immediate protection of the authorities of New Orleans, would be brought to justice. The baron will soon leave the United States, leaving the secretary of legation in charge of only current affairs.

Official Circles Surprised.

This action by the Italian government caused the deepest surprise in official circles here when the fact became known. It had generally been supposed that the Italian government would at least await the action of the New Orleans grand jury which is charged with an investigation of the bloody episode at the New Orleans jail. It appears, however, that the information received from its representatives must have led that government to the conclusion that the grand jury investigation would fail to result in punishment or even indictment of any person connected with the killing of the Italians. The letter of Gov. Nichols in reply to Secretary Blaine was also regarded as evasive of the real point of issue—reparation for an alleged wrong—and the governor's assurance that further bloodshed would not follow, unaccompanied by an excuse for the failure of the judicial authorities to take precautions to prevent the killing, was, it is said, regarded by the Italian government with extreme dissatisfaction. It appeared that the United States government had exhausted its resources.

NO MONEY FOR ITALY.

The State Department Cannot Promise Indemnity.

Washington telegram: There is no money in the United States treasury available for paying Italy any indemnity and this may lead to another international misunderstanding. In Secretary Blaine's letter he spoke guardedly of an indemnity, but in Di Rudini's reply Italy notes the fact that the right of indemnity is conceded. As a matter of fact, there was no such concession. The department is without funds to permit an assurance of indemnity, and all it can do is to urge the next Congress to grant an indemnity. Ship-Builders Cramp says that if one of the Italian naval monsters got to our shore the little dynamite cruiser Vesuvius could drop a dynamite shell on the gunboat and blow her to pieces. But Secretary Tracy's last report said that the dynamite guns of the Vesuvius had never been perfected. They are not yet beyond the experimental stage.

ITALIANS PLOTTING MURDER.

Organized Movement to Avenge the Killing of the New Orleans Italia.

Sebastian Galario, leader of the 370 Italians employed near Wampum, Pennsylvania, tell a strange story which he says shall be communicated to the authorities at once. Galario is a property-owner in Wampum and seemed to place considerable weight upon the information imparted. He said that yesterday a strange Italian, who resided in Pittsburgh, called him aside and asked him if he would go into a plot to avenge his countrymen who had been killed at New Orleans. The stranger, who refused to give his name said that at least 20,000 Italians could be brought into Pittsburgh in five hours' time and with the aid of guns and by surprising the citizens they would be able to take the city without much trouble.

A dispatch from Wheeling says that 2,000 Italians near Moundsville, now employed on the railroad, and who have been drilling, intend to go to New Orleans, though for what purpose they refuse to say.

ITALIANS GET REVENGE.

A Scotchman Loses His Life for Applauding the New Orleans Lynchers.

Upon the railroad line known as the Camden system in the center of Virginia, 700 Italians are working, and it is only once a week that news reaches them. At Altoon the report of the New Orleans riot was received and while the Italians were discussing it among themselves the foreigner, a Scotchman named MacQuib, said the citizens of New Orleans did just right. The Italians became enraged and killed MacQuib. They then mutilated his body in a terrible manner. The excitement among the Italians when they read the particulars of the killing of their countryman was intense. No arrests have been made.

WILL NOT RECEIVE BLAIR.

A Report that the Emperor of China Will Not Receive the New Minister.

The council of the Emperor of China has decided not to receive Senator Blair in his official capacity. The cablegram briefly announces that Mr. Blair was not personally invited, which is the diplomatic phrase meaning that he is not acceptable to the imperial council, and is presumably unacceptable to the Emperor himself.

A SUICIDE WELL PLANNED.

Henry W. Grady's Nephew Takes His Life in a Systematic Manner.

Near Augusta, Ark., a young man named Charles West, claiming to be a nephew of the late Henry W. Grady, committed suicide in the most deliberate and unusual manner. After ordering his burial suit and coffin he drove to the woods and shot himself through the heart. He was recently from Georgia, where he is thought to have been implicated in killing a man named Richards.

STRIKERS SHOT DOWN.

NINE MEN KILLED AND FORTY SERIOUSLY WOUNDED.

Bloody Riots Result From the Coke Troubles in Pennsylvania—Hard Fight at the Morewood Works.

A dispatch from Mount Pleasant, Pa., says that a mob of about five hundred men began rioting at the Standard works. They destroyed some of the company's property and then proceeded to cut the telephone and telegraph lines of the coke company so no warning could be sent to the people at Morewood.

In the meantime the company's employees at the Standard works hurriedly repaired the telephone lines and sent word to Morewood that the strikers would attack the works in three places and had a well-laid plan to destroy the whole plant.

The deputy sheriffs were soon in readiness to receive the attack. The men were divided into two parties. Capt. Lauer having charge of the party which was placed behind the big gates of the barn of the stable inclosure.

As the rioters passed the company's store they made an attack upon it and raided it as far as they could, in a brief time breaking the windows and doing other damage.

They then marched to the barn and attempted to break down the gates. They succeeded in doing this and as they entered Capt. Lauer called out to them to halt or he would fire upon them.

Their answer was to fire a rattling volley in the direction of the deputies, none of whom were seriously injured. Capt. Lauer then gave the order to fire. Two volleys were fired before the mob broke and ran.

The fight was brief and deadly. Two rounds of cartridges were fired by a band of sixty-five guards, and seven of the charging mob of strikers fell dead, while at least forty others were wounded—how badly cannot be definitely learned, as they were taken away by their companions.

A later report says that two of the strikers died from their wounds.

A private dispatch received from Greensburg says eleven men were killed and twenty-seven wounded in the Morewood riot. The dead miners are all foreigners.

Sheriff Chawson of Westmoreland county sent Gov. Pattison a telegram saying that eight men were killed in the Morewood riot and that the situation was so threatening that the militia should be called out at once.

The dead men were carried into the company's store at Morewood. The strikers demanded the bodies of the victims but were refused, and the place was immediately surrounded by an armed mob of over two thousand men, who threatened to burn everything on the premises unless the dead bodies were given up. The feeling is very bitter among the workmen, who denounce the action of the deputies in no uncertain terms.

TROOPS ORDERED OUT.

Gov. Pattison Sends Soldiers to the Assistance of the Sheriff.

Pittsburg, Pa., telegram: The Governor has ordered the Tenth regiment to aid the sheriff of Westmoreland county in quelling the trouble in the coke region. The Eighteenth regiment of this city has been ordered to hold itself in readiness.

FIERCE TIRADE BY PARNELL.

Members of a Mob in Phoenix Park Anxious for a Lynching.

Dublin cablegram: Notwithstanding a steady downpour of rain fully two thousand persons assembled in Phoenix park to assist in the demonstration of the Amusements association and protest against the continued imprisonment and alleged inhuman treatment of Irish and Irish-American political prisoners by the British government.

After speeches had been made by Mr. Keeney, Mr. Parnell and others, resolutions were passed calling upon Irishmen at home and abroad to put forth every effort to secure the release of their friends, and demanding that the government hasten the unconditional surrender of the prisoners.

Mr. Parnell's speech was a tirade against the liberals, whom he accused of always making political prisoners, while the conservatives released them. The same thing might occur again, and John Daly and others convicted of perjury during the liberal's term of office be liberated by the conservative government.

Why, he asked, did not Mr. Gladstone release these prisoners in 1897? He (Gladstone) did not hesitate to stoop to ascertain the opinions of dynasties as to whether they would accept his home-rule bill of that year, and even went so far as to release some of these people at Bawarden. Why did he not release the prisoners at that time?

Here a voice exclaimed: "Why did you not make conditions?" while cries of "Kill him," "Lynch him," were raised. In reply to his question Mr. Parnell declared that the Irish party never made conditions with the government. The prisoners, he said, would rather rot in jail than accept anything but their unconditional release.

Notorious Confidence Men Arrested.

The two men arrested at Fayetteville, Ark., for swindling Capt. W. F. McDowell out of \$80,000 have been recognized as Chase and Campbell, the confidence men who are under indictment in DeKalb county Ill., and are wanted by Sheriff Osterlander for swindling John Wright out of \$3,000. They are the men who escaped from LaSalle county on straw bail.

M. COQUILLOT IS DEAD.

He Was Governor of Congo and Stanley's Right-Hand Man.

M. Coquillot, vice-Governor of Congo and Stanley's right-hand man, died in London, England. Gen. Booth of the Salvation army is reported seriously ill.

The directors of the Mechanics and Traders' bank of New York offer a reward of \$5,000 for evidence to convict the parties who set about the rumormongering of the bank's insolvency.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

The excitement over the Italian affair has subsided, and it is not a topic of sufficient interest to engage attention in fashionable drawing-rooms. Secretary Blaine is not yet prepared to make public anything throwing additional light on the situation, and unless there should be, contrary to all expectations, another bombshell as sudden and startling as the recall of Baron Fava, it is probable that the Italian entanglement will not again be a subject of all-engrossing public interest, and that it will take the usual tedious course of diplomacy.

There is some desire manifested to know the nature of the reply Secretary Blaine will make to the message of the Marquis du Rudini, but the Secretary evidently prefers to leave the diplomatic affair, for he sent down word that there was nothing new in the situation and that his reply to Marquis du Rudini was not ready for publication.

The following information is furnished by the bureau of American republics:

The government of Honduras has granted to Messrs. F. W. Perry and E. M. Imboden, both citizens of the United States, a concession of land covering the entire region known as Mosquito, the payment for which is to be made in the construction of public works, including an army road from Tegucigalpa to the coast of the Caribbean sea, more than three hundred miles in length, and a canal twenty miles long, twelve yards wide and five feet deep, to connect the Mosquito lagoon with the Guayama river.

In addition to these works Messrs. Perry and Imboden agree to erect one hundred miles of telegraph line, establishing communication by wire between the Mosquito region and the interior of the country. Active measures will at once be taken to induce immigrants to settle upon the lands of the concession, and liberal inducements are offered. The government of Honduras has issued a decree continuing for another term of years the steamship company maintained by Messrs. De Leon and Alger, between Puerto Coriez, Belize and New Orleans.

The government of Guatemala has recently granted a concession to Messrs. Martin, Roberts & Co. for the construction of a canal thirty-two miles in length from Point Lengua de Bui, near Tort Livingston on the Caribbean sea, to Guastatut, a city of the interior about 150 miles from Guatemala City, the capital of the republic. A railway is now in process of construction between the latter towns. The canal is to be of sufficient length and depth to accommodate steamers of 100 tons.

HOPES TO PLAY AGAIN.

Booth Expects to Return to the Stage When His Health Is Better.

New York, April 7.—Edwin Booth ended his season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music by appearing in the play of "Hamlet." After the last curtain the applause was prodigious and wildly on-

thusiastic, and it continued for a long time. The tragedian came forward and spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I scarcely know what to say, and indeed I can only make my usual speech—of thanks and gratitude. I thank you for your great kindness. It will never be forgotten. I hope that this is not the last time I shall have the honor of appearing before you. When I come again I hope that I shall be able to give greater attention than I have

FOR THE LADIES.

SERIOUS AND LIGHT READING MATTER FOR THE GENTLE SEX.

A Kiss in the Dark—Debasement of Women—Who Should Blow First?—Minor Items—Fifty Points.

It was in the dark at the foot of the stairs where after the dance I traced her. I heard her step and I caught her there And fondly kissed and embraced her.

She did not seem to take it amiss, And finding myself in clover, I wasn't content with a single kiss, But I kissed her a dozen times over.

And I knew that I was not giving offense To her, for she seemed to like it. Ah, me! 'twas a blissful experience—How lucky I was to strike it!

Then a light appeared and flight I took, With my mind on distraction's borders; I had caught and been kissing the colored cook.

Who was going up stairs for orders.—Cape Cod Item.

To complete the ecstasy of those who believe in the degradation of human labor, says a traveler, in Christian at Work, need I say that at Stockholm the debasement of woman is perhaps more thorough and complete than in any city of northern Europe? She, here, practically supplants the beasts of burden. And I am not altogether unfamiliar with woman's work in Europe. I have seen her round the pit mouth, at the forge, and bare-footed in the brick yards of "merry England," filling blast furnaces and tending coke ovens in "sunny France." I have daily watched her bearing the heat and burden of the day in the fields of the "Fatherland," and in Austria-Hungary doing the work of man and beast on the farm and in the mine.

I have seen women emerge from the coal-pits of "busy Belgium," where little girls and young women graduate underground as hewers of coal and drawers of carts, for it is no uncommon thing in Europe to hitch women and dogs together, that manufacturing may be done cheaply.

Aged, bent and sunburned, I have seen women, with rove over shoulders, toiling on the banks of canals and dykes in picturesque Holland. Having witnessed all this, I was yet surprised to find in a city so beautiful and seemingly so rich and prosperous as Stockholm, women still more debased. In Stockholm she is almost exclusively employed as hod-carrier and bricklayer's assistant. She carries bricks, mixes mortar, and, in short, does all the heavy work about the building. At the dinner-hour you see groups of women sitting on the piles of wood and stones eating their frugal repast. They wear a short gown, coming a trifle below the knee, with home-knitted woollen stockings and wooden shoes. Over the head a handkerchief is tightly tied. Those engaged in making mortar and tending plasterers wear aprons.

They are paid for a day of hard work of this sort, lasting twelve hours the magnificent sum of one krona (equivalent to 1s. 1d.).

Who Should "Blow" First? A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the question of whose place it is to bow first when a lady and gentleman meet upon the street or in any public assembly.

It is very absurd to say that a man should always wait until a lady has recognized him. In this, as in most other matters, common sense and mutual convenience are the only guides. Many ladies are near-sighted; many others find great difficulty in remembering faces. Are they, because of these drawbacks, to be always debarred of the pleasure of a chance meeting with some agreeable man?

The important thing, of course, is that a man should not presume; that, for instance, he should not speak to a lady to whom he has been merely introduced, unless she shows some sign of willingness to continue the acquaintance. Not to lift his hat to her with deference would be a rudeness, but he should not stop to speak unless she makes the first movement in that direction.

When two people meet who are really acquainted, it is not the man who should necessarily bow first, or the lady—it is whichever of them is the first to perceive and recognize the other.

If a lady is walking and meets a man whom she knows well, and who desires to speak with her, he will, of course, not commit the awkwardness of keeping her standing in the street, but if he has time will beg permission to join her for a few moments and walk beside her long enough for a brief chat.

The lady, on her part, will make it easy for him to leave her when they have exchanged the few pleasant sentences that belong to such a meeting.—Louis Chaudier Moulton, in American Cultivator.

A Chicago Train.

They stood aside in an alcove watching the dancers, the flying feet, flushed faces and the gorgeous dresses. As one girl with an immense train swept by, she in the alcove said: "That dreadful Chicago girl! How ill-bred she is!"

"How can you say so?" said he cynically. "Is it not all apparent that she is well trained?"

"No," with another look at the sweeping train, "she is overtrained." And they wandered out to take as much of the air as the violins could not get.—St. Joseph News.

A Ready Answer.

Lord Fitzenshott, Gail, British noblemen furnish the money to run your American industries.

Miss A.: Yes, but American wives furnish the money to run your British noblemen.—Texas Baptist and Herald.

How Should She Treat Him?

One of my girl correspondents has written this: "A young man I have known since I was a little child persists in calling me by my first name before entire strangers, and has a decidedly unpleasant manner that would suggest, to anybody who didn't know us, either that I was a girl of no refinement, or that I was engaged to be married to him, and that his manners were very bad. What shall I do?" This is what you shall do. You have known the young man all your life; the next time you see him tell him you have something to say to him, and set an hour when he shall pay you a visit. Of course, beforehand, tell your mother all about it, and don't do anything of which she would disapprove. When he comes just state the case to him plainly, quietly, and with dignity. Tell him that it hurts you; tell him that you can't permit it, and in addition, that if he continues to act as he does, unpleasant as it may be, you will have to entirely drop his acquaintance. If he is a gentleman, who has been a little thoughtless, your first words will be enough, and he will respect you all the more for what you have said. If he is neither gentle, nor a man, but simply a rude fellow, he will grow angry, and the loss of his acquaintance will mean nothing to you. Harsh? No, I don't think so. It is these horrible little familiarities of speech or action that make other men think that they can be equally familiar with you, and your own self-respect demands that you should not permit them to do so. Will you take my advice? I can assure you it is good. Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Wife's Widow.

Widow Mary Bailey, who dwells by herself in a lonely house in the outskirts of Chester village, in the Connecticut valley, went into her bedroom to go to bed the other night, set her lamp on a table, glanced at the window, and saw an ugly looking face glaring at her through a pane. She picked up the lamp, returned to the kitchen, threw open the door, and called: "What do you want?"

Thereat the owner of the face at the window, a burly tramp, advanced to the door and strode into the house.

"What do you want?" asked the woman in a resolute tone.

"I want something to eat," was the reply, "and I want it right off, too."

Whereupon Mrs. Bailey stepped quickly into an adjoining room, returned in a moment with a big revolver that was cocked, lifted it to her eye, sighted it at the tramp, and said tersely, "You get out!" The tramp made a feint to bluster, but evidently didn't fancy the black muzzle of the weapon that confronted him, and he backed out of the house saying: "I'll be back here later with my gang and do you up."

Mrs. Bailey locked the door, set the lamp on the table near her, took a seat near her kitchen window, and waited several hours for her appointment with "the gang." Finally, at about midnight the tramp returned and undertook to set fire to the house but Mrs. Bailey opened a window, thrust her pistol across the window ledge and invited her visitor to retire again. He retired. Mrs. Bailey is now famous in the whole river valley.—Banner of Light.

Why Big Men Have Little Wives.

There is a very general and ancient impression that big men in choosing wives prefer small women. At first glance this would appear to be true, because the number of big men with little wives is certainly in an overwhelming majority as we see them. In the five years I have held my office I have learned a thing or two through the medium of the marriage license office, and it is my impression that it is not that big men prefer little women, but that little women prefer big men, and it is the experience of the world-wide that what a woman wants and starts out to get she generally captures.—Globe-Democrat.

She Stopped the Train.

A train in Georgia was lately held up by a lone woman. It had got about 200 yards from a station when a negro woman was seen running frantically after it. The conductor saw her, pulled the bell, and the train came to a stop. A colored brakeman stood on the steps and reached his hand out to help the woman on. But she ran on by, and a negro boy hung himself out of the window and kissed her. The conductor was naturally a little wrathful, and told her so. She told him that her boy was going off, and they didn't give her time to tell him good-by, and she had to do it if she would have to follow the train ten miles.—Chicago Tribune.

Graduations of Sickness.

"I am sorry to learn your mother is ill," said the sympathizing teacher to the little girl who had come in late. "Is she sick now?" "Not quite," replied the truthful child. "She's just sick a-sore."—Chicago Tribune.

A Theory.

Miss St. Fashion: "I cannot understand how the delicate and refined Miss Greendell, the poetess, could marry an Indian."

Miss Brownstone (after reflection): "Perhaps he was rich."—Goud News.

All the Same to Her.

At the grocery: "Give me half a pound of tea, please." "Black or green, Miss?" "I don't care which. My mistress is blind."

From Harper's Bazaar.

"Was your elopement a success?" "Hardly."

"What went wrong?" "Her father telegraphed us not to return, and all would be forgiven."

THE CAMP FIRE.

GATHERING AROUND IT IN A REMINISCENT MOOD.

Indians as Enlisted Men—A Letter in a Button—Confederate Prisoners on Their Travels, Etc., Etc.

The enlistment of Indians to form 8 troops and 19 companies in as many cavalry and infantry regiments is an important step toward a solution of the "Indian problem." It is, of course, an experiment, but one from which no harm can come to the new recruits or to the service. It may be productive of good, certainly to the Indians, probably to the Army.

The use of subject tribes under white officers has proved successful in the British occupation of India, and there are many who believe that it solved a difficult problem there. In the use of Indians as scouts our Army made a step toward the present experiment.

The War Department does not expect to escape difficulties in the organization of these Indian companies. It may be very slow recruiting, especially for the infantry, as the Indian has a prejudice to life out of the saddle, but among the Navajos and some other of the tribes of Arizona and New Mexico may be induced to take service in the infantry. These Indians, it is said, do most of their fighting and trailing on foot, and will readily adapt themselves to infantry life.

The conditions of enlistment will be about the same as those governing white recruits, excepting, of course, a requirement of a knowledge of English and testimonials of previous moral character, which the life of the Indian has made it unreasonable to insist upon.

The authorized enlisted strength of the army remains at 25,000, and if the Indian enlistments prove successful the secretary will ask Congress to increase the strength of the army, so as to include the 1,500 Indian recruits that are hoped for. At present the enlisted strength is 23,000, and some difficulty is now encountered in securing white and negro recruits.

The Indian companies will have separate quarters, but in all other respects will be treated as other soldiers are. They will be required to enlist for five years. Doubtless experience will suggest to the War Department and to the officers assigned to the Indian companies variations in clothing, food, equipments, and, perhaps, in discipline; but those most familiar with the Indians when employed as scouts assert that the intelligence of the Indians is likely to be of a higher order than that of the negro or the average white recruit. Those favorable to the present experiment believe that the influence of discipline upon the moral, mental and physical condition of the Indian recruits will be as plainly seen quite as soon as it is upon any other material from which our army is drawn.—Army and Navy Register.

A Letter in a Button.

A most unique relic of the late war is possessed by George Clutch, of Columbus, Ind. It is a button off a private soldier's uniform. During the latter part of the war Mr. Clutch's brother-in-law, J. F. Gallaher, whose home is in Ohio, had the misfortune to be captured by the Confederates and confined in Libby prison. After Mr. Gallaher had been there some time he began to feel the need of money, which would enhance his prospect of reaching the Union lines should he succeed in making his escape. A surgeon of his regiment, who was in the prison, was about to be exchanged. He cut off one of the large brass buttons from his uniform, and separating the two parts of it, made a cavity by taking out the filling. He then wrote on a slip of blank paper, in a small but distinct hand, the following note to his wife, which he inclosed in the cavity and again sealed the button together:

DEAR WIFE:—If we are not exchanged by the 1st of December, send me \$30 in greenbacks. Put in a visa canned up in a can of tomatoes or blackberries. Send it in a box of provisions. J. F. GALLAHER.

This note is well preserved, and was still resting snugly in its place in the button when shown recently by Mr. Clutch. To continue the story the button was made to take the place of another on the uniform of the exchanged surgeon, who reached home and delivered it to Mrs. Gallaher in due time. It could not have escaped the close scrutiny of the officers had it been conveyed out of the prison in any other manner, as the officers were particularly to search all of the exchanged prisoners, including the surgeon, most minutely. Mr. Gallaher did not have much hope that his scheme would succeed, even should the note reach his wife, but he was surprised, for the fruit arrived in a short time, and although closely inspected by the prison officials they failed to discover the visa containing the money concealed in one of the jars of thick preserves. Soon after receiving the money Mr. Gallaher succeeded in making his escape from the prison, being one of the chief participants in the great tunnel expedition. He found the \$30 obtained in no novel manner to be of great service to him in reaching the Union lines.—Ex.

Confederate Prisoners on Their Travels.

• • • We were to be sent to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie. Our route lay over the Erie Railroad, and we made the trip on parole. The guards placed at each door of our coach were for our comfort only, as we were objects of marked curiosity during the trip and would have been overrun with visitors had not admittance been refused. At the different stations we mingled freely with the

people on the platform and found them, with few exceptions, courteous but inquisitive. We were, no doubt, a disappointing lot. There was nothing in our apparel to mark the Rebel soldier, and as we mingled with the crowd surprise was freely expressed that we were not as their fancy painted us, though just what shape that fancy took I never learned. The ladies, as was the case both North and South, were intensely patriotic, and read us severe and no doubt salutary lectures on the evil of our ways, which were submissively and courteously received and duly pondered. There was one question that you could safely wager would be asked by five out of ten, and that was, "Do you honestly think you are right?" This conundrum was offered to me so often that were time allowed, being in President Lincoln's country, I answered in President Lincoln's style by stating that it "reminded me," and told them of the couple who took their bridal trip on an ocean steamer with the usual return from sundry trips to the rail of the vessel his young wife would inquire, "Reginald, darling, are you sick?" To which he at last replied, "Good heavens! Rebecca do you think I am doing this for fun?"—The Century.

What Became of the Cow.

As I have never seen anything in the papers from the boys of the 57th Ill., it would seem that such a regiment never existed. The following incident which is no doubt well remembered by many comrades, should wake them up, and be the cause of letting their old friends know they are still on earth.

In March, 1862, just before the battle of Shiloh, the 67th Ill. was in camp about half a mile back from the river. Only a few weeks before a sleek cow, somewhat resembling a Jersey, made her appearance, and was at once declared "contraband." She became attached to the regiment, and as she was in prime condition, the Hospital Steward was instructed to care for her. She furnished her daily quota of milk, which was relished by all in the hospital at the time, and to state that her presence was welcome would be to state it mildly. During the bloody 6th and 7th days of April she disappeared, only to return to the regiment after the battle was over. During the march to and through the siege of Corinth, she was in constant attendance upon the boys, and gave them a feeling of home-like content. After the siege I was confined in the hospital, and the milk furnished by "Bossy" made a welcome addition to my cup of black coffee.

Some time during October the cow suddenly disappeared. Whether she was made into beef by some other regiment or appropriated for other uses, the 57th never knew. Can any comrade tell anything about "Bossy's" fate?—Wm. Kunth, 67th Ill., in National Tribune.

Laquer for War Vessels.

There arrived at San Francisco from Japan by the steamer China two packages addressed to the United States Navy Department, Washington, D. C. It was learned that the contents of these cases were four plates of iron and steel, each four feet square. These plates are covered with four coats of anti-fouling and anti-corrosive laquer. They will be subjected to a test of submergence in salt water for three months, in order to ascertain whether the process can be applied to the ships of the "White Squadron."

It is said by those who have seen the Japanese steel warships having this laquer on their bottoms, instead of the usual paint, that the plates were thoroughly protected, and that the laquer coating was perfectly smooth and unbroken. The bottom of the warship Niniwa Kan was coated with this laquer for nine months. When the vessel was docked it was found that its plates were in excellent condition, and not the least particle of grass or barnacles was found.

Colored People Pleased.

The colored citizens of Washington are happy. The war department has definitely decided to bring a troop of colored cavalry—1 of the Ninth—to Fort Meyer as a reward for its services in the recent Indian campaign. No greater honor could be paid a troop, white or colored, than this, for in addition to being the most delightful cavalry station in the country, Fort Meyer has been officially designated as the haven of rest for the troops that have made themselves conspicuous in military achievements. Besides, the troops stationed there have the additional distinction of being the guard of honor to the President on occasions of official ceremony. Troop K of the Seventh Cavalry (white) will also be rewarded for its gallant conduct in the Wounded Knee battle by a period at Fort Meyer. The troops named will come East, relieving the two troops at present stationed here, about May 1.

Grant's Monument.

A former officer of the United States Army, who saw General Sherman in New York several weeks before his death, said that the latter expressed great indignation at the continued talk and inaction about a monument for General Grant. He said: "It is enough to make General Grant turn in his grave to have all this talk and begging going on for a monument over his body. I know that all Grant would have ever wished would have been a plain marble slab, something to mark his last resting-place, and no more. I hope that when I am gone no one will talk about a monument over me. A good piece of white marble is enough for any soldier or any body."

A MASSACRE IN INDIA.

NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE KILLED IN A FIGHT.

Two Days of Desperate Fighting—The Trouble Originated in a Feud Between Rival Rajahs.

A dispatch from Manipur, Assam, brings news of a disaster to a force of native troops there. It seems that James W. Quinton, the chief commissioner of Assam, has recently been investigating some serious troubles which have occurred among the native chiefs. As a result of his investigation the chief commissioner was holding a durbar or conference with the notables of Assam with the view of arresting one of the prominent chiefs who had been instrumental in deposing the Rajah.

The chief commissioner, while pursuing his inquiries into the disputes between the chiefs, occupied a camp which was garrisoned by a strong force of Ghoorkas, native infantry in the British service. Suddenly this camp was attacked by a number of hostile tribes, led by their chiefs. A two days' battle, during which some desperate fighting took place, followed the onslaught of the tribesmen.

The Ghoorkas fought most determinedly against heavy odds and according to the report 470 of the Ghoorkas were killed. Seven of the British officers who accompanied the chief commissioner and that official have been reported to be missing.

The massacre originated in a feud between the Rajah of Manipur and a leading tribal chief. The Rajah was deposed and he appealed to the viceroy, Mr. Quinton, to settle the trouble and started from the headquarters at Shillong with the Forty-second and Forty-fourth Ghoorka light infantry.

After crossing the frontier Mr. Quinton summoned the chiefs to a durbar at Manipur for the purpose of arresting the rebellious chief. The tribesmen, pretending to obey the summons, mustered in force and at midnight on the day before the durbar, the durbar was to be held suddenly attacked the camp of Commissioner Quinton, which lay between Kohima and Manipur.

The attempt to surprise the camp failed and the tribesmen were driven back. They returned, however, and kept up the attack and siege night and day for forty-eight hours. Finally the ammunition of the Ghoorkas gave out and Commissioner Quinton was obliged to give the order: "Save your lives!" During the fight at the camp, some of the tribesmen were sent to try to communicate with Shillong, but they never returned. The Manipuri natives cut the telegraph wires and killed the messengers. Fugitives report that a general massacre followed the taking of the camp. There is reason for believing that the estimate that 470 were killed is incorrect.

The viceroy of India has abandoned his tour and has started for Simla. Five regiments and a mountain battery have been ordered to Manipur.

Quashed the Eight-Hour Indictments.

Judge Lotz, in Muncie, Ind., heard the cases in which the grand jury had found three indictments against Supl. Kennedy of the pulp mills on the charge of violating the eight-hour law by compelling his employees to work ten and one-half hours a day. The court quashed the indictments, holding that the statute only applies to parties having contracts with the State or municipal corporations, and that it does not apply to private persons or corporations who employ mechanics or workmen.

Aged Colored Woman Burned.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—Frances Lewis, an old colored woman was burned to death in her room here this morning, her clothes taking fire from the fireplace near which she was sleeping on her chair.

MARKET REPORT.

Chicago.	
Beef—Extra 1,500@1.50	
lbs.—	
Good to fancy steers	5.50 @ 6.00
Poor to medium "	5.20 @ 5.50
Cows—	
Veal calves—	1.40 @ 1.50
lbs.—	
MILK Cows—per head	20.00 @ 23.00
HOGS—Mixed	4.20 @ 4.50
SHEEP—Native	4.00 @ 4.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1.00 @ 1.25
CORN—No. 2	.50 @ .55
OATS—No. 2	.50 @ .55
POTATOES—per bushel	1.10 @ 1.20
POULTRY—Chickens, dressed	
per lb.—	
Ducks, dressed, per	
lb.—	.12 @ .15
Turkeys, dressed,	
per lb.—	.14 @ .15
BUTTER—Choice creamery	.8 @ .8
Low grades	.00 @ .10
CHEESE—Full cream	.11 @ .12
Old grades	.04 @ .07
EGGS—Fresh, per dozen	.10 @ .15
St. Louis.	
BECK'S—Choice natives	4.00 @ 5.00
HOGS—Choice	4.00 @ 4.50
SHEEP—	4.00 @ 4.50
CORN—No. 2 Red	1.00 @ 1.0
CORN—No. 2	.50 @ .55
OATS—	.25 @ .35
Milwaukee.	
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.01 @ 1.01
CORN—	.01 @ .01
OATS—	.12 @ .13
Detroit.	
WHEAT, No. 2 Red	1.00 @ 1.0
CORN—	.04 @ .05
OATS—	.55 @ .55
Kansas City.	
BECK'S—Grain and corn-fed	4.00 @ 5.00
STEEPS—Grass range	1.50 @ 3.00
HOGS—	3.00 @ 4.00
WHEAT—No. 2	.0 @ .0
CORN—No. 2	.5 @ .5
OATS—No. 2	.5 @ .5

MURDERED AT GOSHEN, IND.

Alexander Snyder Found Dead in His Bed—Two Tramps Arrested.

GOSHEN, Ind., April 7.—Alexander Snyder, an old citizen, was found dead in his bed this morning with a great mark in the side of his head which looked as though it might have been inflicted with a club. No signs of a struggle were evident. Two tramps who were found shortly after the discovery of the crime with some of Snyder's things in their possession were arrested and put in jail. They were seen lurking about Mr. Snyder's residence last night.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

Fire destroyed the Central house at Prairie du Chien.

A Milwaukee section of the Socialist party was established. Blank-wrecker Klassen was recently sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

Johnson & Co.'s dry goods store at Stoughton was burned. Loss \$30,000.

President Kingsley, of Milwaukee college, will take a party of ten to Europe.

Henry Konker, aged 10, was found helplessly intoxicated on the street in Milwaukee.

One of the most notorious places in Northern Wisconsin was destroyed by fire at Milwaukee.

John Plankinton, Milwaukee's most prominent citizen and a well known philanthropist, is dead.

The house of ex-Speaker T. H. Mills, of Milwaukee, with most of the contents, was destroyed by fire.

Mrs. Sophia Kramer, the shopkeeper, was sent to the house of correction at Milwaukee for six months.

George Gerhard, of Milwaukee, a barber, is accused of having fired his house to secure the insurance.

Edward McGovern tried to shoot Katie Woodhead at Milwaukee because she refused to marry him.

Ferdinand Troitz, aged 65, hanged himself in the jail in Milwaukee, where he was in custody for arson.

At Waukesha occurred the death of Mrs. R. A. Gove, nee Addie Duffield, formerly of Galveston, Tex.

Roland D. Salisbury, professor of geology at Beloit college, has resigned to enter the service of the government.

A man giving his name as Robert Walters, a fugitive from justice from Germany, committed suicide at Milwaukee.

Fond du Lac and adjacent counties are suffering from an epidemic of grippe, and 90 per cent of the adult population is affected.

Woodmen are coming out of the pines. There will be no serious shortage of logs, as everything favors a good spring rise in the rivers.

Instructions were received at the Ashland land office to accept bids for land in the Omaha lands to be opened to settlers April 17.

Fire broke out in John Mullinger's planing mill and carpenter shop, destroying the building and contents. The loss is \$1,000, fully insured.

The dead body of Nelson E. Hinds, a wealthy resident of St. Francis, was found with a bullet-hole through the head. He committed suicide.

A young son of A. Nickerson and a son of Mr. Harget, each aged 14, died suddenly at Prairie du Chien of nicotine poisoning after smoking cigarettes.

Waukesha prides herself on having one of the sixty-eight men now living who served in the war of 1812, namely, Silas Ware, now 92 years of age.

The first State association of Patrons of Industry was organized near Beloit a year ago. Now there are nearly 100 associations, with a membership of over 6,000.

Richard Hinchman, a young man who stole several hundred pounds of brass at the J. L. Case shops, Racine, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to Waupun for one year.

W. D. Bacon, one of the early settlers in Waukesha county, and formerly prominent in State politics, is dangerously ill, and his recovery is despaired of. He is 75 years old.

Fred W. Staples, who killed David Seely at Staples, Jan. 17, pleaded guilty of manslaughter in the fourth degree and was sentenced to thirty days in jail and a fine of \$500.

Scarlet fever prevails to an alarming extent in several of the towns in Southern Wisconsin. At Belmont, Fairplay, and Benton the public schools have been closed.

The women of Berlin will make another attempt to vote. Having been informed that the Ripon women voted last fall, they see no reason why their votes should not be accepted.

Adam Volk, who killed Daniel Ahern of Chicago, at Lorton, last July, was sentenced at Harbuck to fourteen years at hard labor. He was convicted of murder in the second degree.

Mr. and Mrs. August Telly, of Caladonia, Ill., came to Madison on their wedding trip. The groom was taken ill with a heart difficulty and died. The bride of a week is prostrated with grief.

The Assembly passed the bill to prevent the sale of narcotics to minors when forbidden by the parents, and the Senate concurred in the bill forbidding the employment of children under 12 years of age.

Edward March was sentenced to one year in the house of correction at Milwaukee for forgery. He formerly worked for J. C. Iverson & Co., and on leaving their employ secured goods on forged orders.

Weakness resulting from an attack of the grip caused E. G. Aves to fall down stairs at his residence near Milwaukee. A lamp, which he carried in his hand, exploded, setting fire to the house and causing a loss of \$5,000.

Flavius Josephus Mills, who died in a hospital in Chicago, was a pioneer journalist of Wisconsin. He established the first newspaper in Sheboygan county, having carried the type and press from Milwaukee in a wagon.

Spring politics are existing in Racine. Jackson L. Case, the nominee for mayor on the Citizens' and Republican tickets, had an altercation with M. M. Secor, a leading manufacturer, who had assailed Mr. Case's private character.

For nearly three weeks evangelistic services have been held in the First Baptist church, Racine, conducted by Rev. Hartwell Pratt and the gospel singer, J. A. Harkholz. They have been largely attended, and over 200 persons have professed conversion.

Joseph White, it is alleged, broke into a store at Eau Claire December 31, stole and concealed \$1,500 worth of goods, and was arrested eight times there and by telegraphists got up to the United States Circuit court, was brought to Eau Claire recently and jailed.

John Archa, the man who obtained several hundred dollars worth of boots and shoes from St. Miller & Co., at Racine and was caught at Chicago and brought back, pleaded guilty and Judge Winslow sentenced him to Waupun for one year and six months.

Henry Halling committed suicide on the front doorstep of his prospective bride at Racine. For two years he had been keeping company with Henrietta Zellert

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF WIT AND HUMOR.

The Man Who Liked a Joke.—He had an object—A sensitive patron—Tempting Justice—Johnny's Great Head—Also, He Done It.

THE MAN WHO LIKED A JOKE.

His life had bright and cheerful been,
Good fortune on him smiled;
His brow was smooth, his eyes serene,
His temper soft and mild;
No trouble ever came his way
His patience to provoke,
Until he said to friends one day—
"I like to hear a joke."

From that time forth he was a wreck,
His life was dark and sad;
He lost his peace and self-respect
And drifted to the wall.
And men would point to him and say:
"There goes the weary bloke,
With figure bowed and hair so gray,
Who likes to hear a joke."

For men of every sort and class—
Each with his funny tale—
Would seize him as he tried to pass
Their humor to unveil.
And so it chanced one day, alas!
His heart in anguish broke—
They laid beneath the frozen grass
The man who liked a joke.—H. D. Muir.

Accommodating.

Young Wife—John, mother says she wants to be cremated.
Young Husband—Yell her if she'll put on her things I'll take her down this morning.—Texas Siftings.

Putting on Appearances.

Dobson—I feel certain that Jenkins is in financial distress.
Noble—Why?
Dobson—He is beginning to live very extravagantly.—Epoch.

The Machine and the Maiden.

Brown—These large cabinet machines take up a great deal of space. I wish somebody would invent a typewriter that one could hold on his knee.
Smith—I've got one.

A Windy Day.

Mistress—What is that noise? Have the children come in from school?
Maid—No, mum. It's only the north wing of the house tumbling down.—New York Weekly.

Just as Bad.

Brooklyn Mother—Is that one of those horrid dime novels you are reading?
Her Little Son—Yes'm.

Mother—Oh, dear! The next thing you will be reading the New York papers.—Brooklyn Life.

Didn't Catch Pa.

Tommy—Did you do much fighting during the war, pa?
Pa—I did my share of it, Tommy.
Tommy—Did you make the enemy run?
Pa—You're right, I did, Tommy.
Tommy—Did they catch you, pa?
Boston Courier.

A Chance to Rise.

Young Man—I see you advertise a vacancy in your establishment. I should like to have a position where there will be a chance to rise.

Merchant—Well, I want a man to open up and sweep out. You will have a chance to rise every morning at five o'clock.—New York Weekly.

Unintentional.

"What did you break the window for?" asked the court. "I didn't intend to do it, your Honor. Ask the policeman if I did." "No, sir," corroborated the officer; "he was throwing the brick at his wife."—Philadelphia Times.

Conjugal Reflections.

"Wake up, Maria!" exclaimed Jinglepop the other night. "I hear burglars!"

"Really!" retorted his better half, with great sarcasm. "But you'd better get up and go to sleep. With those ears it's a great wonder, Hiram, dear, you didn't hear a regiment of anarchists and a battering ram!"

Credentials Sufficient.

Young Usher (in fashionable church)—"Take a look at that stranger down there waiting to be seated. That's a cheap John suit he has on, isn't it?"
Old Usher (after a critical examination)—"No, that's the new style of French goods; cost \$50, if a cent. Show him to a front pew."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Proof and Punishment One.

Primus—Howard says the phenologist he consulted was a fraud.
Secundus—How so?
Primus—He told Howard his bump of memory was abnormally large, and yet Howard says "came off and forgot to pay the man his fee."

All Full.

Applicant—Can I get board at your house, ma'am?

Landlady—No, sir; sorry, but we're full.
Will you put me down on your list? Yes, but that is full just now!
Isn't it strange that your husband should have sent me here?
Not at all; he is full, too!

They Were Dudes.

Editor Western Cyclone—This here correspondent out on Cowskin creek is tryin' to swing on airs. In writin' up a party he says "All the society dudes was present." Dudes! Yaw!
Foreman—He means that several of the fellows was wearin' coats and one or two had collars on. My brother was there an' seen 'em.—Munsey's Weekly.

One Detail Yet Lacking.

Friend—Gogson, how is your airship getting along?

Inventor—It is complete with the exception of one little detail I have not yet perfected. I shall take that up next.

"What is it?"
"A mere trifle that I can think out at any time. The principal feature of my invention is a safety net that will trail along under the airship to prevent accidents. It will make navigating the air absolutely free from danger. In the making of that net I have revolutionized the whole business."
"But how is the net itself to be kept from falling to the ground when anything happens to your airship?"
"That is the little detail I haven't worked out yet."

Rough On the Prodigal.

Father (to prodigal returned from Chicago)—Oh, my son, how could you worry us all so?

Prodigal—When we quarrelled over my spending money you told me to go to hell, didn't you?

Father—Yes, but I didn't tell you to go to Chicago. Poor boy!—N. Y. Herald.

A Sensitive Patron.

"You've got a fellow in there that won't wait on me again, not much," said an irate customer, as he emerged from the dining room and slapped his check down before the hotel clerk.

"What's the trouble, sir?" asked the clerk.

"I'm not stingy," continued the customer, and don't mind giving tips; but when a waiter hangs round when a fellow is nearly through eating, and whistles 'Do Not Forget Me,' I think it is about time something was done."

The offer of a 25-cent cigar seemed to wonderfully pacify the enraged customer.—Boston Herald.

Tempting Justice.

Judge Erebus—Well, gentlemen, er do jury, has yer cogerated on the verdict?

Foreman—We hab, judge.

Whar as it am yo' functions ter spresserly de same.

Jesso, judge! We darfo' perclains dat pris'ner am gilty er 'salt on bat'ry.

Massy on usl. Didn't he kill doman? Suttinly he kilt 'im, oo' honah, but yo' see de remains wuzmo' dayninety-ty' year ol' an' could'n last fro do season any way, so we on'y jus got de right ter charge de pris'ner with a suttin' percentum ob de z'ult.—Boston Courier.

Johnny's Great Head.

Mrs. Quidnunc—You must be very fond of reading, Johnny; I never see you without a book.

Johnny—Yes'm.
What are you reading?
I don't know, mum.

No'm; I just hold the book, 'cause when ma sees me with a book, she says to pa. "Now don't disturb that boy; don't you see how he studies? He'll make a great professor or something; let him alone and go and split the wood yourself."—Boston Courier.

Also, He Done It.

Advocate—"Now, sir, what led to the assault?" Plaintiff (deaf): "Yes, sir." Advocate (loudly): "What caused the defendant to assault you?" Plaintiff (still deaf): "Har!" Advocate (roaring): "What made him hit you?" Plaintiff—"Wal, you see, squire, it was this way: 'I called him a dad-danged liar. Sez he, 'If you don't take that back I'll knock a bale o' hay out of you.' 'Advocate—"What ensued?" Plaintiff—"Har!" Advocate stentorially—"What followed?" Plaintiff (cheerfully)—"Also he done it."—Life.

He Had an Object.

"Gentlemen," he said, as he approached the four of us seated in a row in the waiting-room, "It grinds me to the soul to be obliged to ask favors of strangers, but I've got to do it right here and now."

"What's your case?" asked the man on my left, who looked like a judge.

"I've lost a wife and five children."

"Well?"

"Then my house burned down and I got no insurance."

"Well?"

"Then I fell out of a tree and broke my leg, and didn't walk for a year."

"Well?"

"Then I sold a piece of real estate—the only property I had—and a fellow robbed me of every cent."

"Well?"

"Then I got a heavy cold, consumption set in, and one of my lungs is gone and the other going."

"Well, I'm ragged, poor, hungry, and sick, and want money to buy a supper and pay for a night's lodging."

"I see. You are hard up, indeed. I should think you were tired of life."

"And that?"

"When I was a boy, 10 years old, and lived in Vermont I stole a watermelon from a farmer. My crime was never discovered, but it has weighed like lead on my conscience and I know it has hastened my end. I want to live long enough and collect money enough to enable me to return to Vermont, go to that farmer's house, and, standing before him, say:

"Mr. Pritchard, thirty-nine years ago, when I was but a giddy boy, I stole a watermelon of you. I am sorry. I want to be forgiven before I die, and I want to make such reparation as I can. Here is \$30,000 in gold, take it and buy a steamboat and say I am forgiven."

"You are an infernal deadbeat and liar!" roared the judge as the man stood in an attitude of humility, but we chipped in half a dollar apiece and sent him away rejoicing.—New York Sun.

HOW THEY MAKE MONEY, BUT THEY CANNOT POCKET A SINGLE DOLLAR.

An Interesting Description of the Government Money Mill—The Bureau of Engraving and Printing Visited.

Coming out upon the wide, stretching plain, over which the Washington Monument keeps silent guard, you see a large brick building, ornamented by a tower and a waving flag. Every morning at eight o'clock nearly 1,000 people pass under its arched doorway, and at five o'clock they come out again. In the meantime they make money, make it in a purely business way, as a modiste fashions gowns to earn a daily living. Besides the national currency, they make there bank notes, internal revenue stamps, and silver and gold certificates.

This building is known as the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

When congress has authorized a new series of notes, the first thing done in the bureau is to draw what is called the model. This is generally a pen-and-ink drawing of the proposed note, and when finished it is submitted to the secretary of the treasury.

When the model has been approved the next step is the engraving of the plate. This is done in a large, well-lighted room on the first floor. The steel used for this work is imported from England and the instruments from Paris. To engrave one note twelve workmen are employed. The vignette is done by one, the portrait by another, the border by another, and so on. This engraving is a tedious process, as it requires the greatest care. Six weeks is the shortest time in which a portrait can be engraved. The highest salary paid the engraver is \$5,000.

When, after many weeks, all the engravings are finished, an impression of each section is taken upon a solid plate of steel, each part being placed in the position it would occupy upon the note. This plate is hardened, and across its surface a small steel roller is passed. The impression from the plate appears on the roller as a raised surface, and when this is hardened it forms a die. This in turn is rolled by great pressure upon a plate of soft steel. Four impressions of the die are made on one plate, so that four faces, or backs, of the notes are printed at one time. This transfer process allows any number of plates to be made.

From the engraving room the plate goes upstairs to the printer. Every printer has a woman assistant to place the paper upon the plate. There are nearly 200 printers, and each will take from 500 to 1,000 impressions every day. These men are paid by the number of impressions they take; hence they are careful not to waste a minute of time, and the majority of them earn about \$5 a day each.

The woman, or girl, who places the paper on the plate, works just as hard in her way, but as she receives a fixed salary, she earns only about \$1.25 a day.

When the sheet of notes has been printed on both sides and examined and counted many times, they are sent to the numbering room. The numbering is done by women, fifty-six in all, who operate machines. The machines number as high as 99,999,999.

The sides of these sheets are trimmed by machinery, and when this is done they represent four perfect notes, lacking only the red seal, which is put on at the treasury. When this seal is printed on the note the latter represents the coin of the land. The paper upon which the money is printed is made in Dalton, Massachusetts, of selected linen rags bought from rag dealers. It is shipped to the treasury and from there sent to the bureau, where it is placed for three days in the wetting room to be thoroughly dampened. Then it is given to the printers, one hundred sheets at a time to each one.

A sheet of paper is counted fifty-two times from the minute it enters the building not worth a whole cent, to the time it leaves, sometimes worth \$40,000. The counters are women, and each one is required to put her initials on every package she counts.

Every evening the plates, with the initials of the printer they belong to, all the dies and pieces of steel are locked up and receipted for. There is a vault in the second story where, at the end of each day, every scrap of printed paper, finished or unfinished, is locked. This vault is the size of an ordinary room and is lighted by electricity. It will hold 50,000,000 one dollar notes.

There are two steel doors to the vault, with combination and time locks. One of the doors opens by a combination of the letters of the alphabet. The other by a combination of figures. These doors are in charge of the accountant and custodian of the vault. They are locked every evening and it is the duty of the custodian, whenever a new combination is made, to write it on a slip of paper, place it in an envelope, seal it with wax and the seal of the bureau, and give it to the chief of the bureau. Then, if he is unable to be at his post the following morning, the chief of the bureau opens the door of the vault.

He Imported Scratchers.

Bismarck's last story concerns Nicholas L. of Russia. The czar suffered from a disease that his physicians told him could be relieved only by a rubbing of the spine. Nicholas was anxious enough to try the prescription, for he was in great pain, but in all his court he had no one whom he would trust to give him the treatment. So eventually he sent a courier all the way to Berlin with a written request that Frederick William II. should send him five non-commissioned officers of the guards to rub the czar's back. The officers were sent, rubbed the czar's

back for a few weeks, and were then dismissed to Berlin with presents of \$1,500 each.

In speaking of the matter to the Prussian King subsequently the czar said: "I trust my Russians as long as I can look them in the eye, but to let them go to work at my own back—that is more than I care to risk."

PERSIAN PASTIMES.

How People Sometimes Amuse Themselves in the Shah's Land.

Excepting their great religious drama or passion play, called the "Tazieh," the Persians have no dramatic amusements such as afford entertainment to other people. They partly make up for this lack by listening to professional story-tellers and strolling musicians. They are also addicted to card-playing, although with much less variety of games than with European cards. Games of chance are forbidden in the Koran; so also are pictures or sculptures of human beings; but the facile, pleasure-loving Persians have found means to evade the precepts of the prophet of these points.

Next to the "Tazieh" the least objectionable sport in Persia is that of athletic exhibitions. All people with a healthfully developed manhood enjoy displays of physical strength, which need never be demoralizing when kept above the brutalities of the prize ring.

As one strolls about the streets of Teheran he often sees a crowd collected. Intensely absorbed in some exciting scene. They are dead to all else but what is going on before them. On approaching and peering through a chink in this animated mass one finds that they are gazing on a wrestling match. Such is the steadiness of the climate that almost the whole year round such exhibitions occur out of doors under a clear sky. But these are cheap shows, witnessed chiefly by the lower classes, the performers being altogether second-rate.

If one would see the athletes of Persia at their best he must see them in the covered arenas where they perform to "cultured audiences." The professionals of Persia form a class by themselves, as distinct from other pursuits as our actors, as carefully trained, drilled and disciplined as champion oarsmen.

The athletes of Greece and Rome thought to maintain their prodigious strength by frequent and violent exercises in the gymnasium. But the Persian professionals follow quite another course. They avoid severe exertion and fatigue. They eat five or six times a day and are warmly clothed, especially during the cold season. As the Persians also treat their horses in the same way—and all the world knows the endurance, strength and beauty of the Persian breeds—this system may not be so absurd as it at first appears to us with our different notions and practice.

These athletes on ordinary occasions go abroad but once daily, and toward evening, and walk with great deliberation. What is especially remarkable, so long as they pursue this profession they lead lives of absolute continence. St. Anthony was a mere tyro in chastity compared with the Persian athlete, who, for no spiritual and eternal advantage, but solely for worldly and perishable objects, mortifies the flesh.

ACROSS THE BAY ON ICE.

In Dark Weather a Compass Has to be Used by the Driver.

Mr. Rottman, for several years has run a stage line across the ice from Memominee, Mich., to Sturgeon Bay, says the correspondent of the Chicago Mail. The stage line has some peculiarities not usually found in the ordinary course of stage traveling. In hazy or foggy weather, at night, or in a snow-storm, it is necessary to "steer" the horses by a compass. There are no familiar trees, houses, or other roadside objects to assist the driver in locating the road or determining the right direction, the trail being usually indistinct on the hard, glossy ice, and frequently entirely obliterated by the snows and winds that have a clean sweep for miles over the hard and frozen waste. To add to the comfort of the trip there has been built on the ice a commodious and comfortable house some ten miles out on the way, about one-half of the distance to Sturgeon Bay. This tavern on the ice, nearly out of sight of land, is something out of the ordinary, and might also be called unique. There the hungry and thirsty traveler can get a good substantial meal, which includes, if desired, fine fresh fish, caught and cooked "while you wait." The tavern has a good, clean bar, where sleet and cold can be speedily over-matched and the frame of man permeated with a gentle and pleasurable warmth after its long chilly ride across the bay. The ruddy glow at night of the "light in the window" shines out upon the glacial surroundings to cheer the belated traveler and to presage for him a cordial welcome. The route is well patronized.

Ocean Cables.

The longest ocean cable in the world is that of the Eastern Telegraph Company, whose system extends from England to India and measures 21,000 miles. Africa is now completely encircled by submarine cables, which make up altogether a length of 17,000 miles. There are eleven cables across the North Atlantic, though not all of them are at present in use. Five companies control the lines of telegraphic communication between this country and Europe.

Man's Worst Failing.

A farm journal says a cow can be prevented from kicking by tying her hind legs together. Perhaps so; but a man can't be prevented from kicking by tying his hind legs together. He would "kick" if he had no legs. That's his nature.—Boston Cultivator.

WEATHER-WISE SAYINGS.

IN DAYS OF OLD THEY WERE SET TO RHYMES.

Some of the Signs of the Skies and Their Accepted Significance—But There Was Nothing Scientific in the Silly Saw.

The agriculturist and the husbandman, and indeed all those whose conditions of life force them to rely upon the soil for the means of subsistence, are so dependent upon the changes of temperature and the alternations of foul and fair, of wet and dry, that it is not surprising that questions regarding the weather, should from time immemorial have been made a subject for particular attention. Long, therefore, before there was any meteorological bureau to enlighten the world with its scientific predictions, people had begun to study the face of the sky, the shifting of the wind, and the changes of the moon, and to embody the results of their observations in rough and ready rhymes and proverbs for the guidance of themselves and those who should follow in their steps.

One of the most widespread and popular of these old weather-superstitions was that which attached a peculiar and miraculous importance to two particular days in the year. The first of these was January 25, known in the calendar as Saint Paul's Day, from the fact that this is the alleged anniversary of the conversion of the great apostle to the gentiles. The vulgar opinion was that from the aspect of the weather on this day, prognostications might safely be made for the whole subsequent course of the year. "If," says a very old writer, referring to the subject, "it be a fair day, it will be a pleasant year; if it be windy, there will be wars; if cloudy, it doth foreshadow the plague that year;" while a Shepherd's Almanack, dating back to the year 1676, further informs us that if on that day there were mist, there would be famine in the coming months; and if thunder, then high winds and great mortality.

These opinions, as usual, found expression in verse. For instance, there was an old Latin stanza which was very popular, and of which the following lines form one of several English versions:

"If St. Paul's Day be fair and clear,
It doth betide a happy year;
If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars will trouble our realms full oft;
And if it chanced to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all sorts of grain."

Even more important for the weather-wise of the past was the 15th of July, a day which, as the feast of St. Swithin, is even to-day by no means short of all its former reputation. In England, at all events, it is not unusual to hear people of some pretense to education, frequently in joke, perhaps, but sometimes partly in earnest, remark that as St. Swithin's Day is wet or dry (as the case may be), so for forty days thereafter there would be a continuance of the same kind of weather. Thus the old rhyme ran:

"St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain no more."

The commonly accepted explanation of this ancient and widespread superstition is too curious to be omitted, though its value, even as tradition, has been authoritatively impugned. St. Swithin was a bishop of Winchester, who, after his death in 862, was canonized by the pope. It is said that he had expressed a wish to be buried in the open churchyard, and not, as was usual in the case of bishops, in the chancel of the cathedral. Some time afterwards, however, the monks of the establishment were seized with a fit of pious indignation at the thought that so great and good a man should sleep his last sleep in so humble, and, for a saint, so unseemly a spot; and heedless of his well remembered desire, they determined to convey the body in great state into the cathedral and reinter it there. But just as they were on the point of their operations a heavy rain burst forth, which continued without intermission for forty succeeding days. The monks ever ready to regard any departure from the ordinary course of nature in a miraculous light, at once interpreted the tempest as a special warning from heaven, and relinquished their undertaking—whence it said St. Swithin's Day derived its prophetic character in relation to the condition of the weather for the ensuing six weeks.

But when our forefathers were content to limit themselves to a less extensive field of prophetic vision—when, instead of undertaking to settle the weather for weeks or months beforehand, they simply attempted to provide against the changes immediately approaching, they were a great deal more successful. Many of the "wise laws" upon which they placed such implicit reliance are not to be laughed at or thrown aside with scorn, based though they were, not upon scientific data or reasoning, but on simple observation and experience. Everybody, I suppose, is familiar with the "certain little verse" which runs:

"A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight."

But not everyone who repeats it is aware that a statement which it contains is capable of scientific verification. So, too, with such common adages as:

"If red the sun begins his race,
Be sure the rain will fall apace."

And:

"Evening red and morning gray
Get the traveler on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Bring down rain upon his head."

Are something more than old wives' fables, for they embody at least a rough approximation to established truth. Both of these latter proverbs, indeed, seem to be fashioned directly upon words

found in the gospel of St. Matthew, where we read (chapter xvi.): "In the morning, ye say it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering;" and again, "When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather, for the sun is red."

It is not always, however, even at the present day, that people are willing to content themselves with such comparatively safe prognostications as these, and many others of the same which might be mentioned. They desire, if possible, to make certain of the weather a long time in advance; and hence the prophetic almanacs which have long enjoyed, and still continue to enjoy, so extensive a popularity. One may smile at the quiet audacity of the reader of the future who does not hesitate to predict on the 1st of December in the year to come; but it is an amazing instance of the gullibility of the great public that there are still so many people ready to take such statements seriously. All such pretended forecasts are of course matters of guess work merely. By a happy chance the prophet may be now and then correct, but it is hardly needful to add that he is far more often wrong than right.

SLIVERS OF SCIENCE.

Much has been accomplished in the way of electrical inventions, the chances are that only the outer edge of the measureless field has as yet been touched.—Inventive Age.

It is proposed making engines of aluminum to develop 84 horse power and to be used for directing the movements of a French war balloon of 3,000 cubic meters capacity, experiments with which are to be made in April next.

A new form of chair has been brought out by the Medical Battery Company, of Oxford street, London. An electric current renders the patient insensible to pain when an operation is being performed on him. If this be true the days of laughing gas, ether, etc., for dentistry are numbered.

An old German in San Francisco has conceived a new idea which is rapidly bringing grist to his mill. This is the utilization of long French nails as lead pencils. The lagoonous mechanician hollows out the nail, puts a screw in the head, and then, by putting a piece of graphite in the hollow stem, he has an excellent pencil. The nail, when polished looks like silver, and the pencils are in great demand.

News comes from New Castle, Pa., that Joseph Martin, a glassblower, is engaged in a series of experiments to develop a formula by which glass may be hardened so as to endure great shock. He has devised a method by which a bit of glass was treated and made so hard that a strong blacksmith could not break it on an anvil.

Electrical flat irons are now in the market, or more correctly, irons heated by the electric current, says Invention. The interior contains a set of coiled wires, through which the electrical current passes and heats the wires red hot. The latter are arranged between protecting sheets of mica and asbestos. By turning a switch the flat iron at once heats up ready for use. Convenient enough when you have the electricity "on tap."

The new industry of camphor production gives promise of being permanently established in Florida. It is believed that in ten years' time there will be more camphor trees than orange trees in Florida, and that the camphor industry will be more profitable than that of sugar. It is said that the camphor obtained from the Florida trees approaches more nearly to that of Japan than to Chinese camphor, since the odor of safrol is distinctly recognizable.

While preparing sleep brains for the use of the physiology class at Cornell University Professor Wilder found one in which the colliculus, the great band of nerve-fibers connecting the two cerebral hemispheres, was wholly absent. Among the thousands of human brains examined, there have been recorded only fifteen such cases, mostly from persons of feeble intellect. From the lower animals the "only previous" cases also occurred in the anatomical laboratory of this university, viz: two kittens and a cat, the latter described and figured by Professor Wilder in 1883.

General Sherman as a Chairman.

He was a famous chairman, says Myron W. Reed. I have seen him preside at the meeting of the Army of the Tennessee. Beside Sherman as a presiding officer Speaker Reed would be a model for a statute of Diffidence. He would do it this way: "Gentlemen, in selecting officers for the Army of the Tennessee for the year to come you must exercise great care—you must take time and thought and choose the right man." Then he would go down into his vest pocket and read a list of names and then say: "It is moved and seconded that these nominations pass as read. All in favor say 'aye.'" He could get more business done by a deliberative body than Bismarck. It happened that someone made a motion to adjourn. "Oh," he said, "sit down, it is not time to adjourn." The presiding officer of the gang smashers' convention was nothing to him.

More Tonic Needed.

"Did ye say that chard ye jest struck was a tonic?" asked the old gentleman who isn't going to stand in the way of his daughter's education.

"Yes, papa."
"Well, hit it three or four times more, so's if there's any bracin' qualities about it, we'll get 'em before ye go ahead with the practical."—Washington Post.

The Difference.

The difference between a suitor and an office-seeker is that one pays court and the other courts pay.—Arkansas Traveler.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

SOME ENTERTAINING CONVERSATION WITH THE YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

In regard to Learning Trades—W. V. H. Blumh—Interesting Matter and Humorous Items.

The subject which is frequently brought up for discussion, and which considers an important matter, is that in relation to the trade which a young man shall learn and be the most likely to become successful in. A writer in an exchange brings out some very pertinent points in discussing the question, and says: "We hear much now-a-days about manual training schools and the desirability of boys learning trades. This is very commendable, but there is one serious drawback. What shall the trade be which will assure him an occupation in the future and a sufficient return to remunerate him for the time and trouble expended? This is no simple question, even provided we know that affairs will not change during the next decade. The question, however, is becoming more complicated, because of the invention of machinery which acts the part of man, and almost thinks for him. Today 15,000 electro-platers are skilled laborers; tomorrow electricity reduces the number to 500. New inventions only permit one-tenth of the former molders in plaster to find work. The latter and the plasterer view with alarm the rapid inroads of fireproof materials. The type-setter knows that his days are numbered. The carpenter sees the well-equipped mill making a house in parts before his suspended hammer, and wonders how soon he must seek the mills or another occupation. So goes the world, and therefore the father who has the best interest of his children at heart may well hesitate when he plans for their future. Such has been the phenomenal advance in invention of late that the possibilities are beyond conjecture. There will always be, however, much for man to do; but how he shall anticipate by preparation in his youth almost needs the gift of second sight."—American Cultivator.

Always Something New.

There is nothing more useless than to talk of the unknowable and impossible. For pretty soon facts rise up and contradict one. Says a writer in Christian Union: "I recollect hearing, when I was a young man, a lecture on Benjamin Franklin, which wound up something after this fashion: 'Franklin lived in a fortunate age. The laws of nature had not then been thoroughly investigated, and much was waiting to be discovered which Franklin was so fortunate as to discover. But now, when we have made out the rings of Saturn and the four asteroids, and when men are actually talking about sending messages by the lightning which Franklin brought down, there is little hope of any of us distinguishing ourselves by new discoveries.' Well, sir, since I heard that lecture, you know what has happened. We have discovered two hundred asteroids in place of the old four, we have put the planets in scales and weighed them, and instead of talking about lightning we are talking by lightning from one end of this globe of ours to the other. I remember, also, about the time that lecture was delivered I heard of and saw an old man who was considered a lunatic because he had spent a good deal of time and money in trying to perfect a vehicle by which a man might propel himself on wheels. 'Hide and walk at the same time!' people said. 'Why, of course he is demented!'"

What to Do When Starving.

A survivor of the hardships of Fremont's terrible four expeditions writes as follows in a posthumous narrative of the expedition in The Century, in which he more than hints at the fact of cannibalism: "It was curious to hear different men tell of the workings of the mind when they were starving. Some were constantly dreaming or imagining that they saw before them a bountiful feast, and would make selections of different dishes. Others engaged their minds with other thoughts. For my part, I kept my mind amused by entering continually into all the minutiae of farming, or of some other systematic business which would keep up a train of thought, or by working a mental solution of mathematical problems, bringing in review the rudiments of some science, or by laying out plans for the future, all having a connection with home and after life. So in this way never allowing myself to think upon the hopelessness of our condition, yet always keeping my eyes open to every chance, I kept hope alive and never once suffered myself to despond. And to this course I greatly attribute my support, for there were stronger men who, by worrying themselves, doubtless hastened their death. Ten out of our party of thirty-three that entered the mountains had perished, and a few days more would have finished the others."

Tried to Cheat the Conductor.

"One day a gentleman got on my car," writes a conductor in Clin. Engineer. "He carried an open umbrella hung on his arm. When I asked for his fare he gave me a silver dollar and held his hand out for the change. I counted it out and was turning to go on when he said: 'I beg your pardon, but you have made a mistake. I am half a dollar short.' 'I was positive that I had given him the full amount of his change, and told him so. 'You are mistaken,' he said. 'See, here is the change you gave me,' and he still held the money in his open

hand. 'There was nothing for me to do but give him another half-dollar, and I did so. I went out on the back platform, and the more I thought about it the more I was convinced that I had given him the correct change. Finally a thought struck me, and I waited. When he came out on the platform to leave the car I managed to tip up the umbrella as he stepped down into the street. Out rolled a half dollar on the stones. I think he would have thoroughly enjoyed choking me as I climbed down and picked it up.'"

Prince Elton Fritz's Reply.

The acuteness of children is well illustrated by the following anecdote which is told of the Emperor of Germany's second son, Prince Elton Fritz. The emperor is exceedingly strict about his son's behavior at the table. The other day little Prince Elton Fritz, using his fingers instead of his knife and fork, was corrected by his father several times to no purpose. At last the emperor's patience was exhausted, and he said:—

"Children who eat with their fingers are like little dogs that hold their food with their paws. If you use your fingers again, you must go under the table, the proper place for little dogs."

The little prince did his utmost not to forget this time, and used his knife and fork like a man; but all at once he forgot again and began using his fingers.

"March under the table!" said his father.

Prince Elton Fritz crept under as bidden. After a little while the emperor, thinking the prince very quiet, lifted up the tablecloth and peeped underneath. There sat little Prince Elton Fritz undressed. His father asked him what he meant by undressing himself.

"Little dogs don't wear clothes; they only have skin," was the child's reply.—Chicago Juvenile.

Light Without Fire.

To obtain a light instantly, without the use of matches and without the danger of setting things on fire, is, according to the "Mining and Scientific Press," an easy matter. Take a long vial of the clearest glass, put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. Upon this pour some pure olive oil heated to the boiling point, the bottle to be filled one-third full; then cork tightly. To use the light remove the cork, allow the air to enter and then recork. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous and the light obtained will be a good one. As soon as the light becomes dim its power can be increased by opening the bottle and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In very cold weather it becomes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil, and one bottle will last all winter. This ingenious contrivance may be carried in the pocket, and is used by watchmen of Paris in all magazines, where explosive or inflammable materials are stored.

Well Known.

He was a cabin passenger, and the steamship was one of the ocean racers. The company, even those who occupy the most expensive staterooms, is not always "select." In the society sense; but this man seemed more than ordinarily out of place. Who was he? No one knew.

One day the mystery was solved. He seated himself beside a distinguished lawyer, and opened the conversation.

"I've read your speeches in the newspapers many a time, and I'm pleased to know you."

"Thank you," the other answered, and then, improving the opportunity, he added, "Do you live in New York?"

"Why, bless you!" was the answer, "you must know who I am. I'm Mike McCarthy; everybody knows me. I've been a boss teamster in New York for more than forty years.—Youth's Companion.

A Scrub to the End.

The boy that is given a scrub education is very apt to develop into a scrub man. He rents or buys a scrub farm, invests in scrub stock, buys scrub implements and raises scrub crops. His pleasures and enjoyments of life are all of the scrub order, and his poor wife, as she drudges wearily through life, seems in her daily rounds to be sounding the sad refrain of her life, scrub, scrub, scrub!—Western Plowman.

Papa's Privilege.

Little Elsie (stamping and dandling about the room in a rage): "I wish I was my papa! I wish I was my papa!"

Aunt Ada: "What is the trouble, Elsie?"

Elsie: "Towzer's chewed my Christmas dolly's eyes into the back of her head, and I'm just ram full of little swears and mamma won't let me say 'em."—Chicago Juvenile.

Asking Questions.

Little Dot: "Mamma, what does transatlantic mean?" Mamma: "Across the Atlantic, of course." Little Dot: "Does trans always mean across?" Mamma: "Yes. Now, don't bother me any more, I shall put you to bed." Little Dot: "Well, mamma, does trans-parent mean a cross parent?"

What Will It Yield?

In every young man there is an undeveloped mine. By education and force of character it may yield lead, silver, gold or diamonds.

HE WAS A COMPANY'S PET

HE WAS NOTHING BUT A BLACK, FROWZY CUR DOG.

But He Was Loyal to His Troop of Masters and He Died at His Post Like a Good Soldier that He Was—Killed by Apaches.

"Coon" was never a handsome dog, and will probably fall of going down to posterity in the annals of fame. He was a black and woolly dog, of no particular breed, but nevertheless he twined himself about the hearts of the men of the troop, and not a cavalryman of "M" but would have resented a kick given Coon as quickly as an insult leveled at his sister, or would not willingly share his ration with Coon in the field that the dog might not go hungry. And this is not strange when it is considered that the natural liking of man for dumb brutes is intensified in a faraway, remote garrison, and the troop dog or troop cat or troop bird is regarded as one of the personalities of the organization and is protected as such against all outside forces.

In a little sketch touching only incidentally upon a dog's life and dwelling more particularly upon the manner of his death, it would be out of place to detail Coon's rise and growth in the world. He realized the good expectations that were formed of him in the beginning, developing into a dog that was affectionate and intelligent. Withal he was big, black, shaggy and uncouth. His intelligence was put to good test, for he was tirelessly drilled in all the tricks that most dogs learn and was an apt scholar. In consequence, in the collection of photographs which many soldiers possess, Coon occupied places of honor with "M" troop at least, showing up dressed in blouse and forage cap again, standing on his hind, and at other times erect on his hind feet, a pipe in his mouth and a dilapidated "plug" on his head.

Late in the fall of 1888 troop "M" changed station, marching across country to Fort Walla Walla, Washington, and Coon, of course, was of the party. The men would as soon have thought of leaving their horses behind as leaving him. At Walla Walla Coon came into a larger bailliwick and a bigger acquaintance. There were five troops of the regiment and the band stationed there, and he found the task of establishing supreme authority over the other garrison dogs too large a one for him to handle. But he soon became acquainted with all the men, and was popular with them, although he showed a preference for those who wore an "M" on their crossed sabers. Frequently when he made trips with the men to town, especially around pay day time, he would see a soldier somewhat—well, and the weather, and describing circles where he should walk a straight line. Coon would immediately attach himself to this man, no matter to what troop he belonged—the blue clothes wore enough—and would never leave him until he saw him safe in the garrison. What instinct taught him to do this must remain with the other mysteries of the kind, but that he did it to protect the soldier was certain. For having attached himself to this irresponsible piece of humanity, Coon would allow absolutely nobody but another soldier to approach him, and he was an ugly customer for a citizen to fool with when he felt that way.

After about two years of Walla Walla, Troop "M" and Coon made another move, the entire Second cavalry going to Arizona to relieve the Fourth cavalry of the somewhat dangerous and certainly laborious work of guarding the troublesome Apache Indians.

Coon's long, shaggy hair fell before the shears in the hot climate of Arizona, all except a tuft at the end of his tail, and in this condition he started on the last trip he was to make—to accompany the troop to their new station at the encampment of San Carlos. The march was made from Fort Lowell through the mountains and was an uneventful one, except for one incident, where Coon lost his life.

On the second evening out the troop went into camp in one of the big cañons, the mountains raising their heads high in the air at their back, the cañon opening on to the broad, barren, sandy plain in front. A day's ride with water scarce and the mercury bobbing around the 100 mark is a tiresome thing, and very soon after supper everybody in the campment except the guard was asleep. About two o'clock in the night, however, they were aroused by two shots fired in rapid succession, and the cry of "The guard! the guard!"

The sleep of a soldier on duty is the sleep of a cat in many respects, and in a very few moments everybody was out. The alarm came from the sentry in charge of the horses, and his story was quickly learned. During his years of service with the cavalry Coon had made it an invariable habit to visit all the posted sentries every night, and his "round" had always been looked for as confidently as that of the officer of the day. The night was stormy and the sentry had leaned up to the leeward of a rock to shield himself as much as possible, when Coon made his appearance. Shortly afterward there was a commotion among the horses. The sentry

ascribed it to the effects of the thunder and lightning, but the dog darted among them, and just then a flash of lightning showed the guard two men gliding about among the animals. Then he gave the alarm and immediately heard a clattering of hoofs down the cañon, with Coon barking in full pursuit. The herd was immediately examined. The horses were all there, but several of the lariats were cut and it was evident that a gang of horse thieves had been frightened from their work.

Nothing could be done until morning—nothing much under any circumstances—but the excitement and discussion had passed the time rapidly, the dull gray dawn was beginning to appear, and the full light of the sun soon shone forth. Then the question suddenly arose—where was Coon? That he was not in the camp was certain, and after vainly whistling and calling a number of the men walked down the cañon, in an endeavor to discover in what direction he had gone. They had not far to go. A couple of hundred yards away, upon turning a rock, they found him, dead. His skull was crushed in as if he had been struck by a heavy stick or the butt of a loaded whip, and his death must have been instant and painless. Poor Coon had saved some of the best horses of the troop, but it had cost him his life.

Not a very heroic death, you say. Possibly not. Well, we buried him there in the cañon, and marked his grave with a pile of stones which served both as a monument and as protection from buzzards and wandering coyotes. There were no taps fired over the grave. But as the troop filed away and proceeded on its march many of the men had heavy hearts, for even though it was but a dog that they mourned, they knew the dog had always been kind and true and had regarded them all with affection.

NEWSPAPER MEN OF TO-DAY.

The Typical Pen-Wielder is a Scholar and also a Gentleman.

The "typical newspaper man" of to-day is a young man. He is college bred; he comes from a good family and is a gentleman by birth and breeding. He is brighter, quicker, has broader knowledge of men and affairs, and he makes and spends more money than his brother who goes into "business." He is well dressed, well housed and well fed. He has learned that Bohemianism, as exemplified by regular hours, infrequent baths, and incessant rum does not pay, and he has left that sort of Bohemianism to chronic bums and greenhorns. The tone, the morale of the profession has changed within the last twenty years, and the public is only just beginning to find it out. Educated people who keep their eyes open realize that their notions of the "typical newspaper man" are sadly out of joint, and they are revising their types. The profession is slowly moving on toward its rightful place in public estimation, and the time is not far distant, says Printer's Ink, when it will stand, not on a par with, but ahead of the law, the pulpit, medicine and the other liberal professions. In the meantime we will be obliged to endure with what grace we may the would-be brilliant sketches of playwrights and novelists and the unintentionally stupid conclusions of misinformed outsiders who see in every whiskey-soaked scribbler a typical newspaper man.

The Price of Existence.

Life drives us till we're out of breath With striving, begging, giving. We have to work ourselves to death That we may get a living.

Roses.

The red rose whispers of passion, And the white rose breathes of love; Oh, the red rose is a falcon, And the white rose is a dove. But I send you a cream-white rosebud With a flush on its petal tip; For the love that is purest and sweetest Has a kiss of desire on the lip.

Wood Imitations.

Mahogany Stains.—For a good mahogany stain, there is nothing better than a little Vandyke brown, glazed over with Victoria lake. After brushing over the wood with the former, wipe with a damp cloth; this, by removing color for the harder parts where it has less deeply sunk, will cause the grain to come out more distinctly than if by the brush alone.

To Imitate Rosewood.—Take half a pound of logwood, boil it in three pints of water until it is of a very dark red, to which add about half an ounce of salt of tartar, and when boiling hot, stain your wood with two or three coats, taking care that it is nearly dry between each; then with a stiff black graining brush make streaks with very deep black stain.

The Best Point.

Dr. Toolong.—I hope you enjoyed my sermon this morning.

Miss Smilax.—Oh, I did, very much indeed!

"What part did you enjoy most?" "Oh, that part where you said, 'and now finally, brethren!'"

No Invidious Distinctions.

"Do you consider this piano very more reliable than the others because it's upright?" inquired the caller. "No, sir," answered the dealer. "Those others are perfectly square."

THE CATFISH AND ITS HAUNTS.

Its Ancestors Were Very Big and Had Only One Eye, Like Cyclops.

It is a singular fact that the specimens of the finny tribe that attract the attention of scientists and ichthyologists, and are most studied by them, are the modest, ugly and lower orders of the kind, says the New York Times. The catfish has lately been the subject of much investigation, and the theory now is that this fish, the annoyance of anglers, though the small boy's delight, is a descendant of a powerful and terrible-looking order of fish that lived in the good old days that only geologists and students of antediluvian matters can tell about.

It is a fact that the catfish of to-day in some localities grows to an immense size and weight and those who have seen the 140-pounders of the Mississippi river can well imagine what a monster the specimen of the prehistoric ages must have been, especially as then it is supposed to have had only one great big eye in the middle of its forehead. Prof. Nashford Dean of the College of the City of New York has contributed an article on the catfish to the fish commissioners which will soon be issued. This article treats of the habits of the fish as it is now found in almost all of the ponds and rivers of the North, and contains something of a scientific nature concerning the ancestry of the fish and the leviathan proportions of the grandfathers of the present race.

The features of the common bull-head, or catfish, are well known and familiar to every fisherman. Its head is broad and ugly-looking, and is large in proportion to the rest of the body; horns project from the top fin and the two side fins which are exceedingly painful to come in contact with, as many fisherman can testify. The head is a tenacious, hard mass of bone, in the side of which two little, wicked-looking eyes peep out. The skin is tough and hard to penetrate. Prof. Dean, after examination, has come to the conclusion that the catfish was a sort of ichthyological cyclops, that must have been a terror in its time. With a size of porpoise proportions, a hide like that of a rhinoceros, tremendous horns, and armored head, the pachyderm must have been a horrible sight as well as a tremendous fighter.

The idea that there was only one eye is derived from the peculiar formation of the head. In the middle of the forehead is a depression which is believed, according to those who make a study of the physical construction of geological remains, to be the socket of an eye. The habits of the class of fishes to which the catfish belongs would seem to add evidence to the theory. The catfish is fond of working in the mud and burying itself in the slummy ooze that lines the bottom of ponds and rivers. In the winter it hibernates and only comes out in the spring when a thunder-shower gives warning of coming warm weather or more probably wakes it.

In the geological ages, when the fish were immense and enemies were abundant, it was necessary that the catfish should be well provided with means of defense as well as able to attack the other forms of life that it needed as food. Just as now it lies in the mud waiting for its prey, its dark skin having the color of the bottom, so that the approaching water-spider, worm, or bug has not the slightest suspicion of danger, so in the old ages the big cyclops, secure in a great pit in the mud, patiently waited for the coming of prey, the great single orb peering out from the mud and mire capable of observing any disturbance either on the side or overhead. The heavy coating of impenetrable armor made it as safe from the attack of other animals of the deep as was the knight of the crusades against the flight of arrows from a barbarian tribe. The waters must have fairly boiled when it sallied forth from its hiding-place and the mud had been flung aside as from a giant dredge. Some idea of its appearance can be formed by imagination dressing the Mississippi specimen in this armor. It requires the blow of a bottle to crush in the head of the big western catfish. What must it have required to open up the cranium of the monster whose head was armored with a hard bone plate?

New Names.

The flashing of new names in the world's horizon is always delightful to behold. Here is Edison, who ten years ago was unheard of, whose fame is now blazoned o'er the world. Here is Koch of Berlin, known to but few at this time of last year, now shining aloft. Here are new names appearing from time to time in literature, some of them luminous. Welcome to all new lights! It is delightful to see them, and all the more as many of the names that have shone in other years are passing out of sight. It is something to have a "name grant in mouths of wisest censors," even if it be there but for a time.—N. Y. Sun.

Do You Want One?

There are about thirty castles and palaces in Spain which can be rented at from \$3 to \$10 per week, cash in advance, and any American who lands there with \$1,000 in his pocket can sling on more style for six months than he could get here in fifty years on an income of \$500 per week.

NAUGHTY GIRLS WHO SWEAR

They Just Rip Out a Good Oath When They Stub Their Toss.

A complaint commonly made against fashionable girls is that they use slang bordering on actual profanity. A maiden with brown eyes and rosy mouth crept close to a bashful young man at a reception and said: "If you'll never let on I'll tell something."

The young man blushed and promised never to break the confidence reposed in him.

"Well, it's just this," said the girl. "When anything goes very wrong with me I swear."

The young man attempted to observe that swearing in a pretty young lady was naughty, but he made a failure of it, and his companion went on talking.

"More girls swear than you think. I just know any quantity of them that are positively shocking when they get provoked. My chum Mignon is really terrible sometimes. I told her the other day that I would have to stop going with her if she didn't refrain from saying bad words. She couldn't miss a car, stub her toe, or burst a button off her glove but she expressed herself most frightfully right before everybody. Now, it isn't nice, is it, for a girl to use swear words? And it will really get to be a regular thing with us if we don't stop. I am already addicted to the habit. Why, I broke the point off my thumb nail to-day, and when I did it I just let out good."

"What did you say?" the bashful young man managed to ask.

"I said 'O devil!'"

The young man blushed a livelier red and asked the poor, forsaken girl if he might get a cup of chocolate for her.—New York Sun.

A PIUTE AND GOLIATH.

Tradition of the Slaughter of an Indian Giant with a Poisoned Arrow.

The Piute Indians have a tradition that extends back they know not how far into "the long ago" of an Indian of giant stature who gave them trouble. They say that the giant warrior came from the north. He took up his abode near Pyramid lake and made war on the Piutes, killing many of their men. The giant was finally slain by a Piute David, who crept up behind him and drove a poisoned arrow into his body, between the shoulder blades. Two or three of the giant's tracks and his grave are shown to this day.

The tracts are near the Truckee river, between Wadsworth and Pyramid lake. They are in soft sandstone, and are still kept clear of sand and soil. Every Indian that passes the spot stoops and sweeps out any dirt that may have lodged in the big tracks. The giant's grave is not far from where the tracks are seen. The grave is always kept clear of vegetation; any grass or weeds seen growing on it are pulled up by the roots. In this way the spot has always been kept marked.

The Indians also have a tradition of huge animals that roamed the country. They say these animals had horns with which they were able to uproot trees. To rid themselves of these great beasts the whole Piute tribe turned out, surrounded the herd and drove them into Pyramid lake, where all were drowned. Even now, when the lake is seen rolling about far out from shore, the Indians point to the waves and say they are the backs of the monster beasts.—Chicago News.

A Nation of Cities.

Russia in Europe, with an area two-thirds of our own, a greater population and ancient settlement, has only four cities of 200,000 inhabitants or over while we have sixteen. Germany, with 250 inhabitants to the square mile, has only eight cities of 200,000 inhabitants or over, and France, with an almost equal density of population, has but four such cities. No European country has more than one city of a million inhabitants or over; we have three. In fact, all Europe, with her 400,000,000 people, has but four cities of a million inhabitants or upward, while with only 63,000,000 inhabitants, we fall but one behind.—From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fruit and Tree Planters for Tree Planters.

A new book for practical tree planters. The Orange Judd Farmer says: "This entire book is ably written and gives trustworthy information for everyone growing fruit of any sort or kind." Sent free by Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

FOR information about lands and cheap home in Florida, or any other State, write to J. C. Cook, Live Oak, Florida. Reading matter and State Map 10 cents.

WILSON, THE PHOTOGRAPHER!

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PENSIONS.

The Disability Bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also parents dependent today, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address: JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

DR. MILES' NERVINE!

CURES NERVOUS PROSTRATION, SLEEPLESSNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, TICS, SPASMS, ETC. FREE Samples at Druggists, or by mail 10 Cts. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

My baby slept—how calm his rest,
As o'er his handsome face a smile
Like that of angel flitted, while
He lay so still upon my breast!

My baby slept—his baby hand
Lay all unclenched 'neath palm and shroud;
I did not weep or cry aloud—
I only wished I, too, were dead!

My baby sleeps—a tiny mound,
All covered by the little flowers,
Which in all my waking hours,
Down in the quiet burying-ground.

And when I sleep I seem to be
With baby in another land—
I take his little baby hand—
He smiles and sings sweet songs to me.

Sleep on, O baby, while I keep
My vigil till this day be past!
Then shall I, too, lie down at last,
And with my baby darling sleep.

—Eugene Field.

THE SCAPEGRACE.

We who earn our living by hard work naturally regard with a good deal of interest those who manage to dodge this seeming necessity.

What are those mysterious mortals, we say, who toil not, neither do they steal, who have no property, nor any apparent source of income, yet they wear clothes, eat meals and sleep under a good roof like the rest of us?

We have a habit of speaking with contempt of these people, as though they were beneath us in the social scale. Are we not really in secret a little envious of their originality and courage?

If one should, for example, try the simple rule of "put yourself in his place."

You, now, who make a living by some occupation, commonplace but reliable, suppose you were to wake tomorrow in a strange place, without money or friends, and with all work prohibited—what would you do? How would you arrange about breakfast, and, subsequently, about dinner, and supper, and a bed, and then numerous meals and beds thereafter? Would you not be frightened? Would you not be at a loss what to do? Well, that is where you would show your inferiority to those of whom we speak.

It must be admitted that they could, if they wished, earn a plain, honest living as we do; whereas could we, by the exercise of our wits exist a week after their fashion? An effect, there you have the whole matter.

Before I undertook a study of these singular beings, I had always thought of them as a class by themselves, pursuing, for the most part, similar methods. To live without work constituted in my mind a profession—like law or the ministry. I wronged them. I did not appreciate their fecund originality. There is no profession that is common to them all, but each has his own, complete in itself, unique and delicate as the miniature carved work of the Japanese.

To tell of them is to tell of individuals, not of the class.

There was one who recently came to live at the very respectable boarding place of the present writer. He was, as the naturalists would say, an excellent specimen—rather young, good looking, well dressed and correctly mannered. There are some of this class who have a low habit of making a pretense of earning a living. They will maintain an office with "Real Estate" or "Commission," or something of that kind on the door. To no such stupid vulgarities did Mr. Richard Kerth descend. Not even a suggestion of work cast a cloud upon his title of "gentleman."

I had known something of the previous career of Mr. Kerth, and when he took possession of two of the best rooms in the house I hastened to make his acquaintance. He treated me with easy condescension, and soon offered to borrow money of me.

I did not loan Mr. Kerth any money. It was, indeed, for a long time a source of quiet satisfaction to me that while a number of others, in plain view on all sides, were being taxed for the support of this American peer, I was exempt. But one day as I was being measured for an overcoat, my tailor asked me what I knew about Mr. Richard Kerth, and told me that he owed fifty dollars on a suit of clothes. I answered sheepishly that I thought he had better charge it up to profit and loss. He immediately proceeded to do so. The overcoat which I ordered was more expensive by \$5 than I had expected, and possibly about nine other of Shearby's customers suffered a similar amount of indirect taxation.

As time passed, I gained more and more of Mr. Kerth's confidence. I knew just enough about his past performance to make him think that my silence was a useful commodity, and he sought to purchase it with frankness. He was, however, loth to betray his secret all at once, but prepared me beforehand by various significant hints to appreciate better his mysterious nature.

One evening, when he was smoking one of my cigars before my fire, he said: "I am getting very hard up; I must raise some money."

I said: "How will you do it?"

"I have a method of my own," he answered, "which I apply whenever I am in need of ready cash."

"What is it like?"

He smiled with the smile of a sphinx as he replied:

"I call it a system of absence."

On several occasions he made use of phraseology similar to the above. For example, once he said to me: "I got a good enough living out of not being in certain places at certain times." Further he would not explain.

About this time his creditors, of whom the crop seemed perennial, began to press him close, and it was evident that, unless the ready cash should presently come to his rescue, he was lost—that is, lost in the same way that he had been lost many times before.

fore. In the nick of time the money came, however, and he proceeded, with the skill of a practical debtor, to make a small stream of cash irrigate a vast area of credit. This being accomplished, he was at ease again; and one night, over a bottle of wine and cigars, he told me how he had raised the money.

"It wasn't much," he said carelessly—"five or six hundred. I manage to raise that sum about four times a year. If you understand how to make it go—good as twice that, you know. Now, I'll tell you. I have, back East, a number of relatives—rich, respected, and all that. Money comes from them. Easy enough, you think?"

Well, I wonder. I am the black sheep of the outfit—scapegrace, you know. And do you imagine they would ever give up a bean for me, if I did not come at 'em with something worse than a gun? Why, sir, the whole bloody layout is so mean, and they hate me so, that, I give you my word, if I was roaming in the lowest depths of sheol, there isn't one of 'em would loan you a fork to go and see if I was done. No, sir! That's the kind of citizens they are. But I notice they come up pretty regular just the same."

He flicked the ashes from his high priced cigar into the fireplace with an impressive gesture. Then from his desk he produced several letters and a book labelled "Journal."

"Here it is," he exclaimed, throwing the book down on the table in front of me; "Richard Kerth's Ready Letter Writer, or the Art of Holding Up Your Relations." And here are sample returns," he headed, dropping the letters on the table. "But you had better begin at my end of the transaction. Read in the book first—the last batch of letters copied there. I always copy 'em so as to keep track of what I'm doing."

I opened the volume at the place which he indicated and began to read aloud: "Hiram Griffin, Cleveland, O.: My dear Uncle—"

"My mother's only brother," interpolated the scapegrace—"Presbyterian elder—hardware merchant—moral citizen." I read on: "I suppose you will be devilish glad to learn that I have at last decided to turn my face homeward. I am tired of wandering, and it's—poor picking here. I expect to start in a couple of weeks, unless I hear from you in the meantime. A lot of California stock will be entered at the fall meetings at Cleveland, and I think I can fix for both of us to get let in on the ground floor, so that we can make a good thing out of it. How are Bill and Jimmy?"

"William and James," said the black sheep, rolling up his eyes; "this sons, whom he is bringing up in the way they should go—pious youths of 16 or thereabouts."

"I expect they would enjoy the races and some of life that I could show them. I plan to spend a month in Cleveland, and perhaps may locate there. Some of the fellows are making up a party to go to China. If I had a couple hundred more I would go with them, but I have only just enough to take me home. Your affectionate nephew—Richard."

"Cold chills ran down his back when he read that letter," said Mr. Kerth. "Here is his reply. He prays for the salvation of my soul and encloses a check for two hundred. See? Read the next one."

It was addressed to "S. Van Doosan Kerth, The Beauchamp, New York City," and began: "Dear Uncle."

"Father's brother," the scapegrace exclaimed, "old bachelor—great swell. He never saw me, and has an idea that I am very wild and woolly, like everything west of the Croton Aqueduct."

I read as follows: "Dear Uncle—Respected brother of my parent, I take my pen in hand to let you know that two weeks from date I shall take the train for your city and shall visit you at the Beauchamp House, where you are staying. If you should happen to be out of town, I will wait until you get back, for I mean to live in your city hereafter; I hope to get a job there. I know you will help me, as your brother's son, to get a job. Perhaps Mr. Beauchamp would like a man to carry trunks. I know you will be glad to see me. If I could get into the grocery business here I would stay, and a man I know of will take me in for \$200. Please look for me at the depot in the emigrant cars. Your nephew, Richard."

"Imagine Uncle Van Doosan reading that at his club, said the scapegrace; 'I wonder it didn't give him a stroke of apoplexy. However, it was not the first of its kind. He always comes up. I don't have to whistle twice to him.'"

The next was addressed to "Mrs. Elizabeth Pennington, Germantown, Philadelphia."

"Van Doosan's sister," said the scapegrace; "they have quarrelled and won't compare notes. She is a widow, with a fine income and an elegant place. Two lovely marriageable daughters."

The letter set forth the intended visit of Mr. Richard Kerth to the East and his plan to spend some time at Germantown—at his aunt's residence, if she wished it; or, if not, with some friends of his there by the name of Boggs. There were various gallant references to Mr. Kerth's cousins and a delicate insinuation that he would probably fall in love with one of them during his visit. There was also a casual reference to the sum of \$150.

"She was short this time," remarked the writer of the letter aloud; "only sent \$100. Strike her deeper next time."

There were two more letters in the batch—both to cousins in Chicago. They were full of mysterious hints about good times to be enjoyed when he should visit that city shortly. Each demanded a plain loan of \$50.

"I send them to their houses," said

he, with a villainous grin; their wives read 'em first. Good for fifty my time."

I noticed that the book was written nearly full, and that Mr. Kerth's "visiting list"—if so it might be called—contained some 10 or 15 names. Each letter was dated, and underneath was entered the result achieved. The latter was generally favorable.

"Whenever the machinery gets rusty," said the scapegrace, "which happens every four or five years, I take a trip East and lubricate things. After that," he added with a wink, "it runs better."

I do not know whether I have done wisely in making these facts public. For there are many people who might easily sell their absence at a good figure—if they only understood the art.—Fred Bayhauf in The Argonaut.

LETTERS MAY GET THERE.

But their addresses are sometimes of a most perplexing character.

At the Washington postoffice there is a collection of old envelopes and postal cards that would be entitled to a place in the most curious of old curiosity-shops, says the Washington Post. The collection has been made by C. M. Merrill, head clerk of the city distributing case, who has secured the specimens after the persons for whom they were intended had read the communications.

Here is one in an unpracticed, scrawling hand as nearly as it can be translated into letters: "bin hamson, Washin T. C." That would defy anybody but a postal clerk. It was surmised, however, by one of these that this communication was intended for Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States, and the surmise proved to be correct. The letter, which was postmarked Lincoln, Neb., got to the president all right. It was probably a letter of advice as to how to run the government. An office-seeker would at least have addressed the president as "Mr."

"Mr. Adkin Jurnel" was the address on a letter that came from some place in Arkansas. It was meant for the adjutant-general of the army and to him it was delivered. "Nasal true bruhum, Washen," was the address on a letter from Trenton, Kan. Even this did not defy the expert postal officials. They concluded the letter was meant for the National Tribune of this city, and this proved to be the case. The letter was probably written by a German. It did not take long to decide that a letter addressed to "Mr. Reuben Wright," or that one addressed "p.l.m. E baker an son" was meant for Pennabaker & Son.

"For Misses Sole, a tornela W" was a puzzler for a little while. Then it was decided that the letter was intended for Messrs. Soule & Co., attorneys-at-law. "Mr. Affhannecting, Auditor" stuck some of the force for a little while. Then it was remembered that A. D. Shaw had been acting auditor for a time and the letter turned out to be for him. The person who wrote the letter had doubtless seen Mr. Shaw's name signed as "acting auditor" to some document, hence the mistake.

The mistake made in allowing Washington territory to come into the union under the name of "Washington" and thus perpetuating the condition of having a territorial division and a large city with the same name is more apparent to the postal officials than to anybody else. For example, a great deal of mail matter is put into boxes here addressed "Washington, D. C." that is evidently meant for places in the state of Washington. People here seem unable to write the name of "Washington" without putting "D. C." to it. Hundreds of letters and packages go into the boxes here every week containing this error.

He Always Listens.

"Yes," said a clergyman who knows how to tell a good story as well as to listen to and appreciate one told by another, "I am, of course, often asked, when some one in conversation is on the point of telling a story, whether I have heard so and so. Now, it is possible that I may have heard that story half a dozen or half a hundred times before, but I am certain that I have never heard it told exactly as this particular person will tell it. So I can truthfully answer that I have never heard it, and that is my invariable practice. Everybody who has undertaken to tell a story knows what a sensation is produced when the listener interrupts him to say that he has heard it before, and of course there is something of the same feeling when one who thinks he has a good thing to tell is headed off by the remark that it has been heard already. No story is ever told twice precisely alike. The individual element always comes in. So it is no evasion or stretching of the truth when I say of some incident that may be familiar to me that I have not heard it; I am sure I have not heard it precisely the way this teller will narrate it. And it makes things much pleasanter, too, in the long run, especially for a minister."

The Cross Mother.

At no time in her busy days is an intelligent mother so apt to fold the arms and close the eyes of maternal justice as when she is cross. This crossness is chiefly caused by fatigue—weariness of mind and body, and sometimes of soul. With tired nerves and weary body, she cannot endure the common demands made upon her, and ill-temper follows. She sows bitter feelings and impels loving attentions with her irritable hasty words. Broadly speaking, no mother has any right to get so tired. She cannot afford it. It takes too much out of her life, and too much out of her child's life. Such a condition can more frequently be prevented than is generally believed.—Harper's Bazar.

PLAGUE OF INFIDELITY.

DR. TALMAGE SAYS IT IS THE MOTHER OF PLAQUES.

Infidelity a Negative Religion.—It Can Offer the Christian Nothing in Exchange for His Faith.

New York, April 5, 1891.—Continuing his course of sermons on "The Ten Plagues of the Cities," Rev. Dr. Talmage today took for his subject "The Plague of Infidelity." The discourse was delivered to large and appreciative audiences at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the forenoon and the New York Academy of Music in the evening. The text was, Romans 1: 4: "Let God be true, but every man a liar."

That is if God says one thing and the whole human race says the opposite, Paul would accept the Divine veracity. But there are many in our time who have dared arraign the Almighty for falsehood. Infidelity is not only a plague, but it is the mother of plagues.

It seems from what we hear on all sides, that the Christian religion is a huge blunder; that the mosaic account of the creation is an absurdity large enough to throw all nations into rollicking guffaws; that Adam and Eve never existed; that the ancient flood and Noah's ark were impossibilities; that there never was a miracle; that the Bible is the friend of cruelty, of murder, of polygamy, of all forms of base crime; that the Christian religion is woman's tyrant and man's stultification; that the Bible from lid to lid is a fable, a cruelty, a humbug, a sham, a lie; that the martyrs who died for its truth were miserable dupes; that the Church of Jesus Christ is properly gazetted as a fool; that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. From so time that at my mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I first learned to lip verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation, and if there is anything in my style or thought to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the scriptures; and that William H. Seward, the diplomatist of the century, only showed his superiority when he declared, "The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influences of the Bible; and that it is wisest for us to take that book from the throne in the affections of uncounted multitudes, and put it under our feet to be trampled upon by hatred and hissing contempt; and that your old father was hoodwinked, and calumniated, and cheated, and bespoken, when he leaned on this as a staff after his steps shortened as he came up to the verge of the grave; and that your mother sat with a pack of lies on her lap while reading of the better country, and of the ending of all her cares and pains, and reunion not only with those of you who stood around her, but with the children she had buried with infinite heartache, so that she could read no more until she took off her spectacles, and wiped from them the heavy mist of many tears. And for forty and fifty years they should have walked under this delusion and had it under their pillow when they lay a-dying in the back room, and asked that some words from the old book might be put upon the tombstone under the shadow of the old country meeting-house, where they sleep today waiting for a resurrection that will never come. This book having deceived them, and having deceived the mighty intellects of the past, must not be allowed to deceive our larger, mightier, vaster, more stupendous intellects. And so out with the book from the court-room, where it is used in the solemnization of testimony. Out with it from under the foundation of church and asylum. Out with it from the domestic circle. Gather together all the Bibles—the children's Bibles, the family Bibles, those newly bound and those with lid nearly worn out and pages almost obliterated by the fingers long ago turned to dust—bring them all together, and let us make a bonfire of them, and by it warm our cold criticism, and after that turn under the ploughshare of public indignation the polluted ashes of that loathsome, adulterous, obscene, cruel and deathful book which is so antagonistic to man's liberty, and woman's honor, and the world's happiness."

Now that is the substance of what infidelity purposes and declares, and the attack on the Bible is accompanied by great jocosity, and there is hardly any subject about which more mirth is kindled than about the Bible.

Now in this sentiment of infidel thinkers I cannot join, and I propose to give you some reasons why I cannot be an infidel, and so I will try to help out of this present condition any who may have been struck by the awful plague of scepticism.

First, I cannot be an infidel because infidelity has no good substitute for the consolation it proposes to take away. You know there are millions of people who get their chief consolation from this book. Infidelity is a religion of "Don't know." Is the soul immortal? Don't know! Is there a God? Don't know! A religion of "Don't know" for the religion of "I know."

I know in whom I have believed. I know that my Redeemer liveth. Infidelity proposes to substitute a religion of awful negatives for our religion of glorious positives. Furthermore, I cannot be an infidel, because of the false charges infidelity is all the time making against the Bible. Perhaps the slander that has made the most impression and that some Christians have not been intelligent enough to deny is that the Bible favors polygamy. Does the God of the Bible uphold polygamy, or did he? How many wives did God make for Adam?

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2: 24: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." Not his wives, but his wife. How many wives did God spare for Noah in the ark? Two and two the birds; two and two the cattle; two and two the lions; two and two the human race. If the God of the Bible had favored a multiplicity of wives, he would have spared a plurality of wives. When God first launched the human race, he gave Adam one wife. At the second launching of the human race he spared for Noah one wife, for Ham one wife, for Shem one wife, for Japhet one wife. Does that look as though God favored polygamy? In Leviticus 18: 18, God thunders his prohibition of more than one wife.

Another false charge which infidelity has made against the Bible is that it is an antagonist to woman, that it enjoin her degradation and belittles her mission. Under this impression many women have been overcome of this Plague of Infidelity. Is the Bible the enemy of women? Come into the picture gallery, the Louvre, the Luxembourg of the Bible, and see which pictures are the most honored. Here is Eve, a perfect woman, as perfect as a woman can be made by a perfect God. Here is Deborah, with her womanly arm hurling a host into the battle. Here is Miriam, leading the Israelitish orchestra on the banks of the Red Sea. Here is motherly Hannah, with her own loving hand replenishing the wardrobe of her son Samuel, the prophet. Here is Abigail, kneeling at the foot of the mountain until the four hundred wrathful men, at the sight of her beauty and prowess, halt—a hurricane stopped at the sight of a water-lily, a dew-dropping dashing back Niagara. Here is Ruth, putting to shame all the modern slang about mother-in-law as she turns her back on her home and her country, and faces wild beasts and exile and death, that she may be with Naomi, her husband's mother. Here is Vashti, defying the bacchanal of a thousand drunken lords, and Esther, willing to throw her life away that she may deliver her people. And here is Dorcas, the sunlight of eternal fame gladdening her philanthropic needle, and the woman with perfume in a box made from the hills of Alabastron, pouring the holy chrism on the head of Christ, the aroma lingering all down the corridor of the centuries. Here is Lydia, the merchantess of Tyrian purple immortalized for her Christian behavior. Here is the widow with two mites, more famous than the Peabodys and the Lenoxes of all ages, while here comes in a glow of gold and with careful attendants and with special honor and high favor, leaning on the arm of inspiration, one who is the joy and pride of any home so rarely fortunate as to have one, an old Christian grandmother, Grandmother Liza. Who has more worshippers today than any being that ever lived on earth, except Jesus Christ? Mary. For what purpose did Christ perform his first miracle upon earth? To relieve the embarrassment of a womanly housekeeper at the falling short of a beverage. Why did Christ break up the silence of the tomb, and tear off the shroud and rip up the rocks? It was to stop the bereavement of the two Bethany sisters. For whose comfort was Christ most anxious in the hour of dying exclamation? For a woman, an old woman, a wrinkle-faced woman, a woman who in other days had held him in her arms, his first friend, his last friend, as it is very apt to be, his mother. All the paths of the ages compressed into one utterance, "Behold thy mother." Does the Bible antagonize woman?

Since you put the Bible on your stand in the sitting-room, has the Bible been to you, O woman, a curse or a blessing? Why is it that a woman when she is troubled will go to her worst enemy, the Bible? Why do you turn to the Bible for comfort in the great infidel books? No, the silly, deluded woman perverts in hanging about the Bible verses, "Let not your heart be troubled," "All things work together for good," "Weeping may endure for a night," "I am the resurrection," "Peace, be still."

Furthermore; rather than invite I resist this Plague of Infidelity because it has wrought no positive good in the world and is always a hindrance.

There stands Christianity. There stands infidelity. Compare what they have done. Compare their resources. There is Christianity, a prayer on her lip; a benediction on her brow; both hands full of help for all who want help; the mother of thousands of colleges; the mother of thousands of asylums for the oppressed, the blind, the sick, the lame, the imbecile; the mother of missions for the hanging back of the outer; the mother of thousands of reformatory institutions for the saving of the lost; the mother of innumerable Sabbath schools, bringing millions of children under a drill to prepare them for respectability and usefulness, to say nothing of the great future. That is Christianity.

Infidelity scrapes no lint for the wounded, bakes no bread for the hungry, shakes up no pillow for the sick, rouses no comfort for the bereft, glides no grave for the dead. While Christ, our Christ, our wounded Christ, our risen Christ, the Christ of this old-fashioned Bible—blessed be his glorious name forever! our Christ stands this hour pointing to the hospital or to the asylum, saying: "I was sick and ye gave me a crutch, I was blind and ye physicked my eye-sight, I was orphaned and ye mothered my soul, I was lost on the mountain and ye brought me home; inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it for me."

But I thank God that this plague of infidelity will be stayed. Many of those who hear me now by the Holy Ghost upon their hearts will cease to be scoffers and will become disciples, and the day will arrive when all nations will accept the Scriptures. The book is going to keep right on until the fires of the last day are kindled. Some of them will begin on one side and some on the other side of the old book. They will not find a bundle of loose manuscripts easily consumed like tinder thrown into the fire

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. NO. 31.

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Antioch Home News.

Are you insured?
This has been a busy week for fire insurance agents.

Mr. Fisher Sr. is still quite dangerously ill.

Mr. Edwin Richards has been quite sick for some few days past but is now we are pleased to say slowly on the gain.

Mrs. J. C. James Sr. was taken quite seriously ill last week but at present is slowly recovering.

Work was commenced on the foundation of Lyman Grice's new hotel on Monday last. Andrew Peterson has charge of the mason work.

Mr. Foltz we understand will again open up his store in the store building of R. D. Emmons where he will be pleased to see all his old and many new patrons once more.

Messrs C. B. Harrison & Son are prepared to do first class grinding at their feed mill on Thursdays of each week.

As we look at the portion of our beautiful little village made desolate by the recent fire, we wonder if our people need any more palpable evidence of the necessity of fire protection.

We would say to our many readers that we will soon be able to print the News on our own press and will then make up for any omission of news that may now occur in the paper.

Mr. M. A. Howard will occupy for the present the old furniture store belonging to J. C. James & Son.

Montgomery & Story are now comfortably located in their new quarters in the building recently vacated by the Williams Bros. where they will be glad to see all their friends once more.

We understand the Good Templars will hold their usual meetings in Odd Fellows hall for the present.

Brogan & Gray will soon be ready to move into their new quarters in what was formerly the Williams Bros. hardware store. The building will be finely fitted up for a market with all modern improvements.

J. C. James & Son will make many extensive improvements in their furniture store this spring as soon as the ground will permit.

The largest stock of furniture in Lake Co. at J. C. James & Son.

From a hospital case to the finest metallic casket at J. C. James & Son's undertaking and furniture store.

Mr. D. Lewis, of El Paso, Ill. has moved with his family to this village and will occupy the house belonging to T. C. Richardson.

To our advertisers whose advertisements have not appeared in this last week's issue of the News we would say that the time they have contracted for will be extended so as to make good all omissions that may occur before we can again place their advertisements, which we hope to be able to do in a week or two at the farthest.

Favorable offers have already been made for a portion of the ground in the Rogers Block and it is more than probable that substantial brick buildings will take the place of the burned ones before many months.

Mrs. Ida Davis came out from the city on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Savage, during the past week.

Miss Mamie Pullen of Englewood made her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Pullen, a short visit the latter part of last week, returning to the city on Sunday last.

The Antioch News and the Chicago weekly Inter Ocean or Journal to new subscribers, one year for \$1.80.

Mrs. W. A. Story is at present quite seriously ill.

Mr. Geo. Olcott is getting the ground ready to build his new residence.

Jeweler Lewis has located at Williams Bros. new store and will be pleased to see all his old and new customers at that place.

TREVOR, WIS.

Sunday night last we had a very nice snow storm which made the muddy roads a little more muddy for a change.

Mrs. N. J. Schumacher returned from Ozaukee Co., Wis. where she had been visiting for two weeks among her friends.

This is election week in all the towns in the states for town and municipal cities to choose their officers and there will be quite a good deal of strife as to which party shall succeed.

There was quite a lot of sheep shears left Trevor last Monday night for Minneapolis to shear 11,000 sheep, and more will be wanted soon by G. H. Booth who is agent for parties owning sheep.

The TREVORITE was burned out last week at the Antioch fire but made its regular appearance on time and it is to be hoped its subscribers will turn in and help the editor get on his feet again by forwarding their subscriptions as soon as convenient.

Last week Antioch had a terrible fire, which came very near cleaning out the whole village and which will, it is to be hoped, bring the people of that ancient city to think a little money had better be expended for some means whereby they can be better enabled to fight against another disaster of the kind.

CAMP LAKE.

Mr. Will Welton is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Bowman called on friends here Sunday.

Mike Gallagher, Lulu Jordan and Bessie Wilbur commenced their schools Monday.

John Gallagher has been quite sick but is slowly gaining.

Mamie Jordan spent a few days at home.

Norris Proctor is visiting here.

Miss Melvina Selby died at her home Friday April 3 of consumption. She has been an invalid for some time, but bore her suffering with patience. She leaves a mother, brother and three sisters, also a host of friends to mourn her loss.

Mr. Tony Enzenbacher and daughter Maggie came out to attend the funeral of Melvina Selby.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR. GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

Washington, D. C. Feb. 27, 1891.

Public notice is hereby given under section 2455, Rev. Stats. and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of September 6, 1890, that Nett's Island in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45, north range 9 east 3d P. M. Illinois, containing 2871 acres will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office Washington D. C. on Wednesday, April 15, 1891, at eleven o'clock A. M.

The offering will be made subject to the rights of John Netts, the applicant for the survey of the

Island, to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff, Commissioner and ex-officio Register and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

Annual Town Meetings.

At the annual town election held in this village on Tuesday last the following officers were elected: For Supervisor, George H. Kennedy, by 19 majority; for Town Clerk, Harmon Beck, no opposition; for Assessor, Cornelius Coon, by 134 majority; for Collector, Wm. Grey, by 14 majority; for Commissioner, J. L. Harden, no opposition; for Constable, Howard Hadlock.

Obituary.

Once more the terrible visitant death has come and taken a kind father and loving husband and kind friend, and has blighted what was once a happy home. His death is rendered doubly sad since it came so unexpectedly.

Matthew Cribb was born in Ontario county, N. Y., on April 25th, 1821, coming to Lake county, Ill., in company with his father and mother and family in 1845. Becoming imbued with the California excitement he went to that State in 1852, remaining four years. Returning to this county in 1856 he bought the farm he occupied at the time of his death.

On the 18th of January, 1888, he was united in marriage to Deborah Reynolds, whose death occurred March 29th, 1891. On Dec. 22nd, 1893, he again united in marriage with Charlotte Miller, who survives him. He leaves one son, Jay L., and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Emma Quadenfeld, and four sisters and three brothers. Mr. Cribb's life was a quiet, practical one; no poor unfortunate ever came to his door and was turned away empty-handed. Living with his present wife 27 years without uttering one unkind word. How many leaving this world leave a fairer record behind? His death occurred March 25th, 1891. E. K. L.

GRAY'S LAKE.

The Sunday-School entertainment came off at this place on Sunday evening and was well attended and quite a success. All that took part did well. Archie Ritchie took the prize of a new hat as the boy that recited his piece the best; Mabel Curry the prize of new dress as the best reciter among the little girls. Mr. Bewell, Mr. Nevill and Mr. Bacon were the judges, and it took them quite a little time to decide which was best.

We are all excited here this morning over our township election. No doubt but the next election will be held at this place instead of Hainesville, as to-day will decide.

A great number of the sick which we reported last week, are improving.

Mr. W. B. Higley is able to sit up each day for a short time.

Miss Taylor, a young lady friend of Mrs. Higley, is visiting with her for a few days. We hope she will prolong her stay, as she is quite a favorite among the young folks.

Mrs. J. H. Phelps is in Chicago buying new goods ready for her opening next week. Give her a call and see a full line of new spring goods.

The roads still keep bad, which keeps the farmers back from their spring work.

J. H. Phelps has received several suits of clothes which he took orders for from the well known firm of Goldburg & Co., of Chicago, and give perfect satisfaction both in quality and fit. Not a single complaint.

Mr. Gardener is much better and able to attend to the comforts of the hotel guests again, and is quite busy.

John C. Murrie has a lot of lumber and fence posts on hand in addition to his other business.

J. C. Morrell intends going to Chicago to do business.

Our little town is booming and full of teams. We shall have a new harness shop here soon.

LIBERTYVILLE.

Mr. Saunier is building a front fence, which makes quite an improvement to his place.

Annie, the little girl of Mr. Ed Apple, is very sick with scarlet fever.

Our school commenced the spring term on Monday last.

There will be a hop in the Town hall, this day, on next Friday evening.

It is reported that Henry Lawrence has rented the Wright farm in town for the year.

Mr. Geo. Horriek and Mr. Chas. Alcoman, south of town, are under the doctor's care, suffering with the grip and complications.

Miss Nina Miller commenced the spring term of school in the Griddley district on Monday last.

A social dance was given on last Saturday evening in the new meat market, at Prairie View.

A dance was indulged in by several of our young people at Proctor's Hall, on April Fool's night.

Miss Mabel Ellis commenced the spring term of school at Quantin's Corners, in Cuba, on last Monday.

Miss Oceana Churchill who has been visiting in town for a few days, has returned to her home at Downer's Grove.

Mr. Ned Smith is visiting with his friends at Leimont for a few days.

At the annual township election held in Libertyville, Tuesday, April 7th, the following ticket was elected: N. B.—Here is the ticket all right.

DIED.—In Libertyville, Tuesday evening, April 7, 1891, after a short illness, Mr. Wm. Ellis, aged about sixty-nine years.

LAKE ZURICH.

School commenced Monday.

The coal chutes are done and the men have left.

The sidewalk from the postoffice to the depot is about finished.

Sit on a bent pin and you will have spring time.

Subscribe for this paper. Only one dollar per year in advance.

Mr. C. Hockemler, of Long Grove, was in town last Saturday looking over his interests at the factory.

Mr. Wm. Tyler of Elgin, has returned and will locate on his farm again.

Among those who did business in Chicago Monday are E. A. Fleke, H. Selp, Wm. Ernsting and Albert Wolff.

Houses to rent and horses and cattle for sale, at Spinner Bros.

Mr. C. C. Brown, of Missouri, was in this vicinity recently looking at property with a view to purchasing. He was favorably impressed with the property on the west side of the lake.

Mr. Chase has returned to J. C. Whitney's after visiting in Wisconsin.

Spinner Bros. have recently purchased the imported English draft stallion, Aylesbury.

Mr. J. C. Whitney is evidently preparing to drive a stylish team this summer as he is managing a fine span of colts.

Miss Mamie and Lydia Whitney visited their sister, Mrs. G. O. Prussia, at Ravenswood recently.

It is reported that Mr. James Kitten and family will return to this vicinity in the near future.

Mr. John Kanipple has rented Spinner Bros' farm near Honey Lake.

Mr. Joseph Whalen visited at Waukegan.

Mr. George C. Hume, of Chicago, is visiting at Mr. James H. Allen's.

Spinner Bros. have been making another deal in real estate, having sold their farm near Waukegan to Mr. Ed Peters, of Barrington. Consideration, \$1,200.

Henry Johnson and family lately in the employ of Wm. Spinner, have moved into the house vacated by J. Sumorfeld. He contemplates moving again and says the house is haunted—doors opening and closing without any one near them.

Zurich is in need of a good large hall for meetings, balls, entertainments and other suitable purposes.

The township caucus was held in the town hall last Saturday. There was no opposition to the men put in nomination, excepting for collector there were four candidates in the start. Finally it was voted down to two and the race was between Fred Kreuger and Herman Snyder; the latter came out ahead by ten votes.

Mr. Henry Stall entertained relatives of his several days this week.

Four horse teams are the rule nowadays with only ordinary loads. The mud is as deep as it has been at any time.

The weather we have had this week gives good evidence that spring is about here.

Owing to the Hillman building not being ready for occupancy our barber, Mr. John Drill, will not open up his hair dressing and shaving parlor before the 20th to the public.

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

FIGURE-HEADS OF FAMOUS OLD MEN-OF-WAR.

The Custom Rapidly Dying Out in the Vessels of the Last Years of the Nineteenth Century—Our Navy Fifty Years Ago.

The placing of figure-heads under the bows of ships appears to be a custom like ancient and honorable. Ovid tells us that the vessel in which he was carried to his place of exile bore a bust of Minerva under the bow. The ship that rescued St. Paul from the island of Melita bore a double image of Castor and Pollux. The Carthaginian merchant ships had their crocodile, the Punic cruisers their figure of Bual, the Norsemen and Danes their dragons and serpents. The famous English ship Tarbis carried a ghastly skeleton at its prow, and the French privateer Surcouf, the terror of the Indian seas in the Napoleonic war, adorned the bows of his famous cruiser, the Revenant, with the figure of a corpse in the act of casting off its shroud. When the sloop-of-war Pearl, commanded by Lieutenant Maynard, of the navy of



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE OLD UNITED STATES LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP "DELAWARE."

George H., sailed into Port Royal after its victory over the redoubtable pirate Blackbeard, it carried under its bowsprit a realistic figure-head representing the head of the famous buccaneer himself as it was struck off his body by Maynard's sword.

The custom of decorating the bows with something emblematic of the ship's name or purpose is one that is rapidly dying out in the vessels of the last year of the nineteenth century. Particularly is this true in the ships of the United States navy, where the ram bow prevents the use of anything more than a simple scroll, or, as in the case of the Yorktown, a plain, undecorated shield. Our navy fifty years ago, however, then famous among the navies of the world, possessed an array of figure-heads the like of which had never been seen in warships before or since. A very interesting collection of these figure-heads is now to be seen at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md.

At the close of each month, when the cadets march from their quarters to the drouded examination rooms, there to undergo tests for better or worse, their route passes under the shadow of a massive Indian warrior in wood, the figure-head of the old line-of-battle ship Delaware. It is mounted near the old mess hall, on a pedestal eight feet high, and the head towers fully fifteen feet above the ground. For many years this chieftain has been worshipped by the midshipmen as the patron saint of satisfactory averages, the attainment of which depends, according to an unbroken chain of academy legend, upon the favor or disfavor of his mate, though royal, wooden Indianship. So, when the days for the examination come around, with a conspicuous disre-



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CONSTITUTION"; A LIFE SIZE FIGURE OF PRESIDENT JACKSON.

gard of the second commandment, each midshipman marches to his task, doffs his cap to the god, and thereafter his mind rests easy in the assurance that he has faithfully invoked the blessing of the idol of his professional ancestors.

For years and years the big white Indian has gazed intently across the parade ground, receiving the obsequious salutations of its subjects with only a stony stare. Its massive head, with its scalp-lock, is thrown well aloft, and crowned by four long feathers. There is a quiver filled with arrows at its back, and round its waist there is a belt, carrying a scalping-knife, tom-

hawk, and pipe. Altogether the big chief is a most imposing personage.

Although Maryat's gunner is made to tell Peter Simple that he "never knew a vessel with a fiddle-head to do anything," and although the figure-head is gradually disappearing from the later-day navies, there would seem to be something very appropriate in erecting the prow of that famous old 84-gun ship, the Delaware, with the splendid head of a trial chief. The Delaware was built at Gosport in 1817, and launched in 1820, and for a quarter of a century she cruised in all the waters of the globe as the flag-ship of Commodores Crane, Patterson, and Morris. These were the days when the American navy first began to earn the renown that afterward made it conspicuous in the eyes of the world.

Another figure-head at the Naval Academy, and one about which clusters a more lustrous history, is that of the old Constitution. This is a life-size figure of President Jackson, firm and erect, his left hand thrust in his coat, while in his right he carries a scroll, presumably the Constitution. This figure-head was carved at Boston in 1834, and placed on the vessel's bow in the second term of Jackson's administration, just after the ship returned from her famous cruise of sixteen months, and fifty-two thousand three hundred and seventy-five miles. There seems to have been just as many offensive particulars then as now, for instantly the enemies of the administration began to clamor for the removal of the President's figure from the bows of the ship made glorious by the capture of the Guerriere, the Fava, the Picotou, the Cyane, and the Levant.

No attention was paid to these demands, and one fine morning, two months later, the officers in command were horrified to find the President's figure decapitated. Whereupon the Boston Courier of July 4, 1834, said:

"It appears that during the night of Wednesday, the head of this wooden image was sawed off by some person or persons unknown. It is a rather mysterious affair. The Constitution lies at the navy yard, between two sentry-boxes, and it is understood that a guard, or watch, is continually kept on board. It seems impossible that the head could have been executed without discovery, notwithstanding that the night was dark and rainy. The head which had been sawed from its trunk, it is said, was at least twenty feet above the surface of the water. It is the opinion of several intelligent men, who examined the premises yesterday, that the perpetrators must have gone to their work through the navy yard."

"It was reported last evening that Commodore Elliott had offered one thousand dollars for the person or persons who committed the deed."

The President's headless trunk adorned the Constitution's bows for a



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE BRITISH LION.

year longer, when the frigate was brought to New York. Here, on Saturday afternoon, March 14, the head carved by Messrs. Dodge & Sons was replaced on the trunk representing President Jackson on the bow of the frigate Constitution. The whole affair had been managed with great care and secrecy. The man who cut off the President's head was exposed three years later in a most unexpected manner. In one of the New York City courts there was an action of assault and battery in which Samuel W. Dewey was plaintiff and Joseph Fay and Edward H. Dixon defendants. In the course of the evidence, one of the witnesses stated that Dewey, who, it seems, was a captain, informed him on the evening of the capture of the frigate Constitution, that he (Dewey) cut off the figure-head of the frigate Constitution. Captain Dewey, who was a native of Cape Cod, afterward presented the head to the Secretary of the Navy, for which he was given a written obligation that he would never be prosecuted for the offense he had committed.

A splendid bust of Minerva, six feet high, forms another interesting feature of a collection of figure-heads at the Naval Academy, and commemorates as well an epoch in naval history made glorious by the triumphs of the frigate United States under the gallant Decatur. This figure-head adorned the prow of the old Macedonian when she was captured from the French by the English. The bust was very much worn and defaced when taken from the Macedonian at the time of her capture by the United States in 1812, and for this reason it is presumed that the relic is more than a hundred years old. When the ill-fated Macedonian was taken to England by her first captors, the figure of the British lion was carved by a sailor to take the honored place at the bow then occupied by the classical Minerva. The lion was completed, but before it could be put into place hostilities between England and America called the ship into action. When the Macedonian struck her colors to the guns of the United States, Decatur and his men found the carved lion in the captain's cabin, and in now an interesting feature of the Naval academy collection.

Small-Pox. While Germany loses only 110 persons yearly from small-pox, France loses 14,000 in the same time. This astounding difference is attributed to the rigid enforcement of vaccination in Germany, and to carelessness about the matter in France.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of The World.

Italian quarry laborers near Kingston, N. Y., after adopting some denunciatory resolutions concerning the New Orleans lynching, hoisted an American flag and then riddled it with bullets. The quarry owners discharged the foreigners.

Information has reached the City of Mexico that the government of Guatemala will increase its forces on the Salvadoran frontier owing to the belief that Salvador intends to send troops to the same point.

Joseph Cohn & Co., wholesale clothiers at Kansas City, have assigned with liabilities of \$200,000 and assets of \$250,000. The firm was a heavy investor of Seligman, Mayer & Co., of New York, who failed a year ago.

The Colorado Senate bill appropriating \$100,000 for a world's fair exhibit was unanimously passed by the House. A bill will go to the Governor.

The English Government has decided not to invite Mr. Davitt to serve upon the labor commission and has asked Mr. McCarthy to suggest another Irish representative.

Negotiations have been resumed between William Walter Phelps, United States minister to Germany and Chancellor von Caprivi on the question of the withdrawal of Germany's prohibition against American pork products.

The general manager of the Nicaragua Construction company has received a cable dispatch from Greytown, Nicaragua, announcing the safe arrival of the shipwrecked party of which ex-Senator Warner Miller was a member. The steamship Aquan, which grounded on the Roca del Cerro reef, will be a total loss.

The international conference of miners at Paris was given a banquet. All the delegates joined enthusiastically in singing the Socialist song, the "Carmagnole."

Nearly 10,000 pounds of sugar were thrown on the market at Baltimore Md., and sold for 4 cents per pound.

Judge Baker and Dr. Howard, under arrest in Fayetteville, Ark., are wanted in several counties in Nebraska and Iowa for swindling farmers out of large amounts.

"Gub" Moyberry was lynched by a mob at Bryant station, Tenn. A note left pinned to the body read: "This is done for the protection of our wives and daughters."

Minneapolis millers talk of curtailing the production of flour because of a dull market.

A rumour was caused in the lower branch of the Nebraska Legislature by one of the members insisting on smoking on the floor.

The Minnesota Senate passed the bill requiring newspaper articles that reflect on any one's character to be signed by the names of their authors.

Emperor William of Germany inspected the men-of-war being constructed at Skettin and was tendered a banquet at Kiel.

It has been discovered that ex-High Chief Ranger Porter of the Foresters, who embezzled funds of the order, has four wives living, one of them at Grove City, Ill.

Rhode Island Republicans carried a sufficient number of towns to give them the necessary fifty-five votes on joint ballot.

Rival real-estate speculators at Sioux City, Iowa, propose to offer the government a site for the new postoffice free, in order to boom their holdings.

The great Whiteley sweater-shops at Springfield, Ohio, the second largest in the world, will in a few days be offered for sale under foreclosure. They cost \$1,500,000, including the machinery, which cost \$50,000.

The best sugar experiments which several hundred farmers in central Kansas had contemplated under the direction of Dr. Schaffweiler, claiming to represent a German syndicate which was to erect sugar factories should the experiment prove a success, have been abandoned, it having been learned that he has no relations with any German syndicate, and that his pretensions are baseless.

Brig.-Gen. Stanley has ordered the company of Indian scouts now at Neville, Texas, under Lieut. Ryan to proceed at once to Pulo, on the Mexican border, in response to the petition of the people of the place, who claim they are at the mercy of desperadoes and raiders from Mexico.

It is understood that Supervising Architect of the Treasury Windrim will tender his resignation in a few days to accept a position in Philadelphia. He is offered the place there at \$10,000 per year, with much less annoyance than his present position entails. It is suggested here that the place may be again offered to Mr. Bell, of Chicago.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., was received by President Diaz of Mexico. William Rockefeller, W. D. Bishop and Joseph Park, railroad directors indicted at New York in connection with the tunnel accident, have been admitted to bail.

Two men entered the house of Michael Strominger, an old farmer, near Harrisburg, Pa., and forced him to hand over \$2,000 in cash drawn from the bank to pay off the mortgage on his farm.

Many deaths from the grip are reported in Berlin.

The Bulgarian government has made contracts with the Krupps for large supplies of war materials.

The Mexican Congress has convened. For the first time in the history of the republic the budget showed no deficit.

It has just been learned that twenty gold bars confined in the guard-house at Jefferson barracks, St. Louis made their escape.

Dr. Koch has returned to Berlin from Egypt. He is much depressed over the non-success of his trip.

Three thousand Philadelphia brick-makers are out on a strike against a reduction of 10 per cent in wages.

The lower Mississippi is rising rapidly and several towns on its banks are in danger.

Adolph Spreckels denies the statement that the Havemeyer and Spreckels sugar refineries have combined to divide the sugar market between them.

The American national bank of Kansas City has resumed business. It has \$1,725,000 in its vaults.

There were 146 deaths in New York Thursday, seven being from the grip. There are 109 New York policemen on the sick list.

Two men were found dead in bed in a room in the San Antonio cement works. They had been asphyxiated by gas escaping from a kiln where lime was being burned.

Charges of embezzlement have been made against High Chief Ranger Porter of the Order of Foresters.

The total number of deaths in Chicago for March was 5,249.

The Leeds (Eng.) Millers' association has advanced the prices of flour 1 cent, making a total advance of 5s 6d during the month of March.

The license of the Capital Insurance company of Toledo, Kan., has been revoked by the State Commissioner, who claims the concern is insolvent.

Ninety-nine delegates, representing a million miners, are attending the international conference at Paris to discuss measures for the improvement of the condition of mine-workers throughout Europe.

John M. Macdonald, a cousin of the Canadian premier, died at Pine Bluff, Ark. He was a classmate of Livingstone, the explorer.

Ellis Martin, father-in-law of John Anker, whose house near Syracuse, Ohio, was blown up by dynamite while the family were asleep, has been arrested charged with the flendish deed.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FAIR SHOW.

Communication with Minister Lincoln Opened.

London cablegram: Her Majesty's government has opened communication with Mr. Lincoln, United States minister, with a view to obtaining his advice and guidance in the selection and organization of the British commission which it has decided to send to the world's fair at Chicago. Mr. Lincoln will shortly have a conference on the subject with Lord Salisbury, who has shown every disposition to forward England's participation in the exhibition.

Gov. Waller, late consul-general of the United States at London, who made himself very popular while here, will open a bureau for information and assistance for intending exhibitors. Mr. New, the present consul-general, writes that he will soon return from America and give the countenance and assistance of the consulate to the work.

The example of Great Britain is having an effect on the continent. Many inquiries are coming from France, Germany, and Austria, and bureaus of information will be established in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna within the present month.

DEED OF A CRAZY YOUTH.

Awful Tragedy at Bloomington, Ind.—All the Parties Are Highly Connected.

Bloomington, Ind., telegram: Ward Demaree, aged 22 years, killed his mother with a razor and then cut his own throat.

Demaree had been a college student for some time and had been studying languages preparatory to attending Princeton college. At the time of the tragedy an older daughter was absent at school and the mother lay upon the bed sick. Two smaller children were about the house. The mother, seeing that her son had a razor in his hand as he approached her bedside, motioned the children from the room.

Ward approached his mother's bedside and with one slash of the razor nearly severed her head from her body. The son, after looking at his flendish work a minute or more, knelt on the floor and with the same bloody weapon cut his own throat.

The bed and floor presented a ghastly spectacle to the excited people who soon crowded into the room. The tragedy was enacted in the heart of the city. All parties are highly connected. The family knew of the son's temporary aberration of mind, but had kept the matter a profound secret.

MURDERED HIS WIFE.

The Brutal Crime of a Jersey City Prize-Fighter.

2 At Jersey City, N. J., Edward Hollinger, better known as "Big Hollinger," a colored pugilist, brutally murdered his wife by beating her on the head and face with a hatchet. Hollinger was arrested three weeks ago for assault on his wife, but was released on promise that he would live apart from her, and this promise he kept.

After having murdered his wife Hollinger tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a table knife, but that only made a slight gash. He then picked up the eldest of the children a girl 2 years old, and went into the street. Meeting a policeman he told him what he had done and surrendered himself. He told Chief of Police Murphy he was glad his wife was dead. "I deliberately killed her," he said, "and am willing to hang for it."

CHICAGO'S BIG DEATH RATE.

Over 1,000 Deaths During the Last Week in Chicago.

There were 1,103 deaths in Chicago during the week ending March 27. There were fifty-six deaths from la grippe against ten from a similar cause the week before. The police department has 241 on the sick list.

Killed by a Policeman.

Edward Mahoney lies dead at the morgue in Chicago, pierced with three bullet-holes, and John Monahan is at his home with a bullet-hole through his knee, under the guard of a police officer. The circumstance that brought them to this condition grew out of a most vicious assault upon Officer John Uriz during the progress of which he shot both men.

Suicided at his Daughter's Grave.

Thomas Gadsden, cashier of the Merchants' National bank of Savannah, Ga., committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a revolver at the grave of his daughter in Laurel Grove cemetery. He was a prominent man in Savannah and had been connected with the bank for many years and was interested in various business enterprises.

Serious Fire at Memphis.

Fire destroyed the new seven-story Abstract building and the Franklin hotel on Adams street and did considerable damage to the Fellows building, loss, upward of \$100,000.

VERY CLOSE IN CHICAGO.

HEMPSTEAD WASHBURN AP- PARENTLY ELECTED MAYOR.

Police Returns From All But Seven Precincts Indicate That He Has 1,387 Plurality.

Mayor...HEMPSTEAD WASHBURN, rep. City Treasurer...JACOB THIDEMANN, rep. City Attorney...B. F. RICHMOND, rep. City Clerk...JAS. R. VAN CLEAVE, rep.

CHICAGO, April 8.—At 3 o'clock this morning the police had received the returns from all the precincts. According to the Democratic leaders Hempstead Washburn received a plurality of 210. This result is not certain, although on the face of the returns it seems likely that Washburn is elected. At the time of this writing the result was being verified, and it may be found that a mistake was made in some of the footings. Shortly after midnight it

was believed that Cregier had been elected by a plurality of 466, but a mistake was discovered in one of the footings that changed the result. According to the latest Democratic returns the following is the result:

HEMPSTEAD WASHBURN.....1,387

CREGIER (Dem.).....1,177

HARRISON.....1,035

ELMER WASHBURN.....2,064

All Chicago Democratic papers concede probable election of Hempstead Washburn and the entire Republican city ticket.

CHICAGO, April 8.—The Times says: It is possible that Hempstead Washburn has won in the great majority fight, and has by a very small plurality defeated Mr. Cregier. The complete returns would indicate this result, and the Times is in possession of no facts which would authorize it to make the claim that Mr. Cregier has been chosen. The official count must settle the question, and the Mayor's political managers say they will give up only when the board of election commissioners declare the result.

The News says:

H. WASHBURN (Rep.).....1,387

CREGIER (Dem.).....1,177

HARRISON (Ind.).....1,035

E. WASHBURN (Ch.).....2,064

MORGAN (So.).....2,120

The above figures embrace all but seven precincts.

Other Illinois Towns.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 8.—Complete returns show that Rheanna D. Lawrence, Republican, is elected Mayor of Springfield by 350 majority over Charles F. Hay, the present Democratic incumbent. The Democrats elect the remainder of the city ticket by about 200 majority.

The Republicans have gained two Aldermen, but still lack control of the city council.

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., April 8.—The Republicans swept the city, carrying the city and township ticket and electing five out of seven aldermen.

GALESBURG, Ill., April 8.—L. A. Lawrence, anti-license candidate, was elected mayor. Three anti-license and two license aldermen were elected.

THE RESULT IN MICHIGAN.

Republicans Carry the State by About 5,000 Plurality.

Detroit, Mich., April 8.—Returns from the election indicate that Republicans have carried the State by about 5,000 plurality. There are many districts still to be heard from, however, and the vote is considerably closer, but it is not thought that later returns will make any material change in the result.

In the municipal elections in the larger cities the Democracy held its own and made large gains. Grand Rapids, Saginaw, Bay City, Lansing, Marshall, Adrian, Monroe, Pontiac, Easton, Rapids, Mason, Hastings, St. Clair, South St. Marie, Marquette, Muskegon, St. Ignace, Manistee, Cheboygan, Ionia and Menominee elect Democratic Mayors, while the Republican candidates were successful in Battle Creek, Hillsdale, Charlotte, Grand Haven, Lapeer, Ypsilanti, Flint, Big Rapids, Port Huron, Albion, Jackson, Kalamazoo and Corunna.

IN WISCONSIN.

Pinney Will Probably Have 30,000 Majority for Supreme Court Justice.

MADISON, Wis., April 8.—S. U. Pinney of Madison has been elected Associate Justice of the Wisconsin Supreme court, to succeed Chief Justice Cole, whose term expires next year. His majority over E. H. Ellis of Green Bay will probably be large. Pinney's majority from present indications may reach 30,000.

Beloit Met the Saloon Question.

Beloit, Wis., April 8.—The city of Beloit met the saloon question and has gone for no license by 123 majority, the first victory for the no-license people in thirty years. E. G. Smith, Republican, was elected mayor by 65 majority. The total vote was 1,600, the largest ever polled.

Ashland Will Be "Wide Open."

ASHLAND, Wis., April 8.—The municipal election was very exciting and resulted in an overwhelming majority for O'Keefe and a "wide open" policy. The streets are filled with drunken men and riot and revelry reign. O'Keefe's majority, 404. Political lines not drawn.

BARON FAVA'S RECALL.

It Causes Considerable Excitement at Washington.

The recall by the Italian government of Baron Fava, Italian minister to Washington, still continues to be the all-absorbing topic in diplomatic and official circles.

Dispatches from Rome give assurance that the action of the Italian government in withdrawing its minister from this country will lead to nothing more serious than a diplomatic controversy. Yesterday's reports that American citizens traveling in Italy were being held as hostages is denied.

The basis of the recall is that the United States government has not given assurances that the murderers of the Italian subjects acquitted by the American magistrates and murdered in prison, while under immediate protection of the authorities of New Orleans, would be brought to justice. The baron will soon leave the United States, leaving the secretary of legation in charge of only current affairs.

Official Circles Surprised.

This action by the Italian government caused the deepest surprise in official circles here when the fact became known. It had generally been supposed that the Italian government would at least await the action of the New Orleans grand jury which is charged with an investigation of the bloody episode at the New Orleans jail. It appears, however, that the information received from its representatives must have led that government to the conclusion that the grand jury investigation would fail to result in punishment or even indictment of any person connected with the killing of the Italians.

The letter of Gov. Nicholls in reply to Secretary Blaine was also regarded as evasive of the real point of issue—reparation for an alleged wrong—and the governor's assurances that further bloodshed would not follow, unaccompanied by an excuse for the failure of the State or municipal authorities to take precautions to prevent the killing, was, it is said, regarded by the Italian government with extreme dissatisfaction. It appeared that the United States government had exhausted its resources.

NO MONEY FOR ITALY.

The State Department Cannot Promise Indemnity.

Washington telegram: There is no money in the hands of the State department available for paying Italy any indemnity and this may lead to another international misunderstanding. In Secretary Blaine's letter he spoke guardedly of an indemnity, but in Di Rudini's reply Italy notes the fact that the right of indemnity is conceded. As a matter of fact, there was no such concession. The department is without funds to permit an assurance of indemnity, and all it can do is to urge the next Congress to grant an indemnity.

Shipwrecker Cramp says that if one of the Italian naval monsters got to our shore the little dynamite cruiser Vesuvius could drop a dynamite shell on the gunboat and blow her to pieces. But Secretary Tracy's last report said that the dynamite guns of the Vesuvius had never been perfected. They are not yet beyond the experimental stage.

ITALIANS PLOTTING MURDER.

Organized Movement to Avenge the Killing of the New Orleans Italis.

Sebastian Giarrio, leader of the 350 Italians employed near Wampum, Pennsylvania, tell a strange story which he says shall be communicated to the authorities at once. Giarrio is a property-owner in Wampum and seemed to place considerable weight upon the information imparted. He said that yesterday a strange Italian, who resided in Pittsburgh, called him aside and asked him if he would go into a plot to avenge his countrymen who had been killed at New Orleans. Giarrio, a stranger, who refused to give his name, said that at least 20,000 Italians could be brought into Pittsburgh in five hours' time and with the aid of guns and by surprising the citizens they would be able to take the city without much trouble.

A dispatch from Wheeling says that 2,000 Italians near Moundsville, now employed on the railroad, and who have been killed at the killing of the New Orleans, though for what purpose they refuse to say.

ITALIANS GET REVENGE.

A Scotchman Loses His Life for Applauding the New Orleans Lynching.

Upon the railroad lines known as the Camden system in the State of Virginia, 700 Italians are working, and it is only once a week that news reaches them. At Alton the report of the New Orleans riot was received and while the Italians were discussing it among themselves the foreman of the gang, a Scotchman named McCutley, said the citizens of New Orleans did just right. The Italians became enraged and killed McCutley. They then mutilated his body in a terrible manner. The excitement among the Italians when they read the particulars of the killing of their countrymen was intense. No arrests have been made.

WILL NOT RECEIVE BLAIR.

A Report that the Emperor of China Will Not Receive the New Minister.

The council of the Emperor of China has decided not to receive Senator Blair in his official capacity. The cablegram briefly announces that Mr. Blair was non persona gratia, which is the diplomatic phrase indicating that he is not acceptable to the imperial council, and presumably unacceptable to the Emperor himself.

A SUICIDE WELL PLANNED.

Henry W. Grady's Nephew Takes His Life in a Systematic Manner.

Near Augusta, Ark., a young man named Charles West, claiming to be a nephew of the late Henry W. Grady, committed suicide in the most deliberate and unusual manner. After ordering his burial suit and coffin he drove to the woods and shot himself through the heart. He was recently from Georgia, where he is thought to have been implicated in killing a man named Richards.

STRIKERS SHOT DOWN.

NINE MEN KILLED AND FORTY SERIOUSLY WOUNDED.

Bloody Riots Result From the Coke Troubles in Pennsylvania—Hard Fight at the Morewood Works.

A dispatch from Mount Pleasant, Pa., says that a mob of about five hundred men began rioting at the Standard works. They destroyed some of the company's property and then proceeded to cut the telephone and telegraph lines of the coke company, so no warning could be sent to the people at Morewood.

In the meantime the company's employees at the Standard works hurriedly repaired the telephone lines and sent word to Morewood that the strikers would attack the works in three places and had a well-laid plan to destroy the whole plant.

The deputy sheriffs were soon in readiness to receive the attack. The men were divided into two parties, Capt. Lauer having charge of the party which was placed behind the big gates of the barn of the stable enclosure.

As the rioters passed the company's store they made an attack upon it and raised it as far as they could, in a brief time breaking the windows and doing other damage.

They then marched to the barn and attempted to break down the gates. They succeeded in doing this and as they entered Capt. Lauer called out to them to halt or he would fire upon them.

Their answer was to fire a rattling volley in the direction of the deputies, none of whom were seriously injured. Capt. Lauer then gave the order to fire. Two volleys were fired before the mob broke and ran.

The fight was brief and deadly. Two rounds of cartridges were fired by a band of sixty-five guards, and seven of the charging mob of strikers fell dead, while at least forty others were wounded—how badly cannot be definitely learned, as they were taken away by their companions.

A later report says that two of the strikers died from their wounds.

A private dispatch received from Greensburg says eleven men were killed and twenty-seven wounded in the Morewood riot. The dead miners are all foreigners.

Sheriff Clawson of Westmoreland county sent Gov. Pattison a telegram saying that eight men were killed in the Morewood riot and that the situation was so threatening that the militia should be called out at once.

The dead men were carried into the company's store at Morewood. The strikers demanded the bodies of the victims but were refused, and the place was immediately surrounded by an armed mob of over two thousand men, who threatened to burn everything on the premises unless the dead bodies were given up. The feeling is very bitter among the workmen, who denounce the action of the deputies in no uncertain terms.

TROOPS ORDERED OUT.

Gov. Pattison Sends Soldiers to the Assistance of the Sheriff.

Pittsburg, Pa., telegram: The Governor has ordered the Tenth regiment to aid the sheriff of Westmoreland county in quelling the trouble in the coke region. The Eighteenth regiment of this city has been ordered to hold itself in readiness.

FIERCE TIRADE BY PARNELL.

Members of a Mob in Phoenix Park Anxious for a Lynching.

Dublin cablegram: Notwithstanding a steady downpour of rain, fully two thousand persons assembled in Phoenix park to assist in the demonstration of the Amnesty association and protest against the continued imprisonment and alleged inhuman treatment of Irish and Irish-American political prisoners by the British government.

After speeches had been made by Mr. Kenny, Mr. Parnell and others, resolutions were passed calling upon Irishmen at home and abroad to put forth every effort to secure the release of their friends, and demanding that the government hasten the unconditional surrender of the prisoners.

Mr. Parnell's speech was a tirade against the liberists, whom he accused of always making political prisoners, while the conservatives released them. The same thing might occur again, and John Kelly and others convicted of perjury liberated by the liberist term of office be liberated by the conservative government.

Why, he asked, did not Mr. Gladstone release these prisoners in 1897? He (Gladstone) did not hesitate to stoop to the opinions of dynamiters as to whether they would accept his home-rule bill of that year, and even went so far as to receive some of these people at Havarden. Why did he not release the prisoners at that time?

Here a voice exclaimed: "Why did you not make conditions?" while cries of "Kill him," "Lynch him," were raised.

In reply to his question Mr. Parnell declared that the Irish party never made conditions with the government. The prisoners, he said, would rather rot in jail than accept anything but their unconditional release.

Notorious Confidence Men Arrested.

The two men arrested at Fayetteville, Ark., for swindling Capt. W. F. McDowell out of \$30,000 have been recognized as Chase and Campbell, the confidence men who are under indictment in DeKalb county, Ill., and are wanted by Sheriff Ostrander for swindling John Wright out of \$3,000. They are the men who escaped from LaSalle county on straw bail.

M. COQUILLOT IS DEAD.

He Was Governor of Congo and Stanley's Right-Hand Man.

M. Coquillot, vice-Governor of Congo and Stanley's right-hand man, died in London, England.

Gen. Booth of the Salvation army is reported seriously ill.

The directors of the Mechanics and Traders' bank of New York offer a reward of \$5,000 for evidence to convict the parties who set afloat the rumors of the bank's insolvency.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

The excitement over the Italian affair has subsided, and it is not a topic of sufficient live interest to engage attention in fashionable drawing-rooms. Secretary Blaine is not yet prepared to make public anything throwing additional light on the situation, unless there should be contrary to all expectations, another bombshell as sudden and startling as the recall of Baron Fava. It is probable that the Italian entanglement will not again be a subject of all-engrossing public interest, and that it will take the usual tedious course of diplomacy.

There is some desire manifested to know the nature of the reply Secretary Blaine will make to the message of the Marquis de Rudini, but the Secretary evidently prefers less haste in the diplomatic affair, for he sent down word that there was nothing new in the situation and that his reply to Marquis de Rudini was not ready for publication.

The following information is furnished by the bureau of American republics:

The government of Honduras has granted to Messrs. F. W. Perry and F. M. Imboden, both citizens of the United States, a concession of land covering the entire region known as Mosquito, the payment for which is to be made in the construction of public works, including an army road from Tegucigalpa to the coast of the Caribbean sea, more than three hundred miles in length, and a canal twenty miles long, twelve yards wide and five feet deep, to connect the Caratasen lagoon with the Guaymas river.

In addition to these works Messrs. Perry and Imboden agree to erect one hundred miles of telegraph line, establishing communication by wire between the Mosquito region and the interior of the country. Active measures will at once be taken to induce immigrants to settle upon the lands of the concession, and liberal inducements are offered.

The government of Honduras has issued a decree continuing for another term of years the steamship company maintained by Messrs. De Leon and Algor, between Puerto Corlez, Belize and New Orleans.

The government of Guatemala has recently granted a concession to Messrs. Martin, Roberts & Co. for the construction of a canal thirty-two miles in length from Point Lengua de Bay, near Port Livingston on the Caribbean sea, to Guzman, a city of the interior about 150 miles from Guatemala City, the capital of the republic. A railway is now in process of construction between the latter towns

FOR THE LADIES.

SERIOUS AND LIGHT READING MATTER FOR THE GENTLE SEX.

A Kiss in the Dark—Debasement of Women—Who Should Bow First?—Minor Items—Fifty Points.

It was in the dark at the foot of the stairs where after the dance I traced her. I heard her step and I caught her there. And fondly kissed and embraced her.

She did not seem to take it amiss, and finding myself in clover, I wasn't content with a single kiss. But I kissed her a dozen times over.

And I knew that I was not giving offense. To her, for she seemed to like it. Ah, me! 'twas a blissful experience—How lucky I was to strike it!

Then a light appeared and I felt I took. With my mind on distraction's borders; I had caught and been kissing the colored cook.

Who was going up stairs for orders. —Cape Cod Item.

To complete the ecstasy of those who believe in the degradation of human labor, says a traveler, in Christian at Work, need I say that at Stockholm the debasement of woman is perhaps more thorough and complete than in any city of northern Europe? She, here, practically supplants the beasts of burden. And I am not altogether unfamiliar with woman's work in Europe. I have seen her round the pit mouth, at the forge, and bare-footed in the brick yards of "merry England," filling blast furnaces and tending coke ovens in "sunny France." I have daily watched her bearing the heat and burden of the day in the fields of the "Fatherland," and in Austria-Hungary doing the work of man and beast on the farm and in the mine.

I have seen women emerge from the coal-pits of "busy Belgium," where little girls and young women graduate underground as hewers of coal and drawers of carts, for it is no uncommon thing in Europe to hitch women and dogs together, that manufacturing may be done cheaply.

Aged, bent and sunburned, I have seen women, with rovers over shoulders, toiling on the banks of canals and dykes in picturesque Holland. Having witnessed all this, I was yet surprised to find in a city so beautiful and seemingly so rich and prosperous as Stockholm, women still more debased. In Stockholm she is almost exclusively employed as hod-carrier and bricklayer's assistant. She carries bricks, mixes mortar, and, in short, does all the heavy work about the building. At the dinner-hour you see groups of women sitting on the piles of wood and stones eating their frugal repast. They wear a short gown, coming a trifle below the knee, with home-knitted woolen stockings and wooden shoes. Over the head a handkerchief is tightly tied. Those engaged in mixing mortar and tending plasterers wear aprons.

They are paid for a day of hard work of this toil, lasting twelve hours the magnificent sum of one krona (equivalent to 1s. 1d.).

Who should "Bow First." A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the question of whose place it is to bow first when a lady and gentleman meet upon the street or in any public assembly.

It is very absurd to say that a man should always wait until a lady has recognized him. In this, as in most other matters, common sense and mutual convenience are the only guides. Many ladies are near-sighted; many others find great difficulty in remembering faces. And they, because of these drawbacks, to be always dobarred of the pleasure of a chance meeting with some agreeable man?

The important thing, of course, is that a man should not presume; that, for instance, he should not speak to a lady to whom he has been merely introduced, unless she shows some sign of willingness to continue the acquaintance. Not to lift his hat to her with deference would be a rudeness, but he should not stop to speak unless she makes the first movement in that direction.

When two people meet who are really acquainted, it is not the man who should necessarily bow first, or the lady—it is whichever of them is the first to perceive and recognize the other.

If a lady is walking and meets a man whom she knows well, and who desires to speak with her, he will, of course, not commit the awkwardness of keeping her standing in the street, but if he has time will beg permission to join her for a few moments and walk beside her long enough for a brief chat.

The lady, on her part, will make it easy for him to leave her when they have exchanged the few pleasant sentences that belong to such a meeting.—Louisie Chandler Moulton, in American Cultivator.

A Chicago Train. They stood aside in an alcove watching the dancers, the flying feet, flushed faces and the gorgeous dresses.

As one girl with an immense train swept by, she in the alcove said: "That dreadful Chicago girl! How ill-bred she is."

"How can you say so?" said he cynically. "Is it not all apparent that she is well trained?"

"No," with another look at the sweeping train, "she is overtrained." And they wandered out to take as much of the air as the violins could not get.—St. Joseph News.

A Ready Answer. Lord Fitzensan: Gadi British noblemen furnish the money to run your American industries.

Miss A.: Yes; but American wives furnish the money to run your British noblemen.—Texas Baptist and Herald.

THE CAMP FIRE.

GATHERING AROUND IT IN A REMINISCENT MOOD.

Indians as Enlisted Men—A Letter in a Button—Confederate Prisoners on Their Travels, Etc., Etc.

The enlistment of Indians to form 8 troops and 19 companies in as many cavalry and infantry regiments is an important step toward a solution of the "Indian problem." It is, of course, an experiment, but one from which no harm can come to the new recruits or to the service. The use of subject tribes under white officers has proved successful in the British occupation of India, and there are many who believe that it solved a difficult problem there. In the use of Indians as scouts our Army made a step toward the present experiment.

The War Department does not expect to escape difficulties in the organization of these Indian companies. It may be very slow recruiting, especially for the infantry, as the Indian has a prejudice to life out of the saddle, but among the Navajos and some other of the tribes of Arizona and New Mexico may be induced to take service in the infantry. These Indians, it is said, do most of their fighting and trailing on foot, and will readily adapt themselves to infantry life.

The conditions of enlistment will be about the same as those governing white recruits, excepting, of course, a requirement of a knowledge of English and testimonials of previous moral character, which the life of the Indian has made it unreasonable to insist upon.

The authorized enlisted strength of the army remains at 25,000, and if the Indian enlistments prove successful the secretary will ask Congress to increase the strength of the army, so as to include the 1,500 Indian recruits that are hoped for. At present the enlisted strength is 23,000, and some difficulty is now encountered in securing white and negro recruits.

The Indian companies will have separate quarters, but in all other respects will be treated as other soldiers are. They will be required to enlist for five years. Doubtless experience will suggest to the War Department and to the officers assigned to the Indian companies variations in clothing, food, equipments, and, perhaps, in discipline; but those most familiar with the Indians whom employed as scouts assert that the intelligence of the Indians is likely to be of a higher order than that of the negro or the average white recruit. Those favorable to the present experiment believe that the influence of discipline upon the moral, mental and physical condition of the Indian recruits will be as plainly seen quite as soon as it is upon any other material from which our army is drawn.—Army and Navy Register.

A Letter in a Button.

A most unique relic of the late war is possessed by George Clutch, of Columbus, Ind. It is a button off a private soldier's uniform. During the latter part of the war Mr. Clutch's brother-in-law, J. F. Gallaher, whose home is in Ohio, had the misfortune to be captured by the Confederates and confined in Libby prison. After Mr. Gallaher had been there some time he began to feel the need of money, which would enhance his prospect of reaching the Union lines should he succeed in making his escape. A surgeon of his regiment, who was in the prison, was about to be exchanged. He cut off one of the large brass buttons from his uniform, and separating the two parts of it, made a cavity by taking out the filling. He then wrote on a slip of blank paper, in a small but distinct hand, the following note to his wife, which he enclosed in the cavity and again sealed the button together:

DEAR WIFE:—If we are not exchanged by the 1st of December, send me \$30 in greenbacks. Put in a wad canned up in a can of tomatoes or blackberries. Send it in a box of provisions.

This note is well preserved, and was still resting snugly in its place in the button when shown recently by Mr. Clutch. To continue the story the button was made to take the place of another on the uniform of the exchanged surgeon, who reached home and delivered it to Mrs. Gallaher in due time. It could not have escaped the close scrutiny of the officers had it been conveyed out of the prison in any other manner, as the officers were particularly to search all of the exchanged prisoners, including the surgeon, most minutely. Mr. Gallaher did not have much hope that his scheme would succeed, even should the note reach his wife, but he was surprised, for the fruit arrived in a short time, and although closely inspected by the prison officials they failed to discover the vial containing the money concealed in one of the jars of thick preserves. Soon after receiving the money Mr. Gallaher succeeded in making his escape from the prison, being one of the chief participants in the great tunnel expedition. He found the \$30 obtained in no novel a manner to be of great service to him in reaching the Union lines.—Ex.

Confederate Prisoners on Their Travels.

"We were to be sent to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie. Our route lay over the Erie Railroad, and we made the trip on parole. The guards placed at each door of our coach were for our comfort only, as we were objects of marked curiosity during the trip and would have been overrun with visitors had not admittance been refused. At the different stations we mingled freely with the

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people on the platform and found them, with few exceptions, courteous but inquisitive. We were, no doubt, a disappointing lot. There was nothing in our apparel to mark the Rebel soldier, and as we mingled with the crowd surprise was freely expressed that we were not as their fancy painted us, though just what shape that fancy took I never learned. The ladies, as was the case both North and South, were intensely patriotic, and read us severe and no doubt salutary lectures on the evil of our ways, which were submissively and courteously received and duly pondered. There was one question that you could safely wager would be asked by five out of ten, and that was, "Do you honestly think you are right?" This conundrum was offered to me so often that were time allowed, being in President Lincoln's country, I answered in President Lincoln's style by stating that it "reminded me," and told them of the couple who took their bridal trip on an ocean steamer with the usual result. As the husband would return from sundry trips to the rail of the vessel his young wife would inquire, "Reginald, darling, are you sick?" To which he at last replied, "Good heavens! Rebecca do you think I am doing this for fun?"—The Century.

What Became of the Cow.

As I have never seen anything in the papers from the boys of the 57th Ill., it would seem that such a regiment never existed. The following incident which is no doubt well remembered by many comrades, should wake them up, and be the cause of letting their old friends know they are still on earth.

In March, 1862, just before the battle of Shiloh, the 57th Ill. was in camp about half a mile back from the river. Only a few weeks before a sleek cow, somewhat resembling a Jersey, made her appearance, and was at once declared "contraband." She became attached to the regiment, and as she was in prime condition, the Hospital Steward was instructed to care for her. She furnished her daily quota of milk, which was relished by all in the hospital at the time, and to state that her presence was welcome would be to state it mildly. During the bloody 6th and 7th days of April she disappeared, only to return to the regiment after the battle was over. During the march to and through the siege of Corinth, she was in constant attendance upon the boys, and gave them a feeling of home-like content. After the siege I was confined in the hospital, and the milk furnished by "Bossy" made a welcome addition to my cup of black coffee.

Some time during October the cow suddenly disappeared. Whether she was made into beef by some other regiment or appropriated for other uses, the 57th never knew. Can any comrade tell anything about "Bossy's" fate?—Wm. Kunth, 57th Ill., in National Tribune.

Lacquer for War Vessels.

There arrived at San Francisco from Japan by the steamer China two packages addressed to the United States Navy Department, Washington, D. C. It was learned that the contents of these cases were four plates of iron and steel, each four feet square. These plates are covered with four coats of anti-fouling and anti-corrosive lacquer. They will be subjected to a test of submergence in salt water for three months, in order to ascertain whether the process can be applied to the ships of the "White Squadron."

Colored People Pleased.

The colored citizens of Washington are happy. The war department has definitely decided to bring a troop of colored cavalry—I of the Ninth—to Fort Meyer as a reward for its services in the recent Indian campaign. No greater honor could be paid a troop, white or colored, than this, for in addition to being the most delightful cavalry station in the country, Fort Meyer has been officially designated as the haven of rest for the troops that have made themselves conspicuous in military achievements. Besides, the troops stationed there have the additional distinction of being the guard of honor to the President on occasions of official ceremony. Troop K of the Seventh Cavalry (white) will also be rewarded for its gallant conduct in the Wounded Knee battle by a period at Fort Meyer. The troops named will come East, relieving the two troops at present stationed here, about May 1.

Grant's Monument.

A former officer of the United States Army, who saw General Sherman in New York several weeks before his death, said that the latter expressed great indignation at the continued talk and inaction about a monument for General Grant. He said: "It is enough to make General Grant turn in his grave to have all this talk and begging going on for a monument over his body. I know that all Grant would have ever wished would have been a plain marble slab, something to mark his last resting-place, and no more. I hope that when I am gone no one will talk about a monument over me. A good piece of white marble is enough for any soldier or any body."

A MASSACRE IN INDIA.

NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE KILLED IN A FIGHT.

Two Days of Desperate Fighting—The Trouble Originated in a Feud Between Rival Rajahs.

A dispatch from Manipur, Assam, brings news of a disaster to a force of native troops there. It seems that James W. Quinton, the chief commissioner of Assam, has recently been investigating some serious troubles which have occurred among the native chiefs. As a result of his investigation the chief commissioner was holding a durbar or conference with the notables of Assam with the view of arresting one of the prominent chiefs who had been instrumental in deposing the Rajah.

The chief commissioner, while pursuing his inquiries into the disputes between the chiefs, occupied a camp which was garrisoned by a strong force of Ghoorkas, native infantry in the British service. Suddenly this camp was attacked by a number of hostile tribes, led by their chiefs. A two days' battle, during which some desperate fighting took place, followed the onslaught of the tribesmen.

The Ghoorkas fought most determinedly against heavy odds and according to the report 470 of the Ghoorkas were killed. Seven of the British officers who accompanied the chief commissioner and that official have been reported to be missing.

The massacre originated in a feud between the rajah of Manipur and a leading tribal chief. The rajah was deposed and he appealed to the viceroy. Mr. Quinton was sent to settle the trouble and started from the headquarters at Shillong with the Forty-second and Forty-fourth Ghoorka light infantry.

After crossing the frontier Mr. Quinton summoned the chiefs to a durbar at Manipur for the purpose of arresting the rebellious chief. The tribesmen, pretending to obey the summons, mustered in force and at midnight on the day before that on which the durbar was to be held suddenly attacked the camp of Commissioner Quinton, which lay between Kohima and Manipur.

The attempt to surprise the camp failed and the tribesmen were driven back. They returned, however, and kept up the attack and siege night and day for forty-eight hours. Finally the ammunition of the Ghoorkas gave out and Commissioner Quinton was obliged to give the order: "Sauve qui peut." During the flight at the camp scouts were sent out to try to communicate with Shillong, but they never returned. The Manipur natives cut the telegraph wires and killed the messengers. Fugitives report that a general massacre followed the taking of the camp. There is reason for believing that the estimate that 470 were killed is incorrect.

The viceroy of India has abandoned his tour and has started for Simla. Five regiments and a mountain battery have been ordered to Manipur.

Quashed the Eight-Hour Indictments.

Judge Lotz, in Muncie, Ind., heard the cases in which the grand jury had found three indictments against Supt. Kennedy of the pulp mills on the charge of violating the eight-hour law by compelling his employees to work ten and one-half hours a day. The court quashed the indictments, holding that the statute only applies to parties having contracts with the State or municipal corporations, and that it does not apply to private persons or corporations who employ mechanics or workmen.

Aged Colored Woman Burned.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—Frances Lewis, an old colored woman, was burned to death in her room here this morning, her clothes taking fire from the fireplace near which she was sleeping on her chair.

MARKET REPORT.

Chicago.	
BEVER—Extra 1,500 @ 1.80	
lts.	\$ 5.40 @ 0.0
Good to fancy steers	5.3 @ 5.90
Poor to medium "	5.7 @ 4.55
Cows	1.40 @ 3.0
Veal calves	5.5 @ 5.80
MILK Cows—per head	20.00 @ 10.00
Hogs—Mixed	4.20 @ 1.10
SHEEP—Native	4.10 @ 6.10
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1.0 @ 1.25
WHEAT—No. 2	5.6 @ 5.5
OATS—No. 2	5.7 @ 5.5
POTATOES—per bushel	1.10 @ 1.20
POULTRY—Chickens, dressed	per lb.
Ducks, dressed, per	lb.
Turkeys, dressed,	per lb.
BUTTER—Choice creamery ..	14 @ 1
Low grades	16 @ 1
CHEESE—Full cream	16 @ 1
Off grades	14 @ 1
EGGS—Fresh, per dozen	10 @ 17
St. Louis.	
BEVER—Choice natives	3.40 @ 35.00
Hogs—Choice	4.0 @ 4.0
SHEEP—No. 2	4.1 @ 1.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.0 @ 1.0
CORN—No. 2	1.0 @ 1.0
OATS—No. 2	1.2 @ 1.5
Milwaukee.	
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.01 @ 1.01
CORN	51 @ 1
OATS	12 @ 13
Detroit.	
WHEAT, No. 2 Red	1.0 @ 1.0
CORN	54 @ 55
OATS	53 @ 54
Kansas City.	
BEVER—Grain and corn-fed ..	4.00 @ 5.0
STEEPS—Grass range	1.50 @ 3.00
HOGS	3.0 @ 4.0
WHEAT—No. 2	1.0 @ 1.0
CORN—No. 2	1.0 @ 1.0
OATS—No. 2	1.0 @ 1.0

MURDERED AT COSHEN, IND.

Alexander Snyder Found Dead in His Bed—Two Tramps Arrested.

COSHEN, Ind., April 7.—Alexander Snyder, an old citizen, was found dead in his bed this morning with a great gash in the side of his head which looked as though it might have been inflicted with a club. No signs of a struggle were evident. Two tramps who were found shortly after the discovery of the crime with some of Snyder's things in their possession were arrested and put in jail. They were seen lurking about Mr. Snyder's residence last night.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

Fire destroyed the Central house at Prairie du Chien.

A Milwaukee section of the Socialist party was established.

Black-wrecker Klassen was recently sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

Johnson & Co's dry goods store at Stouten was burned. Loss \$30,000.

President Kingsley, of Milwaukee college, will take a party of ten to Europe.

Henry Konkert, aged 10, was found helplessly intoxicated on the street in Milwaukee.

One of the most notorious places in Northern Wisconsin was destroyed by fire at Minocqua.

John Plankinton, Milwaukee's most prominent citizen and a well known philanthropist, is dead.

The house of ex-Speaker T. B. Mill, of Millaton, with most of the contents, was destroyed by fire.

Mrs. Sophia Kraemer, the shoplifter, was sent to the house of correction at Milwaukee for six months.

George Gerhard, of Milwaukee, a barber, is accused of having fired his house to secure the insurance.

Edward McGovern tried to shoot Katie Broadhead at Milwaukee because she refused to marry him.

Ferdinand Tutz, aged 65, hanged himself in the jail in Milwaukee, where he was in custody for arson.

At Waukesha occurred the death of Mrs. R. A. Gove, nee Addie Duffield, formerly of Galveston, Tex.

Roland D. Salisbury, professor of geology at Beloit college, has resigned to enter the service of the government.

A man giving his name as Robert Walters, a fugitive from justice from Germany, committed suicide at Milwaukee.

Fond du Lac and adjacent counties are suffering from an epidemic of la grippe, and 90 per cent of the adult population is affected.

Woodsmen are coming out of the pines. There will be no serious shortage of logs, as everything favors a good spring rise in the rivers.

Instructions were received at the Ashland land office not to accept filings by mail on the Omaha lands to be opened to settlers April 17.

Fire broke out in John Mullinger's planing mill and carpenter shop, destroying the building and contents. The loss is \$1,000, fully insured.

The dead body of Nelson E. Hinds, a wealthy resident of St. Francis, was found with a bullet-hole through the head. He committed suicide.

A young son of A. Nickerson and a son of Mr. Harget, each aged 14, died suddenly at Prairie du Chien of nicotine poisoning after smoking cigarettes.

Waukesha prides herself on having one of the sixty-eight men now living who served in the war of 1812, namely, Elias Ware, now 92 years of age.

The first State association of Patrons of Industry was organized near Beloit a year ago. Now there are nearly 100 associations, with a membership of over 4,000.

Richard Hinchman, a young man who stole several hundred pounds of brass at the J. F. Case shop, Racine, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to Waupun for one year.

W. D. Bacon, one of the early settlers in Waukesha county, and formerly prominent in State politics, is dangerously ill, and his recovery is despaired of. He is 75 years old.

Fred W. Stapler, who killed David Seely at Staples, Jan. 17, pleaded guilty of manslaughter in the fourth degree and was sentenced to thirty days in jail and a fine of \$500.

Scarlet fever prevails to an alarming extent in several of the towns in Southern Wisconsin. At Belmont, Fairplay, and Dayton the public schools have been closed.

The women of Berlin will make another attempt to vote. Having been informed that the Illinois women voted last fall, they see no reason why their votes should not be accepted.

Adam Volk, who killed Daniel Ahernt of Chicago, at Logtown, Jan. 17, was sentenced at Racine to fourteen years in hard labor. He was convicted of murder in the second degree.

Mr. and Mrs. August Telly, of Caledonia, Ill., came to Madison on their wedding trip. The groom was taken ill with a heart difficulty and died. The bride of a week is prostrated with grief.

The Assembly passed the bill to prevent the sale of narcotics to minors, which forbids by the parents, and the Senate concurred in the bill forbidding the employment of children under 12 years of age.

Edward March was sentenced to one year in the house of correction at Milwaukee for forgery. He formerly worked for J. C. Iversen & Co., and on leaving their employ secured goods on forged orders.

Weakness resulting from an attack of the grip caused E. G. Auser to fall down stairs at his residence near Milwaukee. A lamp, which he carried in his hand, exploded, setting fire to the house and causing a loss of \$4,000.

Flavius Josephus Mills, who died in a hospital in Chicago, was a pioneer journalist of Wisconsin. He established the first newspaper in Sheboygan county, having carried the type and press from Milwaukee in a wagon.

Spring politics are exciting in Racine. Jackson I. Case, the nominee for mayor on the Citizens' and Republican tickets, had an altercation with M. H. Secor, a leading manufacturer, who had assailed Mr. Case's private character.

For nearly three weeks evangelistic services have been held in the First Baptist church, Racine, conducted by Rev. Hartwell Pratt and the gospel singer, J. A. Birkinley. They have been largely attended, and over 200 persons have professed conversion.

Joseph White, it is alleged, broke into a store at Eau Claire December 31, stole and concealed \$1,800 worth of goods, fled to St. Paul, was arrested eight times there and by technicalities got up to the United States Circuit court, was brought to Eau Claire recently and jailed.

John Araba, the man who obtained several hundred dollars worth of boots and shoes from St. Miller & Co. at Racine and was caught at Chicago and brought back, pleaded guilty and Judge Winslow sentenced him to Waupun for one year and six months.

Henry Helling committed suicide on the front doorstep of his prospective bride at Racine. For two years he had been keeping company with Henrietta Zeitz, but he renounced her as too young to marry. He bade her good-by, and at 12 o'clock at night went to the house and shot himself.

C. A. Mather, of the former banking firm C. A. Mather & Co. at Beloit, was arrested at Madison on a warrant charging him with receiving \$1,000 on deposit after he knew the concern to be insolvent. The Mather bank was ruined through the crookedness of young Ed. Hawley, a nephew of Mather and junior member of the firm. Hawley is now in Canada. Mather is over 80 years of age.

Fire destroyed three of the principal business places of Spencer. Loss on the Davel block is \$100, loss on contents, \$50; loss on post office building, \$1,800, insured for \$400; contents valued at \$5,000, but only partly destroyed and greatly damaged, insured for \$1,000; loss on Lullington building, \$1,200, insured for \$500. The office of A. B. Barney was in the post office building. The household goods of Charles Quinley, uninsured, were also destroyed.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF WIT AND HUMOR.

The Man Who Liked a Joke—He Had an Object—A Sensitive Patron—Tempting Justice—Johnny's Great Head—Also, He Done It.

THE MAN WHO LIKED A JOKE.

His life had bright and cheerful been,
Good fortune on him smiled;
His brow was smooth, his eyes serene,
His temper soft and mild;
No trouble ever came his way
His patience to provoke,
Until he said to friends one day—
"I like to hear a joke."

From that time forth he was a wreck,
His life was dark and sad;
He lost his peace and self-respect
And drifted to the bad.
And men would point to him and say:
"There goes the weary bloke,
With figure bowed and hair so gray,
Who likes to hear a joke."

For men of every sort and class—
Each with his funny tale—
Would seize him as he tried to pass
Their humor to unveil,
And so it chanced one day, alas!
His heart in anguish broke—
They laid beneath the frozen grass
The man who liked a joke.—H. D. Malt.

Accommodating.

Young Wife—John, mother says she wants to be cremated.
Young Husband—Tell her if she'll put on her things I'll take her down this morning.—Texas Sittings.

Putting on Appearances.

Dobson—I feel certain that Jenkins is in financial distress.
Noblit—Why?
Dobson—He is beginning to live very extravagantly.—Epoch.

The Machine and the Maiden.

Brown—These large cabinet machines take up a great deal of space. I wish somebody would invent a typewriter that one could hold on his knee.
Smith—I've got one.

A Windy Day.

Mistress—"What is that noise? Have the children come in from school?"
Maid—"No, mum. It's only the north wing of the house tumbling down."—New York Weekly.

Just as Bad.

Brooklyn Mother—Is that one of those horrid dime novels you are reading?
Her Little Son—Yes'm.
Mother—Oh, dear! The next thing, you will be reading the New York papers.—Brooklyn Life.

Didn't Catch Pa.

Tommy—Did you do much fighting during the war, pa?
Pa—I did my share of it, Tommy.
Tommy—Did you make the enemy run?
Pa—You're right, I did, Tommy.
Tommy—Did they catch you, pa?
Boston Courier.

A Chance to Rise.

Young Man—I see you advertise a vacancy in your establishment. I should like to have a position where there will be a chance to rise.
Merchant—Well, I want a man to open up and sweep out. You will have a chance to rise every morning at five o'clock.—New York Weekly.

Unintentional.

"What did you break the window for?" asked the court. "I didn't intend to do it, your Honor. Ask the policeman if I did." "No, sir," corroborated the officer; "he was throwing the brick at his wife."—Philadelphia Times.

Conjugal Reflections.

"Wake up, Maria!" exclaimed Jinglepoe the other night. "I hear burglars!"
"Really!" retorted his better half, with great sarcasm. "But you'd better lie down and go to sleep. With those ears it's a great wonder, Hiram, dear, you didn't hear a regiment of anarchists and a battering ram!"

Credentials Sufficient.

Young Usher (in fashionable church)—"Take a look at that stranger down there waiting to be seated. That's a cheap John suit he has on, isn't it?"
Old Usher (after a critical examination)—"No, that's the new style of French goods; cost \$50, if a cent. Show him to a front pew."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Proof and Punishment One.

Primus—Howard says the phrenologist he consulted was a fraud.
Secundus—How so?
Primus—He told Howard his bump of memory was abnormally large, and yet Howard says "come off and forget to pay the man his fee."

All Full.

Applicant—Can I get board at your house, ma'am?
Landlady—No, sir; sorry, but we're full.
Will you put me down on your list? Yes, but that is full just now!
Isn't it strange that your husband should have sent me here?
Not at all; he is full, too!

They Were Dudes.

Editor Western Cyclone—This here correspondent out on Cowskin creek is tryin' to swing on airs. In writin' up a party he says "All the society dudes was present." Dudes! Yaw!
Foreman—He means that several of the fellers was wearin' coats and one or two had collars on. My brother was there an' seen 'em.—Munsey's Weekly.

One Detail Yet Lacking.

Friend—Gogson, how is your airship getting along?

Inventor—It is complete with the exception of one little detail I have not yet perfected. I shall take that up next.

"What is it?"
"A mere trifle that I can think out at any time. The principal feature of my invention is a safety net that will trail along under the airship to prevent accidents. It will make navigating the air absolutely free from danger. In the making of that net I have revolutionized the whole business."
"But how is the net itself to be kept from falling to the ground when anything happens to your airship?"
"That is the little detail I haven't worked out yet."

Rough On the Prodigal.

Father (to prodigal returned from Chicago)—Oh, my son, how could you worry us all so?
Prodigal—When we quarrelled over my spending money you told me to go to hell, didn't you?
Father—Yes, but I didn't tell you to go to Chicago. Poor boy!—N. Y. Herald.

A Sensitive Patron.

"You've got a fellow in there that won't wait on me again, not much," said an irate customer, as he emerged from the dining room and slapped his check down before the hotel clerk.
"What's the trouble, sir?" asked the clerk.

"I'm not stingy," continued the customer, and don't mind giving tips; but when a waiter hangs round when a fellow is nearly through eating, and whistles 'Do Not Forget Me,' I think it is about time something was done."
The offer of a 25-cent cigar seemed to wonderfully pacify the enraged customer.—Boston Herald.

Tempting Justice.

Judge Erebus—Well, gentlemen, er do jury, has yer cogerated on the verdict?
Foreman—We hab, judge.
Whar as it am, yo' functions ter sprosperly de same.
Jesso, judge! We darfo' perclains dat pris'nar am g'ilty er 'sult on bat'ry.

Massy on us! Didn't he kill de man? Suttinly he kilt 'im, oo' honah, but yo' see de remains wuz no' day ninety-ih year ol' an' could'n last froo de season any way, so we on'y jus got de right ter charge de pris'nar with a suttin percenterum ob de s'ult.—Boston Courier.

Johnny's Great Head.

Mrs. Quidnunc—You must be very fond of reading, Johnny; I never see you without a book.

Johnny—Yes'm.
What are you reading?
I don't know, mum.
You don't know?

No'm; I just hold the book, 'cause when ma sees me with a book, she says to pa. "Now don't disturb that boy; don't you see how he studies? He'll make a great professor or something; let him alone and go and split the wood yourself."—Boston Courier.

Also, He Done It.

Advocate—"Now, sir, what led to the assault?" Plaintiff (deaf): "Yes, sir." Advocate (loudly): "What caused the defendant to assault you?" Plaintiff (still deaf):—"Hart." Advocate (roaring): "What made him hit you?" Plaintiff—"Wal, you see, 'squire, it was this way: 'I called him a dad-danged liar. Sez he, 'If you don't take that back I'll knock a bale o' hay out of you.' Advocate—"What ensued?" Plaintiff—"Hart." Advocate stentorially—"What followed?" Plaintiff (cheerfully)—"Also he done it."—Life.

He Had an Object.

"Gentlemen," he said, as he approached the four of us seated in a row in the waiting-room. "It grinds me to the soul to be obliged to ask favors of strangers, but I've got to do it right here and now."

"What's your case?" asked the man on my left, who looked like a judge.

"I've lost a wife and five children."

"Well?"

"Then my house burned down and I got no insurance."

"Well?"

"Then I fell out of a tree and broke my leg, and didn't walk for a year."

"Well?"

"Then I sold a piece of real estate—the only property I had—and a fellow robbed me of every cent."

"Well?"

"Then I got a heavy cold, consumption set in, and one of my lungs is gone and the other going."

"Well, I'm ragged, poor, hungry, and sick, and want money to buy a supper and pay for a night's lodging."

"I see. You are hard up, indeed. I should think you were tired of life."

"I have just one object in living."

"And that?"

"When I was a boy, 10 years old, and lived in Vermont I stole a watermelon from a farmer. My crime was never discovered, but it has weighed like lead on my conscience and I know it has hastened my end. I want to live long enough and collect money enough to enable me to return to Vermont, go to that farmer's house, and, standing before him, say:

"Mr. Pritchard, thirty-nine years ago, when I was but a giddy boy, I stole a watermelon of you. I am sorry. I want to be forgiven before I die, and I want to make such reparation as I can. Here is \$30,000 in gold, take it and buy a steamboat and say I am forgiven."

"You are an infernal deadbeat and liar!" roared the judge as the man stood in an attitude of humility, but we chipped in half a dollar apiece and sent him away rejoicing.—New York Sun.

HOW THEY MAKE MONEY.

BUT THEY CANNOT POCKET A SINGLE DOLLAR.

An Interesting Description of the Government Money Mill—The Bureau of Engraving and Printing Visited.

Coming out upon the wide, stretching plain, over which the Washington Monument keeps silent guard, you see a large brick building, ornamented by a tower and a waving flag. Every morning at eight o'clock nearly 1,000 people pass under its arched doorway, and at five o'clock they come out again. In the meantime they make money, make it in a purely business way, as a modest fashion gown to earn a daily living. Besides the national currency, they make those bank notes, internal revenue stamps, and silver and gold certificates.

This building is known as the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. When congress has authorized a new series of notes, the first thing done in the bureau is to draw what is called the model. This is generally a pen-and-ink drawing of the proposed note, and when finished it is submitted to the secretary of the treasury.

When the model has been approved the next step is the engraving of the plate. This is done in a large, well-lighted room on the first floor. The steel used for this work is imported from England and the instruments from Paris. To engrave one note twelve workmen are employed. The vignette is done by one, the portrait by another, the border by another, and so on. This engraving is a tedious process, as it requires the greatest care. Six weeks is the shortest time in which a portrait can be engraved. The highest salary paid to an engraver is \$5,000.

When, after many weeks, all the engravings are finished, an impression of each section is taken upon a solid plate of steel, each part being placed in the position it would occupy upon the note. This plate is hardened and across its surface a small steel roller is passed. The impression from the plate appears on the roller as a raised surface, and when this is hardened it forms a die. This in turn is rolled by great pressure upon a plate of soft steel. Four impressions of the die are made on one plate, so that four faces, or backs, of the notes are printed at one time. This transfer process allows any number of plates to be made.

From the engraving room the plate goes upstairs to the printer. Every printer has a woman assistant to place the paper upon the plate. There are nearly 200 printers, and each will take from 500 to 1,000 impressions every day. These men are paid by the number of impressions they take; hence they are careful not to waste a minute of time, and the majority of them earn about \$5 a day each. The woman, or girl, who places the paper on the plate, works just as hard in her way, but as she receives a fixed salary, she earns only about \$1.25 a day.

When the sheet of notes has been printed on both sides and examined and counted many times, they are sent to the numbering room. The numbering is done by women, fifty-six in all, who operate machines. The machines number as high as 99,999,999.

The sides of these sheets are trimmed by machinery, and when this is done they represent four perfect notes, lacking only the red seal, which is put on at the treasury. When this seal is printed on the note the latter represents the coin of the land. The paper upon which the money is printed is made in Dalton, Massachusetts, of selected linen rags bought from rag dealers. It is shipped to the treasury and from there sent to the bureau, where it is placed for three days in the wetting room to be thoroughly dampened. Then it is given to the printers, one hundred sheets at a time to each one.

A sheet of paper is counted fifty-two times from the minute it enters the building not worth a whole cent, to the time it leaves, sometimes worth \$10,000. The counters are women, and each one is required to put her initials on every package she counts. Every evening the plates, with the initials of the printer they belong to, all the sizes and pieces of steel are locked up and receipted for. There is a vault in the second story where, at the end of each day, every scrap of printed paper, finished or unfinished, is locked. This vault is the size of an ordinary room and is lighted by electricity. It will hold 500,000,000 one dollar notes.

There are two steel doors to the vault, with combination and time locks. One of the doors opens by a combination of the letters of the alphabet, the other by a combination of figures. These doors are in charge of the accountant and custodian of the vault. They are locked every evening and it is the duty of the custodian, whenever a new combination is made, to write it on a slip of paper, place it in an envelope, seal it with wax and the seal of the bureau, and give it to the chief of the bureau. Then, if he is unable to be at his post the following morning, the chief of the bureau opens the door of the vault.

He Imported Scratchers.

Bismarck's last story concerns Nicholas L. of Russia. The czar suffered from a disease that his physicians told him could be relieved only by a rubbing of the spine. Nicholas was anxious enough to try the prescription, for he was in great pain, but in all his court he had no one whom he would trust to give him the treatment. So eventually he sent a courier all the way to Berlin with a written request that Frederick William II. should send him five non-commissioned officers of the guards to rub the czar's back. The officers were sent, rubbed the czar's

back for a few weeks, and were then dismissed to Berlin with presents of \$1,500 each.

In speaking of the matter to the Prussian king subsequently the czar said: "I trust my Russians as long as I can look them in the eye, but to let them go to work at my own back—that is more than I care to risk."

PERSIAN PASTIMES.

How People Sometimes Amuse Themselves in the Shah's Land.

Excepting their great religious drama or passion play, called the "Tazieh," the Persians have no dramatic amusements such as afford entertainment to other people. They partly make up for this lack by listening to professional story-tellers and strolling musicians. They are also addicted to card-playing, although with much less variety of games than with European cards. Games of chance are forbidden in the Koran; so also are pictures or sculptures of human beings; but the facile, pleasure-loving Persians have found means to evade the precepts of the prophet of these points.

Next to the "Tazieh" the least objectionable sport in Persia is that of athletic exhibitions. All people with a healthfully developed manhood enjoy displays of physical strength, which need never be demoralizing when kept above the brutalities of the prize ring.

As one strolls about the streets of Teheran he often sees a crowd collected. Intensely absorbed in some exciting scene. They are dead to all else but what is going on before them. On approaching and peering through a chink in this animated mass one finds that they are gazing on a wrestling match. Such is the steadiness of the climate that almost the whole year round such exhibitions occur out of doors under a clear sky. But these are cheap shows, witnessed chiefly by the lower classes, the performers being altogether second-rate.

If one would see the athletes of Persia at their best he must seek them in the covered arenas where they perform to "cultured audiences." The professionals of Persia form a class by themselves, as distinct from other pursuits as our actors, as carefully trained, drilled and disciplined as champion oarsmen.

The athletes of Greece and Rome thought to maintain their prodigious strength by frequent and violent exercises in the gymnasium. But the Persian professionals follow quite another course. They avoid severe exertion and fatigue. They eat five or six times a day and are warmly clothed, especially during the cold season. As the Persians also treat their horses in the same way—and all the world knows the endurance, strength and beauty of the Persian breeds—this system may not be so absurd as it at first appears to us with our different notions and practices.

These athletes on ordinary occasions go abroad but once daily, and toward evening, and walk with great deliberation. What is especially remarkable, so long as they pursue this profession they lead lives of absolute continence. St. Anthony was a mere tyro in chastity compared with the Persian athlete, who, for no spiritual and eternal advantage, but solely for worldly and perishable objects, mortifies the flesh.

ACROSS THE BAY ON ICE.

In Dark Weather a Compass Has to be Used by the Driver.

Mr. Rottinat, for several years has run a stage line across the ice from Memominee, Mich., to Sturgeon Bay, Wis., the correspondent of the Chicago Mail. The stage line has some peculiarities not usually found in the ordinary course of stage traveling. In hazy or foggy weather, at night, or in a snow-storm, it is necessary to "steer" the horses by a compass. There are no familiar trees, houses, or other roadside objects to assist the driver in locating the road or determining the right direction, the trail being usually indistinct on the hard, glassy ice, and frequently entirely obliterated by the snows and winds that have a clean sweep for miles over the hard and frozen waste. To add to the comfort of the trip there has been built on the ice a commodious and comfortable house some ten miles out on the way, about one-half of the distance to Sturgeon Bay. This tavern on the ice, nearly out of sight of land, is something out of the ordinary, and might also be called unique. There the hungry and thirsty traveler can get a good substantial meal, which includes, if desired, fine fresh fish, caught and cooked "while you wait." The tavern has a good, clean bar, where slot and cold can be speedily over-matched and the frame of man permeated with a gentle and pleasurable warmth after its long chilly ride across the bay. The ruddy glow at night of the "light in the window" shines out upon the glacial surroundings to cheer the belated traveler and to promise for him a cordial welcome. The route is well patronized.

Ocean Cables.

The longest ocean cable in the world is that of the Eastern Telegraph Company, whose system extends from England to India and measures 21,000 miles. Africa is now completely encircled by submarine cables, which make up altogether a length of 17,000 miles. There are eleven cables across the North Atlantic, though not all of them are at present in use. Five companies control the lines of telegraphic communication between this country and Europe.

Man's Worst Failing.

A farm journal says a cow can be prevented from kicking by tying her hind legs together. Perhaps so; but a man can't be prevented from kicking by tying his hind legs together. He would "kick" if he had no legs. That's his nature.—Boston Cultivator.

WEATHER-WISE SAYINGS.

IN DAYS OF OLD THEY WERE SET TO RHYMES.

Some of the Signs of the Skies and Their Accepted Significance—But There Was Nothing Scientific in the Silly Saw.

To the agriculturist and the husbandman, and indeed all those whose conditions of life force them to rely upon the soil for the means of subsistence, are so dependent upon the changes of temperature and the alternations of foul and fair, of wet and dry, that it is not surprising that questions regarding the weather, should from time immemorial have been made a subject for particular attention. Long, therefore, before there was any meteorological bureau to enlighten the world with its scientific predictions, people had begun to study the face of the sky, the shifting of the wind, and the changes of the moon, and to embody the results of their observations in rough and ready rhymes and proverbs for the guidance of themselves and those who should follow in their steps.

One of the most widespread and popular of these old weather-superstitions was that which attached a peculiar and miraculous importance to two particular days in the year. The first of these was January 25, known in the calendar as Saint Paul's Day, from the fact that this is the alleged anniversary of the conversion of the great apostle to the gentiles. The vulgar opinion was that from the aspect of the weather on this day, prognostications might safely be made for the whole subsequent course of the year. "If," says a very old writer, referring to the subject, "it be a fair day, it will be a pleasant year; if it be windy, there will be war; if cloudy, it doth foreshow the plague that year;" while a Shepherd's Almanack, dating back to the year 1676, further informs us that if on that day there were mist, there would be famine in the coming months; and if thunder, then high winds and great mortality.

These opinions, as usual, found expression in verse. For instance, there was an old Latin stanza which was very popular, and of which the following lines form one of several English versions:

"If St. Paul's Day be fair and clear,
It doth betide a happy year;
If blustering winds do blow alert,
Then wars will trouble our realm full oft;
And if it chanced to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all sorts of grain!"

Even more important for the weather-wise of the past was the 15th of July, a day which, as the feast of St. Swithin, is even to-day by no means shorn of all its former reputation. In England, at all events, it is not unusual to hear people of some pretense to education, frequently in joke, perhaps, but sometimes partly in earnest, remark that as St. Swithin's Day is wet or dry (as the case may be), so for forty days thereafter there would be a continuance of the same kind of weather. Thus the old rhyme ran:

"St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain no more."

The commonly accepted explanation of this ancient and widespread superstition is too curious to be omitted, though its value, even as tradition, has been authoritatively impugned. St. Swithin was a bishop of Winchester, who, after his death in 862, was canonized by the pope. It is said that he had expressed a wish to be buried in the open churchyard, and not, as was usual in the case of bishops, in the chancel of the cathedral. Some time afterwards, however, the monks of the establishment were seized with a fit of pious indignation at the thought that so great and good a man should sleep his last sleep in so humble, and, for a saint, so unseemly a spot; and heedless of his well remembered desire, they determined to convey the body in great state into the cathedral and reinter it there. But just as they were on the point of their operations a heavy rain burst forth, which continued without intermission for forty succeeding days. The monks over ready to regard any departure from the ordinary course of nature in a miraculous light, at once interpreted the tempest as a special warning from heaven, and relinquished their undertaking—whence it said St. Swithin's day derived its prophetic character in relation to the condition of the weather for the ensuing six weeks.

But when our forefathers were content to limit themselves to a less extensive field of prophetic vision—when, instead of undertaking to settle the weather for weeks or months beforehand, they simply attempted to provide against the changes immediately approaching, they were a great deal more successful. Many of the wise laws upon which they placed such implicit reliance are not to be laughed at or thrown aside with scorn, based though they were, not upon scientific data or reasoning, but on simple observation and experience. Everybody, I suppose, is familiar with the curt little verse which runs:

"A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight."

But not everyone who repeats it is aware that a statement which it contains is capable of scientific verification. So, too, with such common adages as:

"If red the sun begins his race,
Be sure the rain will fall apace."
And
"Evening red and morning gray
Set the traveler on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Bring down rain upon his head."

Are something more than old wives' fables, for they embody at least a rough approximation to established truth. Both of these latter proverbs, indeed, seem to be fashioned directly upon words

found in the gospel of St. Matthew, where we read (chapter xvi.): "In the morning, ye say it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering;" and again, "When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather, for the sun is red."

It is not always, however, even at the present day, that people are willing to content themselves with such comparatively safe prognostications as these, and many others of the same which might be mentioned. They desire, if possible, to make certain of the weather a long time in advance; and hence the prophetic almanacs which have long enjoyed, and still continue to enjoy, so extensive a popularity. One may smile at the quiet audacity of the reader of the future who does not hesitate to predict on the 1st of December in the year to come; but it is an amazing instance of the gullibility of the great public that there are still so many people ready to take such statements seriously. All such pretended forecasts are of course matters of guess work merely. By a happy chance the prophet may be now and then correct, but it is hardly needful to add that he is far more often wrong than right.

SILVERS OF SCIENCE.

Much has been accomplished in the way of electrical inventions, the chances are that only the outer edge of the measureless field has as yet been touched.—Inventive Age.

It is proposed making engines of aluminum to develop 34 horse power and to be used for directing the movements of a French war balloon of 3,000 cubic meters capacity, experiments with which are to be made in April next.

A new form of chair has been brought out by the Medical Battery Company, of Oxford street, London. An electric current renders the patient insensible to pain when an operation is being performed on him. If this be true the days of laughing gas, ether, etc., for dentistry are numbered.

An old German in San Francisco has conceived a new idea which is rapidly bringing grist to his mill. This is the utilization of long French nails as lead pencils. The ingenious mechanic hollows out the nail, puts a screw in the head, and then, by putting a piece of graphite in the hollow stem, he has an excellent pencil. The nail when polished looks like silver, and the pencils are in great demand.

News comes from New Castle, Pa., that Joseph Martin, a glassblower, is engaged in a series of experiments to develop a formula by which glass may be hardened so as to endure great shock. He has devised a method by which a bit of glass was treated and made so hard that a strong blacksmith could not break it on an anvil.

Electrical flat irons are now in the market, or more correctly, irons heated by the electric current, says Invention. The interior contains a set of coiled wires, through which the electrical current passes and heats the wires red hot. The latter are arranged between protecting sheets of mica and asbestos. By turning a switch the flat iron at once heats up ready for use. Convenient enough when you have the electricity "on tap."

The new industry of camphor production gives promise of being permanently established in Florida. It is believed that in ten years' time there will be more camphor trees than orange trees in Florida, and that the camphor industry will be more profitable than that of sugar. It is said that the camphor obtained from the Florida trees approaches more nearly to that of Japan than to Chinese camphor, since the odor of safrol is distinctly recognizable.

While preparing sheep brains for the use of the physiology class at Cornell University Professor Wilder found one in which the colliculus, the great band of nerve-fibers connecting the two cerebral hemispheres, was wholly absent. Among the thousands of human brains examined, there have been recorded only fifteen such cases, mostly from persons of feeble intellect. From the lower animals the only previous cases also occurred in the anatomical laboratory of this university, viz: two kittens and a cat, the latter described and figured by Professor Wilder in 1883.

General Sherman as a Chairman.

He was a famous chairman, says Myron W. Reed. I have seen him preside at the meeting of the Army of the Tennessee. Beside Sherman as a presiding officer Speaker Reed would be a model for a statute of Diffidence. He would do it this way: "Gentlemen, in selecting officers for the Army of the Tennessee for the year to come you must exercise great care—you must take time and thought and choose the right men." Then he would go down into his vest pocket and read a list of names and then say: "It is moved and seconded that these nominations pass as read. All in favor say 'aye.'" He could get more business done by a deliberative body than Bismarck. It happened that someone made a motion to adjourn. "Oh," he said, "sit down, it is not time to adjourn." The presiding officer of the gang-smashers' convention was nothing to him.

More Tonic Needed.

"Did ye say that chard y' eat struck was a tonic?" asked the old gentleman who isn't going to stand in the way of his daughter's education.

"Yes, papa."

"Well, hit it three or four times more, so's if there's any brim in 'em, quillies about it, we'll get 'em before ye go ahead with the practical."—Washington Post.

The Difference.

The difference between a sultor and an office-seeker is that one pays court and the other courts pay.—Arkansas Traveler.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

SOME ENTERTAINING CONVERSATION WITH THE YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

In regard to Learning Trades - W. J. H. Blush - Interesting Matter and Humorous Items.

The subject which is frequently brought up for discussion, and which considers an important matter, is that in relation to the trade which a young man shall learn and be the most likely to become successful in. A writer in an exchange brings out some very pertinent points in discussing the question, and says: "We hear much now-a-days about manual training schools and the desirability of boys learning trades. This is very commendable, but there is one serious drawback. What shall the trade be which will assure him an occupation in the future and a sufficient return to remunerate him for the time and trouble expended? This is no simple question, even provided we know that affairs will not change during the next decade. The question, however, is becoming more complicated, because of the invention of machinery which acts the part of man, and almost thinks for him. Today 15,000 electro-plateers are skilled laborers; tomorrow electricity reduces the number to 500. New inventions only permit one-tenth of the former molders in plaster to find work. The father and the plasterer view with alarm the rapid inroads of fireproof materials. The type-setter knows that his days are numbered. The carpenter sees the well-equipped mill making a house in parts before his suspended hammer, and wonders how soon he must seek the mill or another occupation. So goes the world, and therefore the father who has the best interest of his children at heart may well hesitate when he plans for their future. Such has been the phenomenal advance in invention of late that the possibilities are beyond conjecture. There will always be, however, much for man to do; but how he shall anticipate by preparation in his youth almost needs the gift of second sight."—American Cultivator.

Always Something New.

There is nothing more useless than to talk of the unknown and impossible. For pretty soon facts rise up and contradict one. Says a writer in Christian Union: "I recollect hearing, when I was a young man, a lecture on Benjamin Franklin, which wound up something after this fashion: 'Franklin lived in a fortunate age. The laws of nature had not then been thoroughly investigated, and much was waiting to be discovered which Franklin was so fortunate as to discover. But now, when we have made out the rings of Saturn and the four asteroids, and when men are actually talking about sending messages by the lightning which Franklin brought down, there is little hope of any of us distinguishing ourselves by new discoveries.' Well, sir, since I heard that lecture, you know what has happened. We have discovered two hundred asteroids in place of the old four, we have put the planets in scales and weighed them, and instead of talking about lightning we are talking by lightning from one end of this globe of ours to the other. I remember, also, about the time that lecture was delivered I heard of and saw an old man who was considered a lunatic because he had spent a good deal of time and money in trying to perfect a vehicle by which a man might propel himself on wheels. 'Ride and walk at the same time!' people said. 'Why, of course he is demented!'"

What to Do When Starving.

A survivor of the hardships of Fremont's terrible four expeditions writes as follows in a posthumous narrative of the expedition in The Century, in which he more than hints at the fact of cannibalism:

It was curious to hear different men tell of the workings of the mind when they were starving. Some were constantly dreaming or imagining that they saw before them a beautiful feast, and would make selections of different dishes. Others engaged their minds with other thoughts. For my part, I kept my mind amused by entering continually into all the minutiae of farming, or of some other systematic business which would keep up a train of thought, or by working a mental solution of mathematical problems, bringing in review the rudiments of some science, or by laying out plans for the future, all having a connection with home and after life. So in this way never allowing myself to think upon the hopelessness of our condition, yet always keeping my eyes open to every chance, I kept hope alive and never once suffered myself to despond. And to this course I greatly attribute my support, for there were stronger men who, by worrying themselves, doubtless hastened their death. Ten out of our party of thirty-three that entered the mountains had perished, and a few days more would have finished the others.

Tried to Cheat the Conductor.

"One day a gentleman got on my car," writes a conductor in Clin. Enquirer. "He carried an open umbrella hung on his arm. When I asked for his fare he gave me a silver dollar and held his hand out for the change. I counted it out and was turning to go on when he said: 'I beg your pardon, but you have made a mistake. I am half a dollar short.'"

"I was positive that I had given him the full amount of his change, and told him so.

"You are mistaken," he said. "See, here is the change you gave me, and he still held the money in his open

hand. "There was nothing for me to do but give him another half-dollar, and I did so. I went out on the back platform, and the more I thought about it the more I was convinced that I had given him the correct change. Finally a thought struck me, and I waited. When he came out on the platform to leave the car I managed to tip up the umbrella as he stepped down into the street. Out rolled a half dollar on the stones. I think he would have thoroughly enjoyed choking me as I climbed down and picked it up."

Prince Elitel Fritz's Reply.

The sentences of children are well illustrated by the following anecdote which is told of the Emperor of Germany's second son, Prince Elitel Fritz. The emperor is exceedingly strict about his son's behavior at the table. The other day little Prince Elitel Fritz, using his fingers instead of his knife and fork, was corrected by his father several times to no purpose. At last the emperor's patience was exhausted, and he said:

"Children who eat with their fingers are like little dogs that hold their food with their paws. If you use your fingers again, you must go under the table, the proper place for little dogs."

The little prince did his utmost not to forget this time, and used his knife and fork like a man; but all at once he forgot again and began using his fingers.

"March under the table!" said his father.

Prince Elitel Fritz crept under as bidden. After a little while the emperor, thinking the prince very quiet, lifted up the tablecloth and peeped underneath. There sat little Prince Elitel Fritz undressed. His father asked him what he meant by undressing himself.

"Little dogs don't wear clothes; they only have skin," was the child's reply.—Chicago Juvenile.

Light Without Fire.

To obtain a light instantly, without the use of matches and without the danger of setting things on fire, is, according to the "Mining and Scientific Press," an easy matter. Take a long vial of the clearest glass, put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. Upon this pour some pure olive oil heated to the boiling point, the bottle to be filled one-third full; then cork tightly. To use the light remove the cork, allow the air to enter and then recork. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous and the light obtained will be a good one. As soon as the light becomes dim its power can be increased by opening the bottle and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In very cold weather it becomes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil, and one bottle will last all winter. This ingenious contrivance may be carried in the pocket, and is used by watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are stored.

Well Known.

He was a cabin passenger, and the steamship was one of the ocean racers. The company, even those who occupy the most expensive staterooms, is not always "select" in the society sense; but this man seemed more than ordinarily out of place. Who was he? No one knew.

One day the mystery was solved. He seated himself beside a distinguished lawyer, and opened the conversation.

"I've read your speeches in the newspapers many a time, and I'm pleased to know you."

"Thank you," the other answered, and then, improving the opportunity, he added, "Do you live in New York?"

"Why, bless you!" was the answer, "you must know who I am. I'm Mike McCarthy; everybody knows me. I've been a boss teamster in New York for more than forty years.—Youth's Companion.

A Scrub to the End.

The boy that is given a scrub education is very apt to develop into a scrub man. He roams or buys a scrub farm, invests in scrub stock, buys scrub implements and raises scrub crops. His pleasures and enjoyments of life are all of the scrub order, and his poor wife, as she drudges wearily through life, seems in her daily rounds to be sounding the sad refrain of her life, scrub, scrub, scrub.—Western Plowman.

Fapa's Privilege.

Little Elsie (stamping and dancing about the room in a rage): "I wish I was my papa! I wish I was my papa!"

Aunt Ada: "What is the trouble, Elsie?"

Elsie: "Towzer chewed my Christmas dolly's eyes into the back of her head, and I'm just ram full of little swears and mamma won't let me say 'em."—Chicago Juvenile.

Asking Questions.

Little Dot: "Mamma, what does transatlantic mean?" Mamma: "Across the Atlantic, of course." Little Dot: "Does trans always mean across?" Mamma: "Yes. Now, don't bother me any more, I shall put you to bed." Little Dot: "Well, mamma, does trans-parent mean a cross parent?"

What Will It Yield?

In every young man there is an undeveloped mine. By education and force of character it may yield lead, silver, gold or diamonds.

HE WAS A COMPANY'S PET

HE WAS NOTHING BUT A BLACK, FROWZY CUR DOG.

But He Was Loyal to His Troop of Masters and He Died at His Post Like a Good Soldier that He Was—Killed by Apaches.

"Coon" was never a handsome dog, and will probably fall of going down to posterity in the annals of fame. He was a black and woolly dog, of no particular breed, but nevertheless he twined himself about the hearts of the men of the troop, and not a cavalryman of "M" but would have resented a kick given Coon as quickly as an insult leveled at his sister, or would not willingly share his ration with Coon in the field that the dog might not go hungry. And this is not strange when it is considered that the natural liking of man for dumb brutes is intensified in a faraway, remote garrison, and the troop dog or troop cat or troop bird is regarded as one of the personalities of the organization and is protected as such against all outside forces.

In a little sketch touching only incidentally upon a dog's life and dwelling more particularly upon the manner of his death, it would be out of place to detail Coon's rise and growth in the world. He realized the good expectations that were formed of him in the beginning, developing into a dog that was affectionate and intelligent, withal he was big, black, shaggy and uncouth. His intelligence was put to good test, for he was tirelessly drilled in all the tricks that most dogs learn and was an apt scholar. In consequence, in the collection of photographs which many soldiers possess, Coon occupied places of honor with "M" troop at least, showing up dressed in blouse and forage cap; again, standing on his head, and at other times erect on his hind feet, a pipe in his mouth and a dilapidated "plug" on his head.

Late in the fall of 1888 troop "M" changed station, marching across country to Fort Walla Walla, Washington, and Coon, of course, was of the party. The men would as soon have thought of leaving their horses behind as leaving him. At Walla Walla Coon came into a larger balliwick and a bigger acquaintance. There were five troops of the regiment and the band stationed there, and he found the task of establishing supreme authority over the other garrison dogs too large a one for him to handle. But he soon became acquainted with all the men, and was popular with them, although he showed a preference for those who wore an "M" on their crossed sabers. Frequently when he made trips with the men to town, especially around pay day time, he would see a soldier somewhat—well, under the weather, and describing circles where he should walk a straight line. Coon would immediately attach himself to this man, no matter to what troop he belonged—the blue clothes were enough—and would never leave him until he saw him safe in the garrison. What instinct taught him to do this must remain with the other mysteries of the kind, but that he did it to protect the soldier was certain. For having attached himself to this irresponsible piece of humanity, Coon would allow absolutely nobody but another soldier to approach him, and he was an ugly customer for a citizen to fool with when he felt that way.

After about two years of Walla Walla, Troop "M" and Coon made another move, the entire Second cavalry going to Arizona to relieve the Fourth cavalry of the somewhat dangerous and certainly laborious work of guarding the troublesome Apache Indians.

Coon's long, shaggy hair fell before the shears in the hot climate of Arizona, all except a tuft at the end of his tail, and in this condition he started on the last trip he was to make—to accompany the troop to their new station at the cantonment of San Carlos. The march was made from Fort Lowell through the mountains and was an uneventful one, except for one incident, where Coon lost his life.

On the second evening out the troop went into camp in one of the big canyons, the mountains raising their heads high in the air at their back, the canyon opening on to the broad, barren, sandy plain in front. A day's ride with water scarce and the mercury bobbing around the 100 mark is a tiresome thing, and very soon after supper everybody in the campment except the guard was asleep. About two o'clock in the night, however, they were aroused by two shots fired in rapid succession, and the cry of "The guard the guard!"

The sleep of a soldier on duty is the sleep of a cat in many respects, and in a very few moments everybody was out. The alarm came from the sentry in charge of the horses, and his story was quickly learned. During his years of service with the cavalry Coon had made it an invariable habit to visit all the posted sentries every night, and his "round" had always been looked for as confidently as that of the officer of the day. The night was stormy and the sentry had leaned up to the leeward of a rock to shield himself as much as possible, when Coon made his appearance. Shortly afterward there was a commotion among the horses. The sentry

ascribed it to the effects of the thunder and lightning, but the dog darted among them, and just then a flash of lightning showed the guard two men gliding about among the animals. Then he gave the alarm and immediately heard a clattering of hoofs down the canyon, with Coon barking in full pursuit. The herd was immediately examined. The horses were all there, but several of the lariats were cut and it was evident that a gang of horse thieves had been frightened from their work.

Nothing could be done until morning—nothing much under any circumstances—but the excitement and discussion had passed the time rapidly. The dull gray dawn was beginning to appear, and the full light of the sun soon shone forth. Then the question suddenly arose—where was Coon? That he was not in the camp was certain, and after vainly whistling and calling a number of the men walked down the canyon, in an endeavor to discover in what direction he had gone. They had not far to go. A couple of hundred yards away, upon turning a rock, they found him, dead. His skull was crushed in as if he had been struck by a heavy stick or the butt of a loaded whip, and his death must have been instant and painless. Poor Coon had saved some of the best horses of the troop, but it had cost him his life.

Not a very heroic death, you say. Possibly not. Well, we buried him there in the canyon, and marked his grave with a pile of stones which served both as a monument and as protection from buzzards and wandering coyotes. There were no taps fired over the grave. But as the troop filed away and proceeded on its march many of the men had heavy hearts, for even though it was but a dog that they mourned, they knew the dog had always been kind and true and had regarded them all with affection.

NEWSPAPER MEN OF TO-DAY.

The Typical Pen-Wielder is a Scholar and also a Gentleman.

The "typical newspaper man" of to-day is a young man. He is college bred; he comes from a good family and is a gentleman by birth and breeding. He is brighter, quicker, has broader knowledge of men and affairs, and he makes and spends more money than his brother who goes into "business." He is well dressed, well housed and well fed. He has learned that Bohemianism, as exemplified by regular hours, infrequent baths, and incessant rum does not pay, and he has left that sort of Bohemianism to chronic bunniers and greenhorns. The tone, the morale of the profession have changed within the last twenty years, and the public is only just beginning to find it out. Educated people who keep their eyes open realize that their notions of the "typical newspaper man" are sadly out of joint, and they are revising their types. The profession is slowly moving on toward its rightful place in public estimation, and the time is not far distant, says Printer's Ink, when it will stand, not on a par with, but ahead of the law, the pulpit, medicine and the other liberal professions. In the meantime we will be obliged to endure with what grace we may the would-be brilliant sketches of playwrights and novelists and the unintentionally stupid conclusions of misinformed outsiders who see in every whiskey-scorched scribbler a typical newspaper man.

The Price of Existence.

Life drives us till we're out of breath With striving, begging, giving. We have to work ourselves to death That we may get a living.

Roses.

The red rose whispers of passion, And the white rose breathes of love; Oh, the red rose is a falcon, And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud With a dash on its petal tips; For the love that is purest and sweetest Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

Wood Imitations.

Mahogany Stains.—For a good mahogany stain, there is nothing better than a little Vandyke brown, glazed over with Victoria lake. After brushing over the wood with the former, wipe with a damp cloth; this, by removing color for the harder parts where it has less deeply sunk, will cause the grain to come out more distinctly than if by the brush alone.

To Imitate Rosewood.—Take half a pound of logwood, boil it in three pints of water until it is of a very dark red, to which add about half an ounce of salt of tartar, and when boiling hot, stain your wood with two or three coats, taking care that it is nearly dry between each; then with a stiff black graining brush make streaks with very deep black stain.

The Best Point.

Dr. Toolong.—I hope you enjoyed my sermon this morning. Miss Smilax.—Oh, I did, very much indeed!

"What part did you enjoy most?" "Oh, that part where you said, 'and now finally, brethren.'"

No Invidious Distinctions.

"Do you consider this piano any more reliable than the others because it's upright?" inquired the caller.

"No, sir," answered the dealer. "These others are perfectly square."

THE CATFISH AND ITS HAUNTS.

Its Ancestors Were Very Big and Had Only One Eye, Like Cyclops.

It is a singular fact that the specimens of the stony tribe that attract the attention of scientists and ichthyologists, and are most studied by them, are the modest, ugly and lower orders of the kind, says the New York Times. The catfish has lately been the subject of much investigation, and the theory now is that this fish, the annoyance of anglers, though the small boy's delight, is a descendant of a powerful and terrible-looking order of fish that lived in the good old days that only geologists and students of antediluvian matters can tell about.

It is a fact that the catfish of to-day in some localities grows to an immense size and weight and those who have seen the 140-pounders of the Mississippi river can well imagine what a monster the specimen of the prehistoric ages must have been, especially as then it is supposed to have had only one great big eye in the middle of its forehead. Prof. Bushford Dean of the College of the City of New York has contributed an article on the catfish to the fish commissioners which will soon be issued. This article treats of the habits of the fish as it is now found in almost all of the ponds and rivers of the North, and contains something of a scientific nature concerning the ancestry of the fish and the loathsome proportions of the grandfathers of the present race.

The features of the common bullhead, or catfish, are well known and familiar to every fisherman. Its head is broad and ugly-looking, and is large in proportion to the rest of the body; horns project from the top fin and the two side fins which are exceedingly painful to come in contact with, as many fisherman can testify. The head is a tenacious, hard mass of bone, in the side of which two little, wicked-looking eyes peep out. The skin is tough and hard to penetrate. Prof. Dean, after examination, has come to the conclusion that the catfish was a sort of ichthyological cyclops, that must have been a terror in its time. With a size of porpoise proportions, a hide like that of a rhinoceros, tremendous horns, and armored head, the pachyderm must have been a horrible sight as well as a tremendous fighter.

The idea that there was only one eye is derived from the peculiar formation of the head. In the middle of the forehead is a depression which is believed, according to those who make a study of the physical construction of geological remains, to be the socket of an eye. The habits of the class of fishes to which the catfish belongs would seem to add evidence to the theory. The catfish is fond of working in the mud and burying itself in the slimy ooze that lines the bottom of ponds and rivers. In the winter it hibernates and only comes out in the spring when a thunder-shower gives warning of coming warm weather or more probably wakes it.

In the geological ages, when the fish were immense and enemies were abundant, it was necessary that the catfish should be well provided with means of defense as well as able to attack the other forms of life that it needed as food. Just as now it lies in the mud waiting for its prey, its dark skin having the color of the bottom, so that the approaching water-spider, worm, or bug has not the slightest suspicion of danger, so in the old ages the big cyclops, secure in a great pit in the mud, patiently waited for the coming of prey, the great single orb peering out from the mud and mire capable of observing any disturbance either on the side or overhead. The heavy coating of impenetrable armor made it as safe from the attack of other animals of the deep as was the knight of the crusades against the flight of arrows from a barbarian tribe. The waters must have fairly boiled when it sallied forth from its hiding-place and the mud had been slung aside as from a giant drogue. Some idea of its appearance can be formed by imagination dressing the Mississippi specimen in this silurian armor. It requires the blow of a beetle to crush in the head of the big western catfish. What must it have required to open up the cranium of the monster whose head was armored with a hard bone plate?

New Names.

The flashing of new names in the world's horizon is always delightful to behold. Here is Edison, who ten years ago was unheard of, whose fame is now blazoned o'er the world. Here is Koch of Berlin, known to but few at this time of last year, now shining aloft. Here are new names appearing from time to time in literature, some of them luminous. Welcome to all new lights! It is delightful to see them, and all the more so many of the names that have shone in other years are passing out of sight. It is something to have a "name great in mouths of wisest censure," even if it be there but for a time.—N. X. Sun.

Do You Want One?

There are about thirty castles and palaces in Spain which can be rented at from \$5 to \$10 per week, cash in advance, and any American who lands there with \$1,000 in his pocket can fling on mmo style for six months than he could get here in fifty years on an income of \$500 per week.

NAUGHTY GIRLS WHO SWEAR

They Just Rip Out a Good Oath When They Stub Their Toes.

A complaint commonly made against fashionable girls is that they are slang bordering on actual profanity. A maiden with brown eyes and rosy mouth crept close to a bashful young man at a reception and said:

"If you'll never let on I'll tell something."

The young man blushed and promised never to break the confidence reposed in him.

"Well, it's just this," said the girl. "When anything goes very wrong with me I swear."

The young man attempted to observe that swearing in a pretty young lady was naughty, but he made a failure of it, and his companion went on talking.

"More girls swear than you think. I just know any quantity of them that are positively shocking when they get provoked. My chum Mignon is really terrible sometimes. I told her the other day that she would have to stop going with her if she didn't refrain from saying bad words. She couldn't miss a car, stub her toe, or burst a button off her glove but she expressed herself most frightfully right before everybody. Now, it isn't nice, is it, for a girl to use swear words? And it will really get to be a regular thing with us if we don't stop. I am already addicted to the habit. Why, I broke the point off my thumb nail to-day, and when I did it I just let out good."

"What did you say?" the bashful young man managed to ask.

"I said 'O devil.'"

The young man blushed a livelier red and asked the poor, forsaken girl if he might get a cup of chocolate for her.—New York Sun.

A PIUTE AND GOLIATH.

Tradition of the Slaughter of an Indian Giant with a Poisoned Arrow.

The Piute Indians have a tradition that extends back they know not how far into "the long ago" of an Indian of giant stature who gave them trouble. They say that the giant warrior came from the north. He took up his abode near Pyramid lake and made war on the Piutes, killing many of their men. The giant was finally slain by a Piute David, who crept up behind him and drove a poisoned arrow into his body, between the shoulder blades. Two or three of the giant's tracks and his grave are shown to this day.

The tracts are near the Truckee river, between Wadsworth and Pyramid lake. They are in soft sandstone, and are still kept clear of sand and soil. Every Indian that passes the spot stoops and sweeps out any dirt that may have lodged in the big tracks. The giant's grave is not far from where the tracks are seen. The grave is always kept clear of vegetation; any grass or weeds seen growing on it are pulled up by the roots. In this way the spot has always been kept marked.

The Indians also have a tradition of huge animals that roamed the country. They say these animals had horns with which they were able to uproot trees. To rid themselves of these great beasts the whole Piute tribe turned out, surrounded the herd and drove them into Pyramid lake, where all were drowned. Even now, when the lake is seen rolling about far out from shore, the Indians point to the waves and say they are the backs of the monster beasts.—Chicago News.

A Nation of Cities.

Russia in Europe, with an area two-thirds of our own, a greater population and ancient settlement, has only four cities of 200,000 inhabitants or over while we have sixteen. Germany, with 250 inhabitants to the square mile, has only eight cities of 200,000 inhabitants or over, and France, with an almost equal density of population, has but four such cities. No European country has more than one city of a million inhabitants or over; we have three. In fact, all Europe, with her 400,000,000 people, has but four cities of a million inhabitants or upward, while with only 63,000,000 inhabitants, we fall but one behind.—From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fruit and Tree Planters.

A new book for practice tree planters. The Orange Judd Farmer says: "This entire book is ably written and gives trustworthy information for everyone growing fruit of any sort or kind." Sent free by Star Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

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THE SLEEPING CHILD.

My baby slept—how calm his rest,
As o'er his handsome face a smile
Like that of angel flitted, while
He lay so still upon my breast!

My baby slept—his baby head
Lay all unshielded 'neath palm and shroud;
I did not weep or cry aloud—
I only wished I, too, were dead!

My baby sleeps—a tiny mound,
All covered by the little flowers,
Whom me in all my waking hours,
Down in the quiet burying-ground.

And when I sleep I seem to be
With baby in another land—
I take his little baby hand—
He smiles and sings sweet songs to me.

Sleep on, O baby, while I keep
My rights till this day be past!
Then shall I, too, lie down at last,
And with my baby darling sleep.

—Eugene Field.

THE SCAPEGRACE.

We who earn our living by hard work naturally regard with a good deal of interest those who manage to dodge this seeming necessity.

What are these mysterious mortals, we say, who toll not, neither do they steal, who have no property, nor any apparent source of income, yet they wear clothes, eat meals and sleep under a good roof like the rest of us?

We have a habit of speaking with contempt of these people, as though they were beneath us in the social scale. Are we not really in secret a little envious of their originality and courage?

If one should, for example, try the simple rule of "put yourself in his place."

You, now, who make a living by some occupation, commonplace but reliable, suppose you were to wake tomorrow in a strange place, without money or friends, and with all work prohibited—what would you do? How would you arrange about breakfast, and, subsequently, about dinner, and supper, and a bed, and then numerous meals and beds thereafter? Would you not be frightened? Would you not be at a loss what to do? Well, that is where you would show your inferiority to those of whom we speak.

It must be admitted that they could, if they wished, earn a plain, honest living as we do; whereas could we, by the exercise of our wits exist a week after their fashion? En effet, there you have the whole matter.

Before I undertook a study of these singular beings, I had always thought of them as a class by themselves, pursuing, for the most part, similar methods. To live without work constituted in my mind a profession—like law or the ministry. I wronged them. I did not appreciate their feigned originality. There is no profession that is common to them all, but each has his own, complete in itself, unique and delicate as the miniature carved work of the Japanese.

To tell of them is to tell of individuals, not of the class.

There was one who recently came to live at the very respectable boarding place of the present writer. He was, as the naturalists would say, an excellent specimen—rather young, good looking, well dressed and correctly mannered. There are some of this class who have a low habit of making a pretence of earning a living. They will maintain an office with "Real Estate" or "Commission," or something of that kind on the door. To no such stupid vulgarities did Mr. Richard Kerth descend. Not even a suggestion of work cast a cloud upon his title of "gentleman."

I had known something of the previous career of Mr. Kerth, and when he took possession of two of the best rooms in the house I hastened to make his acquaintance. He treated me with easy condescension, and soon offered to borrow money of me.

I did not loan Mr. Kerth any money. It was, indeed, for a long time a source of quiet satisfaction to me that while a number of others, in plain view on all sides, were being taxed for the support of this American peer, I was exempt. But one day as I was being measured for an overcoat, my tailor asked me what I knew about Mr. Richard Kerth, and told me that he owed fifty dollars on a suit of clothes. I answered Shensby that I thought he had better charge it up to profit and loss. He immediately proceeded to do so. The overcoat which I ordered was more expensive by \$5 than I had expected, and possibly about nine other of Shensby's customers suffered a similar amount of indirect taxation.

As time passed, I gained more and more of Mr. Kerth's confidence. I knew just enough about his past performances to make him think that my silence was a useful commodity, and he sought to purchase it with frankness. He was, however, loth to betray his secret at once, but prepared me beforehand by various significant hints to appreciate better its mysterious nature.

One evening, when he was smoking one of my cigars before my fire, he said: "I am getting very hard up; I must raise some money."

I said: "How will you do it?"

"I have a method of my own," he answered, "which I apply whenever I am in need of ready cash."

"What is it like?"

He smiled with the smile of a sphinx as he replied:

"I call it a system of absence."

On several occasions he made use of phraseology similar to the above. For example, once he said to me: "I get a good enough living out of not being in certain places at certain times." Further he would not explain.

About this time his creditors, of whom the crop seemed perennial, began to press him close, and it was evident that, unless the ready cash should presently come to his rescue, he was lost—that is, lost in the same way that he had been lost many times before.

fore. In the nick of time the money came, however, and he proceeded, with the skill of a practical debtor, to make a small stream of cash irrigate a vast area of credit. This being accomplished, he was at ease again; and one night, over a bottle of wine and cigars, he told me how he had raised the money.

"It wasn't much," he said, carelessly—"five or six hundred. I manage to raise that sum about four times a year. If you understand how to make it go—good as twice that, you know. Now, I'll tell you. I have, back East, a number of relatives—rich, respected, and all that. Money comes from them. Easy enough, you think? Well, I wonder. I am the black sheep of the outfit—scapegrace, you know. And do you imagine they would ever give up a bean for me, if I did not come at 'em with something worse than a gun? Why, sir, the whole bloody layout is so mean, and they hate me so, that I give you my word, if I was roasting in the lowest depths of sheol, there isn't one of 'em would loan you a fork to go and see if I was done. No, sir! That's the kind of citizens they are. But I notice they come up pretty regular just the same."

He flicked the ashes from his high priced cigar into the fireplace with an impressive gesture. Then from his desk he produced several letters and a book labelled "Journal."

"Here it is," he exclaimed, throwing the book down on the table in front of me; "Richard Kerth's Ready Letter Writer, or the Art of Holding Up Your Relations." And here are sample returns," he headed, dropping the letters on the table. "But you had better begin at my end of the transaction. Read in the book first—the last batch of letters copied there. I always copy 'em so as to keep track of what I'm doing."

I opened the volume at the place which he indicated and began to read aloud: "Hiram Griffin, Cleveland, O.: My dear Uncle—"

"My mother's only brother," interpolated the scapegrace—"Presbyterian elder—hardware merchant—moral citizen." I read on: "I suppose you will be devilish glad to learn that I have at last decided to turn my face homeward. I am tired of wandering, and it's—poor picking here. I expect to start in a couple of weeks, unless I hear from you in the meantime. A lot of California stock will be entered at the fall meetings at Cleveland, and I think I can fix for both of us to get let in on the ground floor, so that we can make a good thing out of it. How are Bill and Jimmy?"

"William and James," said the black sheep, rolling up his eyes; "his sons, whom he is bringing up in the way they should go—pious youths of 16 or thereabouts."

"I expect they would enjoy the races and some of the life that I could show them. I plan to spend a month in Cleveland, and perhaps may locate there. Some of the fellows are making up a party to go to China. If I had a couple hundred more I would go with them, but I have only just enough to take me home. Your affectionate nephew—Richard."

"Cold chills ran down his back when he read that letter," said Mr. Kerth. "Here is his reply. He prays for the salvation of my soul and encloses a check for two hundred. See? Read the next one."

It was addressed to "S. Van Doosan Kerth, The Beachamp, New York City," and began: "Dear Uncle—"

"Father's brother," the scapegrace exclaimed, "old bachelor—great swell. He never saw me, and has an idea that I am very wild and woolly, like every other west of the Croton Aqueduct."

I read as follows: "Dear Uncle—Respected brother of my parent. I take my pen in hand to let you know that two weeks from date I shall take the train for your city and shall visit you at the Beachamp House, where you are staying. If you should happen to be out of town, I will wait until you get back, for I mean to live in your city hereafter; I hope to get a job there. I know you will help me, as your brother's son, to get a job. Perhaps Mr. Beachamp would like a man to carry trunks. I know you will be glad to see me. If I could get into the grocery business here I would stay, and a man I know of will take me in for \$200. Please look for me at the depot in the emigrant cars. Your nephew, Richard."

"Imagine Uncle Van Doosan reading that at his club, said the scapegrace; "I wonder it didn't give him a stroke of apoplexy. However, it was not the first of its kind. He always comes up, I don't have to whistle twice to him."

The next was addressed to "Mrs. Elizabeth Pennington, Germantown, Philadelphia."

"Van Doosan's sister," said the scapegrace; "they have quarrelled and won't compare notes. She is a widow, with a fine income and an elegant place. Two lovely marriageable daughters."

The letter set forth the intended visit of Mr. Richard Kerth to the East and his plan to spend some time at Germantown—at his aunt's residence, if she wished it so; if not, with some friends of his there by the name of Bogges. There were various gallant references to Mr. Kerth's cousins and a delicate insinuation that he would probably fall in love with one of them during his visit. There was also a casual reference to the sum of \$150.

"She was short this time," remarked the writer of the letter aloud; "only sent \$100. Strike her deeper next time."

There were two more letters in the batch—both to cousins in Chicago. They were full of mysterious hints about good times to be enjoyed when he should visit that city shortly. Each demanded a plain loan of \$50.

"I send them to their houses," said

lie, with a villainous grin; their wives read 'em first. Good for fifty any time. I noticed that the book was written nearly full, and that Mr. Kerth's "villainous grin"—if so it might be called—contained some 10 or 15 names. Each letter was dated, and underneath was entered the result achieved. The latter was generally favorable.

"Whenever the machinery gets rusty," said the scapegrace, "which happens every four or five years, I take a trip East and lubricate things. After that," he added with a wink, "it runs better."

I do not know whether I have done wisely in making these facts public. For there are many people who might easily sell their absence at a good figure—if they only understood the art.—Fred Bayham in The Argonaut.

LETTERS MAY GET THERE.

But Their Addresses Are Sometimes of a Most Perplexing Character.

At the Washington postoffice there is a collection of old envelopes and postal cards that would be entitled to a place in the most curious of old curiosity-shops, says the Washington Post. The collection has been made by C. M. Merrill, head clerk of the city distributing case, who has secured the specimens after the persons for whom they were intended had read the communications.

Here is one in an unpracticed, scrawling hand as nearly as it can be translated into letters: "bin hamson, Washin T. C." That would defy anybody but a postal clerk. It was surmised, however, by one of these that this communication was intended for Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States, and the surmise proved to be correct. The letter, which was postmarked Lincoln, Neb., got to the president all right. It was probably a letter of advice as to how to run the government. An office-seeker would at least have addressed the president as "Mr."

"Mr. Adkin Jurnel" was the address on a letter that came from some place in Arkansas. It was meant for the adjutant-general of the army and to him it was delivered. "Name" true brunnum, Washin," was the address on a letter from Trenton, Kan. Even this did not defy the expert postal officials. They concluded the letter was meant for the National Tribune of this city, and this proved to be the case. The letter was probably written by a German. It did not take long to decide that a letter addressed to "Mr. reubon right" was intended for Reuben Wright, or that one addressed "Em. E baker an son" was meant for Pennobaker & Son.

"For Misses Sole, a tornela W" was a puzzler for a little while. Then it was decided that the letter was intended for Messrs. Soule & Co., attorneys-at-law. "Mr. Afjhanacting, Auditor" stuck some of the force for a little while. Then it was remembered that A. D. Shaw had been acting auditor for a time and the letter turned out to be for him. The person who wrote the letter had doubtless seen Mr. Shaw's name signed as "acting auditor" to some document, hence the mistake.

The mistake made in allowing Washington territory to come into the union under the name of "Washington" and thus perpetuating the condition of having a territorial division and a large city with the same name is more apparent to the postal officials than to anybody else. For example, a great deal of mail matter is put into boxes here addressed "Washington, D. C.," that is evidently meant for places in the state of Washington. People here seem unable to write the name of "Washington" without putting "D. C." to it. Hundreds of letters and packages go into the boxes here every week containing this error.

He Always Listens.

"Yes," said a clergyman who knows how to tell a good story as well as to listen to and appreciate one told by another, "I am, of course, often asked, when some one in conversation is on the point of telling a story, whether I have heard so and so. Now, it is possible that I may have heard that story half a dozen or half a hundred times before, but I am certain that I have never heard it told exactly as this particular person will tell it. So I can truthfully answer that I have never heard it, and that is my invariable practice. Everybody who has undertaken to tell a story knows what a sensation is produced when the listener interrupts him to say that he has heard it before, and of course there is something of the same feeling when one who thinks he has a good thing to tell is headed off by the remark that it has been heard already. No story is ever told twice precisely alike. The individual element always comes in. So it is no evasion or stretching of the truth when I say of some incident that may be familiar to me that I have not heard it; I am sure I have not heard it precisely the way this teller will narrate it. And it makes things much pleasanter, too, in the long run, especially for a minister."

The Cross Mother.

At no time in her busy days is an intelligent mother so apt to fold the arms and close the eyes of maternal justice as when she is cross. This crossness is chiefly caused by fatigue—weariness of mind and body, and sometimes of soul. With tired nerves and weary body, she cannot endure the common demands made upon her, and ill-temper follows. She sows bitter feelings and impels loving attentions with her irritable hasty words. Broadly speaking, no mother has any right to get so tired. She cannot afford it. It takes too much out of her life, and too much out of her children's life. Such a condition can more frequently be prevented than is generally believed.—Harper's Bazar.

PLAGUE OF INFIDELITY.

DR. TALMAGE SAYS IT IS THE MOTHER OF PLAQUES.

Infidelity a Negative Religion.—It Can Offer the Christian Nothing in Exchange for His Faith.

New York, April 3, 1891.—Continuing his course of sermons on "The Ten Plagues of the Cities," Rev. Dr. Talmage today took for his subject "The Plague of Infidelity." The discourse was delivered to large and appreciative audiences at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the forenoon and the New York Academy of Music in the evening. The text was, Romans 3, 4: "Let God be true, but every man a liar."

It is if God says one thing and the whole human race says the opposite, Paul would accept the Divine veracity. But there are many in our time who have dared arraign the Almighty for falsehood. Infidelity is not only a plague, but it is the mother of plagues.

It seems from what we hear on all sides, that the Christian religion is a huge blunder; that the mosaic account of the creation is an absurdity large enough to throw all nations into rollicking guffaw; that Adam and Eve never existed; that the ancient flood and Noah's ark were impostures; that there never was a miracle; that the Bible is the friend of cruelty, of murder, of polygamy, of all forms of base crime; that the Christian religion is woman's tyrant and man's stultification; that the Bible from lid to lid is a fable, a cruelty, a humbug, a sham, a lie; that the martyrs who died for its truth were miserable dupes; that the Church of Jesus Christ is properly gazzetted as a fool; that when Thomas Carlyle, the apostle, said, "The Bible is a noble book," he was dropping into imbecility; that when Theodore Parker declared in Music Hall, Boston, "Never a boy or girl in all Christendom was profited by that great book," he was becoming very weak minded; that it is something to bring a blush to the cheek of every patriot, that John Adams, the father of American independence, declared, "The Bible is the best book in all the world"; and that lion-hearted Andrew Jackson turned into a sniveling coward when he said, "That book, sir, is the rock on which our Republic rests"; and that Daniel Webster abdicated the throne of his intellectual power and resigned his logic, and from being the great expounder of the Constitution and the great lawyer of his age, turned into an idiot, when he said, "My heart assures and reassures me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. From the time that my mother's feet, or on my father's knees, first learned to slip verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation, and if there is anything in my style or thought to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the scriptures"; and that William H. Seward, the diplomatist of the century, only showed his puerility when he declared, "The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influence of the Bible"; and that it is wisest for us to take that book from the throne in the affections of uncounted multitudes, and put it under our feet to be trampled upon by hatred and blinding contempt; and that your old father was hoodwinked, and cajoled, and cheated, and befooled, when he leaned on this as a staff after his steps shortened as he came up to the verge of the grave, and that your mother sat with a pack of lies on her lap while reading of the better country, and of the ending of all her aches and pains, and reunion not only with those of you who stood around her, but with the children she had buried with infinite heartache, so that she could read no more until she took off her spectacles, and wiped from them the heavy mist of many tears. Alas! that for forty or fifty years they should have walked under this delusion and had it under their pillow when they lay a-dying in the back room, and asked that some words from the old book might be cut upon the tombstone under the shadow of the old country meeting-house, where they sleep today waiting for a resurrection that will never come. This book having deceived them, and having deceived the mighty intellects of the past, must not be allowed to deceive our larger, mightier, vaster, more stupendous intellects. And so out with the book from the court-room, where it is used in the solemnization of testimony. Out with it from under the foundation of church and asylum. Out with it from the domestic circle. Gather together all the Bibles—the children's Bibles, the family Bibles, those newly bound and those with lid nearly worn out, and pages almost obliterated by the fingers long ago turned to dust—bring them all together, and let us make a bonfire of them, and by it warm our cold criticism, and after that turn under with the ploughshare of public indignation the polluted ashes of that loathsome, adulterous, obscene, cruel and deathful book, which is so antagonistic to man's liberty, and woman's honor, and the world's happiness.

Now that is the substance of what infidelity purposes and declares, and the attack on the Bible is accompanied by great jocosity, and there is hardly any subject about the Bible more mirth is kindled than about the Bible.

Now in this sentiment of infidel thinkers I cannot join, and I propose to give you some reasons why I cannot be an infidel, and so I will try to help out of this present condition any who may have been struck with the awful plague of acceptionism.

First, I cannot be an infidel because infidelity has no good substitute for the consolation it proposes to take away. You know there are millions of people who get their chief consolation from this book.

Infidelity is a religion of "Don't know." Is the soul immortal? Don't know! Is there a God? Don't know! A religion of "don't know" for the religion of "I know." "I know in whom I have believed." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Infidelity proposes to substitute a religion of awful negatives for our religion of glorious positives.

Furthermore, I cannot be an infidel, because of the false charges. Infidelity is all based on intellect. And so out with the book from the court-room, where it is used in the solemnization of testimony. Out with it from under the foundation of church and asylum. Out with it from the domestic circle. Gather together all the Bibles—the children's Bibles, the family Bibles, those newly bound and those with lid nearly worn out, and pages almost obliterated by the fingers long ago turned to dust—bring them all together, and let us make a bonfire of them, and by it warm our cold criticism, and after that turn under with the ploughshare of public indignation the polluted ashes of that loathsome, adulterous, obscene, cruel and deathful book, which is so antagonistic to man's liberty, and woman's honor, and the world's happiness.

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2, 24: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." Not his wives, but his wife. How many wives did God spare for Noah in the ark? Two and two the birds, two and two the cattle; two and two the lions, two and two the human race. If the God of the Bible had favored a multiplicity of wives, he would have spared a plurality of wives. When God first launched the human race, he gave Adam one wife. At the second launching of the human race he spared for Noah one wife, for Ham one wife, for Shem one wife, for Japhet one wife. Does that look as though God favored polygamy? In Leviticus 18, 19, God thunders his prohibition of more than one wife.

Another false charge which infidelity has made against the Bible is that it is an antagonist to woman, that it enjoins her degradation and belittles her mission. Under this impression many women have been overcome of this Plague of Infidelity. Is the Bible the enemy of women? Come into the picture gallery, the Louvre, the Luxembourg of the Bible, and see which pictures are the most honored. Here is Eve, a perfect woman, as perfect a woman as could be made by a perfect God. Here is Deborah, with her womanly arm hurling a host into the battle. Here is Miriam, leading the Israelitish orchestra on the banks of the Red Sea. Here is motherly Hannah, with her own loving hand replenishing the wardrobe of her son Samuel, the prophet. Here is Abigail, kneeling at the foot of the mountain until the four hundred wrathful men, at the sight of her beauty and prowess halt, half-a-hurricane stopped at the sight of water-lily, a dewdrop dashing back Niagara. Here is Ruth, putting to shame all the modern slang about mothers-in-law as she turns her back on her home and her country, and faces wild beasts and exile and death, that she may be with Naomi, her husband's mother.

Here is Vashti, defying the bacchanal of a thousand drunken lords, and Esther, willing to throw her life away that she may deliver her people. And here is Dorcas, the sunlight of eternal fame gliding her philanthropic needle, and the woman with perfume in a box made from the hills of Alabastron, pouring the holy chrism on the head of Christ, the aroma lingering all down the corridor of the centuries. Here is Lydia, the merchantess of Tyrian purple immortalized for her Christian behavior. Here is the widow with two mites, more famous than the Peabodys and the Lenoxes of the age, while the common slave girl with careful attendance and with special honor and high favor, leaning on the arm of inspiration, one who is the joy and pride of any home so rarely fortunate as to have one, an old Christian grand-mother, Grandmother Lila. Who has more worshippers today than any being that ever lived on earth, except Jesus Christ? Mary. For what purpose did Christ perform his first miracle upon earth? To relieve the embarrassment of a womanly housekeeper at the falling short of a beverage. Why did Christ break up the shroud and rip up the rocks? It was to stop the bereavement of the two Bethany sisters. For whose comfort was Christ most anxious in the hour of dying exorcism? For a woman, an old woman, a wrinkle-faced woman, a woman who in other days had held him in her arms, his first friend, his last friend, as it is very dear to his mother. All the pathos of the ages compressed into one utterance, "Behold thy mother." Does the Bible antagonize woman?

Since you put the Bible on your stand in the sitting-room, has the Bible been to you, O woman, a curse or a blessing? Why is it that a woman when she is troubled will go to her worst enemy, the Bible? Why do you not go for comfort to some of the great "solid books"? No, the silly, deluded woman persists in hating about the Bible verses, "Let not your heart be troubled." "All things work together for good." "Weeping may endure for a night." "I am the resurrection." "Peace, be still."

Furthermore, rather than invite I resist this Plague of Infidelity because it has wrought no positive good in the world and is always a hindrance.

There stands Christianity. There stands infidelity. Compare what they have done. Compare their resources. There is Christianity, a prayer on her lip; a benediction on her brow; both hands full of help for all who want help; the mother of thousands of colleges; the mother of thousands of asylums for the oppressed, the blind, the sick, the lame, the imbecile; the mother of missions for the bringing back of the outcast; the mother of thousands of reformatory institutions for the saving of lost boys; the mother of thousands of schools, bringing millions of children under a drill to prepare them for respectability and usefulness, to say nothing of the great future. That is Christianity.

Infidelity scrapes no lint for the wounded, bakes no bread for the hungry, shakes up no pillow for the sick, rouses no comfort for the bereft, glids no grave for the dead. While Christ, our Christ, our wounded Christ, our risen Christ, the Christ of the old-fashioned Bible, blessed be his glorious name forever, our Christ stands this hour pointing to the hospital or to the asylum, saying: "I was sick and ye gave me a crutch, I was blind and ye physicianed my eye-sight, I was orphaned and ye mothered my soul, I was lost on the mountain and ye brought me home; inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it for me."

But I thank God that this plague of infidelity will be stayed. Many of those who hear me now by the Holy Ghost upon their hearts will cease to be scoffers and will become disciples, and the day will arrive when all nations will accept the Scriptures. The book is going to keep right on until the fires of the last day are kindled. Some of them will begin on one side and some on the other side of the old book. They will not find a bundle of loose manuscripts easily consumed like tinder thrown into the fire. When the fires of the last day are kindled, some will on this side, from Genesis toward Revelation, and others will burn on this side, from Revelation towards Genesis, and in all their way they will not find a single chapter or a single verse out of place. That will be the first time we can afford to do without the Bible. What will be the use of the Book of Genesis, descriptive of how the world was made, when the world is destroyed? What will be the use of the prophecies when they are all fulfilled? What will be the use of the evangelistic or Pauline description of Jesus Christ when we see him face to face? What will be the use of his photograph when we have met him in glory? What will be the use of the Book of Revelation, standing as you will with your foot on the glassy sea, and your hand on the ringing harp, and your forehead chapleted with eternal coronation, amid the amethystine and twelve-gated glories of heaven? The emerald dawning the green against the beryl, and the beryl dawning the blue against the sapphire, and the sapphire throwing its light on the jacinth, and the jacinth dawning its fire against the chrysoprasus, and you and I standing in the glories of ten thousand sunsets.

It's Different in the Morning.
In the evening, feeling good,
Young man in the outer room,
"I am thirsty," was his cry.
"Here is water if you're dry,"
Said his friend, "Nay, nay," quoth he;
"G'd me beer!" and her flowed free.
"No use for water here, I tell you,"
Water doesn't hit the spot."

In the morning, feeling bad,
That too little, slugs and
"I am thirsty," was still his cry.
"Here's your lager if you're dry,"
Said his friend, "Nay, nay," quoth he;
"G'd me water!" Glazes three!
No use for lager here, I tell you,
Lager doesn't touch the spot."

At the Church Fair.
"Do you know why you remind me of the steamer Teutonic?" asked Jimmy Haddemann of the Rebecca at the well.
"No, sir," she answered, with a smile that would have graded above No. 10, Dutch standard.
"Then I'll tell you, it's because you draw a good deal of water, my dear."

Sure to Be Returned.
"She returns everything I send her," said Charlie, sadly, "presents, letters and all."
"Then why don't you send her your love?" suggested Jack.

Dobbin's Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other soap would be. Given to you, for by its use clothes are saved. Clothes cost more than soap. Ask your grocer for Dobbin's. Take no other.

Hotel Porter—"Are you a guest of the house?"
Mr. Gruff—"No; I'm paying for what I got!"

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.
I read what Mr. Bell said about making \$500 per month. I also sent to the Standard Silver Ware Co., Essex St., Boston, Mass., and received a catalog. I took under the first day that paid me \$100 profit. I took the first week at the end of one month I had \$115 clear profit. Any one can get circulars and agency by writing the above firm. I hope others may profit by my experience. Yours Truly, W. K. Williams.

Little Pemberton (as the slipper is about to descend)—"Ah, mamma, did you notice that great bargain sale at Thread & Needles' to-morrow?"

Where There Are No Had Indians.
The Sisseton Indian reservation at the eastern boundary of South Dakota, and containing one million acres of choice farming lands, has just been opened for settlement and offers to the homeseeker inducements that cannot be equalled. The soil is very fertile, the country well watered, there being numerous small lakes within its boundary, and it is within a short distance of the twin cities of the Northwest, St. Paul and Minneapolis, insuring good markets for almost all the settlers' needs.

This is not a frontier reservation, but is surrounded on all sides by an old, well settled and prosperous country.

The reservation will be held for actual settlers, only homestead entries of 160 acres each being permitted, and there is room for more than 6,000 farms. To get the best, however, come early: first come, first served. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only road which runs directly through the reservation. To reach it from the East, buy tickets to Summit, R. D., Washey, R. D., Wilmet, S. D., or Wheaton, Minn. Summit is within the reservation, the other stations on the border. All ticket agents in the United States or Canada sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

For further information, apply to Geo. M. HARRISON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A bread-and-water poultice is made by dipping a piece of bread, after the crust has been removed, into hot water. Lift it out at once, and apply as hot as can be borne.

Tested by Time. For Bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., shows a BALSAMIC TACOMA have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cts.

Chloride of lime should be scattered at least once a week under sinks and all other places where sewer gas is liable to leak.

GARFIELD TEA cures a Constipation and sick headache, restores the complexion, saves Doctors' Bills. Sold by Druggists.

To clean a teakettle take it away from the fire and wash off with a rag dipped in kerosene, followed by a rubbing with a dry flannel cloth.

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

To clean ceilings that have been blackened by smoke from a lamp wash off with sage that have been dipped in soda water.

GRATIFYING TO ALL.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities which underlie its success. It is based and is abundantly gratifying to the California Syrup Company.

To drive away ants scrub the places they frequent with a strong soda made of carbolic soap, after which sprinkle red pepper in every crevice.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When broiling steak keep the blaze caused by the dripping fat from rising by sprinkling the coals with salt.

How's That?
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him for his firm.
W. & T. A. WALKER, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDO, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take egg stains from silver by rubbing with a wet rag which has been dipped in common table salt.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. NO. 31

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Antioch Home News.

Are you insured?
This has been a busy week for fire insurance agents.

Mr. Fisher Sr. is still quite dangerously ill.

Mr. Edwin Richards has been quite sick for some few days past but is now we are pleased to say slowly on the gain.

Mrs. J. C. James Sr. was taken quite seriously ill last week but at present is slowly recovering.

Work was commenced on the foundation of Lyman Grice's new hotel on Monday last. Andrew Peterson has charge of the mason work.

Mr. Foltz we understand will again open up his store in the store building of R. D. Emmons where he will be pleased to see all his old and many new patrons once more.

Messrs C. B. Harrison & Son are prepared to do first class grinding at their feed mill on Thursdays of each week.

As we look at the portion of our beautiful little village made desolate by the recent fire, we wonder if our people need any more palpable evidence of the necessity of fire protection.

We would say to our many readers that we will soon be able to print the News on our own press and will then make up for any omission of news that may now occur in the paper.

Mr. M. A. Howard will occupy for the present the old furniture store belonging to J. C. James & Son.

Montgomery & Story are now comfortably located in their new quarters in the building recently vacated by the Williams Bros. where they will be glad to see all their friends once more.

We understand the Good Templars will hold their usual meetings in Odd Fellows hall for the present.

Brogan & Gray will soon be ready to move into their new quarters in what was formerly the Williams Bros. hardware store. The building will be finely fitted up for a market with all modern improvements.

J. C. James & Son will make many extensive improvements in their furniture store this spring as soon as the ground will permit.

The largest stock of furniture in Lake Co. at J. C. James & Son.

From a hospital case to the finest metallic casket at J. C. James & Son's undertaking and furniture store.

Mr. D. Lewis, of El Paso, Ill. has moved with his family to this village and will occupy the house belonging to T. C. Richardson.

To our advertisers whose advertisements have not appeared in this nor last weeks issue of the News we would say that the time they have contracted for will be extended so as to make good all omissions that may occur before we can again place their advertisements, which we hope to be able to do in a week or two at the farthest.

Favorable offers have already been made for a portion of the ground in the Rogers Block and it is more than probable that substantial brick buildings will take the place of the burned ones before many months.

Mrs. Ida Davis came out from the city on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Savage, during the past week.

Miss Mamie Pullen of Englewood made her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Pullen, a short visit the latter part of last week, returning to the city on Sunday last.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly Inter Ocean or Journal to new subscribers, one year for \$1.80.

Mrs. W. A. Story is at present quite seriously ill.

Mr. Geo. Oleott is getting the ground ready to build his new residence.

Jeweler Lewis has located at Williams Bros. new store and will be pleased to see all his old and new customers at that place.

TREVOR, WIS.

Sunday night last we had a very nice snow storm which made the muddy roads a little more muddy for a change.

Mrs. N. J. Schumacher returned from Ozaukee Co., Wis. where she had been visiting for two weeks among her friends.

This is election week in all the towns in the states for town and municipal cities to choose their officers and there will be quite a good deal of strife as to which party shall succeed.

There was quite a lot of sheep shearers left Trevor last Monday night for Minneapolis to shear 11,000 sheep, and more will be wanted soon by G. H. Booth who is agent for parties owning sheep.

The TREVORITE was burned out last week at the Antioch fire but made its regular appearance on time and it is to be hoped its subscribers will turn in and help the editor get on his feet again by forwarding their subscriptions as soon as convenient.

Last week Antioch had a terrible fire, which came very near cleaning out the whole village and which will, it is to be hoped, bring the people of that ancient city to think a little money had better be expended for some means whereby they can be better enabled to fight against another disaster of the kind.

CAMP LAKE.

Mr. Will. Welton is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Bowman called on friends here Sunday.

Mike Gallagher, Lulu Jordan and Bessie Wilbur commenced their schools Monday.

John Gallagher has been quite sick but is slowly gaining.

Mamie Jordan spent a few days at home.

Norris Proctor is visiting here.

Miss Melvina Selby died at her home Friday April 3 of consumption. She has been an invalid for some time, but bore her suffering with patience. She leaves a mother, brother and three sisters, also a host of friends to mourn her loss.

Mr. Tony Enzenbacher and daughter Maggie came out to attend the funeral of Melvina Selby.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR. GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

Washington, D. C. Feb. 27, 1891.

Public notice is hereby given under section 2455, Rev. Stats. and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of September 6, 1890, that Netts Island in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45, north range 9 east 3d P. M. Illinois, containing 2871 acres will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office Washington D. C., on Wednesday, April 15, 1891, at eleven o'clock A. M.

The offering will be made subject to the rights of John Netts, the applicant for the survey of the

Island, to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff, Commissioner and ex-officio Register and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

Annual Town Meetings.

At the annual town election held in this village on Tuesday last the following officers were elected, there being in all 326 votes cast: For Supervisor, George H. Kennedy, by 19 majority; for Town Clerk, Harmon Boek, no opposition; for Assessor, Cornelius Coon, by 134 majority; for Collector, Wm. Gray, by 14 majority; for Commissioner, J. L. Harden, no opposition; for Constable, Howard Hadlock.

Obituary.

Once more the terrible visitant death has come and taken a kind father and loving husband and kind friend, and has blighted what was once a happy home. His death is rendered doubly sad since it came so unexpectedly.

Matthew Cribb was born in Ontario county, N. Y., on April 25th, 1824, coming to Lake county, Ill., in company with his father and mother and family in 1845. Becoming imbued with the California excitement he went to that State in 1852, remaining four years. Returning to this county in 1856 he bought the farm he occupied at the time of his death.

On the 13th of January, 1888, he was united in marriage to Deborah Reynolds, whose death occurred March 29th, 1861. On Dec. 22nd, 1863, he again united in marriage with Charlotte Miller, who survives him. He leaves one son, Jay L., and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Emma Quadenfeld, and four sisters and three brothers. Mr. Cribb's life was a quiet, practical one; no poor unfortunate ever came to his door and was turned away empty-handed. Living with his present wife 27 years without uttering one unkind word. How many leaving this world leave a fairer record behind? His death occurred March 25th, 1891. E. K. L.

GRAY'S LAKE.

The Sunday-School entertainment came off at this place on Sunday evening and was well attended and quite a success. All that took part did well. Archie Ritchie took the prize of a new hat as the boy that recited his piece the best; Mabel Curry the prize of new dress as the best reciter among the little girls. Mr. Howell, Mr. Novill and Mr. Baron were the judges, and it took them quite a little time to decide which was best.

We are all excited here this morning over our township election. No doubt but the next election will be held at this place instead of Hainesville, as to-day will decide.

A great number of the sick which we reported last week, are improving.

Mr. W. B. Higley is able to sit up each day for a short time.

Miss Taylor, a young lady friend of Mrs. Higley, is visiting with her for a few days. We hope she will prolong her stay, as she is quite a favorite among the young folks.

Mrs. J. H. Phelps, is in Chicago buying new goods ready for her opening next week. Give her a call and see a full line of new spring goods.

The roads still keep bad, which keeps the farmers back from their spring work.

J. H. Phelps has received several suits of clothes which he took orders for from the well known firm of Goldberg & Co., of Chicago, and give perfect satisfaction both in quality and fit. Not a single complaint.

Mr. Gardiner is much better and able to attend to the comforts of the hotel guests again, and is quite busy.

John C. Murrell has a lot of lumber and fence posts on hand in addition to his other business.

J. C. Morrell intends going to Chicago to do business.

Our little town is booming and full of teams. We shall have a new harness shop here soon.

LIBERTYVILLE.

Mr. Saunier is building a front fence, which makes quite an improvement to his place.

Annie, the little girl of Mr. Ed Apple, is very sick with scarlet fever.

Our school commenced the spring term on Monday last.

There will be a hop in the Town hall, Halfday, on next Friday evening.

The dance for the yearling mule will come off on Friday evening, April 17th. We had our eye on the March calendar last week, hence the error.

It is reported that Henry Lawrence has rented the Wright farm in town for the year.

Mr. Geo. Herrick and Mr. Chas. Rice, south of town, are under the doctor's care, suffering with the grip and complications.

Miss Nina Miller commenced the spring term of school in the Griddle district on Monday last.

A social dance was given on last Saturday evening in the new meat market, at Prairie View.

A dance was indulged in by several of our young people at Proctor's Hall, on April Fool's night.

Miss Mabel Ellis commenced the spring term of school at Quentin's Corners, in Cuba, on last Monday.

Miss Orcena Churchhill who has been visiting in town for a few days, has returned to her home at Downer's Grove.

Mr. Ned Smith is visiting with his friends at Lemont for a few days.

At the annual township election held in Libertyville, Tuesday, April 7th, the following ticket was elected, N. H.—Here is the ticket all right.

DIED.—In Libertyville, Tuesday evening, April 7, 1891, after a short illness, Mr. Wm. Ellis, aged about sixty-nine years.

LAKE ZURICH.

School commenced Monday.

The coal chutes are done and the men have left.

The sidewalk from the postoffice to the depot is about finished.

Sit on a bent pin and you will have spring time.

Subscribe for this paper. Only one dollar per year in advance.

Mr. C. Hockmeyer, of Long Grove, was in town last Saturday looking over his interests at the factory.

Mr. Wm. Tyler of Elgin, has returned and will locate on his farm again.

Among those who did business in Chicago Monday are E. A. Fleke, H. Seip, Wm. Ernsting and Albert Wolff.

Houses to rent and horses and cattle for sale, at Spunner Bros.

Mr. C. C. Brown, of Missouri, was in this vicinity recently looking at property with a view to purchasing. He was favorably impressed with the property on the west side of the lake.

Mr. Chase has returned to J. C. Whitney's after visiting in Wisconsin.

Spunner Bros. have recently purchased the imported English draft stallion, Aylesbury.

Mr. J. C. Whitney is evidently preparing to drive a stylish team this summer as he is managing a fine span of colts.

Miss Mamie and Lydia Whitney visited their sister, Mrs. G. O. Prussia, at Ravenswood recently.

It is reported that Mr. James Kitten and family will return to this vicinity in the near future.

Mr. John Kanipple has rented Spunner Bros' farm near Honey Lake.

Mr. Joseph Whalen visited at Waukegan.

Mr. George C. Hume, of Chicago, is visiting at Mr. James H. Allen's.

Spunner Bros. have been making another deal in real estate, having sold their farm near Waukegan to Mr. Ed Peters, of Barrington. Consideration, \$1,200.

Henry Johnson and family lately in the employ of Wm. Spunner, have moved into the house vacated by J. Sumnerfelt. He contemplates moving again and says the house is haunted—doors opening and closing without any one near them.

Zurich is in need of a good large hall for meetings, balls, entertainments and other suitable purposes.

The township caucus was held in the town hall last Saturday. There was no opposition to the men put in nomination, excepting for collector there were four candidates in the start. Finally it was voted down to two and the race was between Fred Kreuger and Herman Snyder; the latter came out ahead by ten votes.

Mr. Henry Stall entertained relatives of his several days this week.

Four horse teams are the rule nowadays with only ordinary loads. The mud is as deep as it has been at any time.

The weather we have had this week gives good evidence that spring is about here.

Owing to the Hillman building not being ready for occupancy our barber, Mr. John Brill, will not open up his hair dressing and shaving parlor before the 20th of the public.

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

FIGURE-HEADS OF FAMOUS OLD MEN-OF-WAR.

The Custom Rapidly Dying Out in the Vessels of the Last Years of the Nineteenth Century—Our Navy Fifty Years Ago.

The placing of figure-heads under the bowsprits of ships appears to be a custom alike ancient and honorable. Ovid tells us that the vessel in which he was carried to his place of exile bore a bust of Minerva under the bow. The ship that rescued St. Paul from the island of Melita bore a double image of Castor and Pollux. The Carthaginian merchant ships had their crocodile, the Punic cruisers their figure of Baal, the Norsemen and Danes their dragons and serpents. The famous English ship Terrible carried a ghastly skeleton at its prow, and the French privateer Surcouf, the terror of the Indian seas in the Napoleonic war, adorned the bows of his famous cruiser, the Rovenant, with the figure of a corpse in the act of casting off its shroud. When the sloop-of-war Pearl, commanded by Lieutenant Maynard, of the navy of



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE OLD UNITED STATES LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP "DELAWARE."

George II., sailed into Port Royal after his victory over the redoubtable pirate Blackbeard, it carried under its bowsprit a realistic figure-head representing the head of the famous buccaneer himself as it was struck off his body by Maynard's sword. The custom of decorating the bows with something emblematic of the ship's name or purpose is one that is rapidly dying out in the vessels of the last year-of the nineteenth century. Particularly is this true in the ships of the United States navy, where the ram bow prevents the use of anything more than a simple scroll, or, as in the case of the Yorktown, a plain, unadorned shield. Our navy fifty years ago, however, then famous among the navies of the world, possessed an array of figure-heads like of which had never been seen in warships before or since. A very interesting collection of these figure-heads is now to be seen at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md.

At the close of each month, when the cadets march from their quarters to the drilled examination rooms, there to undergo tests for better or worse, their route passes under the shadow of a massive Indian warrior in wood, the figure-head of the old line-of battle ship Delaware. It is mounted near the old mess hall, on a pedestal eight feet high, and the head towers fully fifteen feet above the ground. For many years this chief has been worshipped by the midshipmen as the patron saint of satisfactory averages, the attainment of which depends, according to an unbroken chain of academy legend, upon the favor or disfavor of his mite, though royal, wooden Indianship. So, when the days for the examination come around, with a conspicuous disre-



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CONSTITUTION"; A LIFE SIZE FIGURE OF PRESIDENT JACKSON.

gard of the second commandment, each midshipman, as he marches to his trials, duffs his cap to the god, and thereafter his mind rests easy in the assurance that he has faithfully invoked the blessing of the idol of his professional ancestors.

For years and years the big white Indian has gazed intently across the parade ground, receiving the obsequious salutations of its subjects with only a stony stare. Its massive head, with its scalp-lock, is thrown well aloft, and crowned by four long feathers. There is a quiver filled with arrows at its back, and round its waist there is a belt, carrying a scalping-knife, tom-

hawk, and pipe. Altogether the big chief is a most imposing personage.

Although Maynard's gunner is made to tell Peter Simple that he "never knew a vessel with a fiddle-head to do anything," and although the figure-head is gradually disappearing from the later-day navies, there would seem to be something very appropriate in erecting the prow of that famous old 84-gun ship, the Delaware, with the splendid head of a "tribal" chief. The Delaware was built at Gosport in 1817, and launched in 1820, and for a quarter of a century she cruised in all the waters of the globe as the flag-ship of Commodore Crane, Patterson, and Morris. Those were the days when the American navy first began to earn the renown that afterward made it conspicuous in the eyes of the world.

Another figure-head at the Naval Academy, and one about which abides a more lustreous history, is that of the old Constitution. This is a life-size figure of President Jackson, firm and erect, his left hand thrust in his coat, while in his right he carries a scroll, presumably the Constitution. This figure-head was carved at Boston in 1834, and placed on the vessel's bow in the second term of Jackson's administration; just after the ship returned from her famous cruise of sixteen months, and fifty-two thousand three hundred and seventy-nine miles. There seems to have been just as many offensive personalities then as now, for instantly the enemies of the administration began to clamor for the removal of the President's figure from the bows of the ship made glorious by the captures of the Guerriere, the Fava, the Picotou, the Cyane, and the Levant.

No attention was paid to these demands, and one fine morning, two months later, the officers in command were horrified to find the President's figure decapitated. Whereupon the Boston Courier of July 4, 1834, said:

"It appears that during the night of Wednesday, the head of this wooden image was sawed off by some person or persons unknown. It is a rather mysterious affair. The Constitution lies at the navy yard, between two sentry-boxes, and it is understood that a guard, or watch, is continually kept on board. It seems impossible that the deed could have been executed without discovery, notwithstanding that the night was dark and rainy. The head which had been sawed from its trunk, it is said, was at least twenty feet above the surface of the water. It is the opinion of several intelligent men, who examined the premises yesterday, that the perpetrators must have gone to their work through the navy yard."

"It was reported last evening that Commodore Elliott had offered one thousand dollars for the person or persons who committed the deed."

The President's headless trunk adorned the Constitution's bows for a



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE BRITISH LION.

year longer, when the frigate was brought to New York. Here, on Saturday afternoon, March 14, the head carved by Messrs. Dodge & Sons was replaced on the trunk representing President Jackson on the bow of the frigate Constitution. The whole affair had been managed with great care and secrecy. The man who cut off the President's head was exposed three years later in a most unexpected manner. In one of the New York City courts there was an action of assault and battery in which Samuel W. Dewey was plaintiff and Joseph Fay and Edward H. Dixon defendants. In the course of the evidence, one of the witnesses stated that Dewey, who, it seems, was a captain, informed him on the evening of the assault that he (Dewey) cut off the figure-head of the frigate Constitution, Captain Dewey, who was a native of Cape Cod, afterward presented the head to the Secretary of the Navy, for which he was given a written obligation that he would never be prosecuted for the offense he had committed.

A splendid bust of Minerva, six feet high, forms another interesting figure of a collection of figure-heads at the Naval Academy, and commemorates as well an epoch in naval history made glorious by the triumphs of the frigate United States under the gallant Decatur. This figure-head adorned the prow of the old Macedonian when she was captured from the French by the English. The bust was very much worn and defaced when taken from the Macedonian at the time of her capture by the United States in 1812, and for this reason it is presumed that the relic is more than a hundred years old. When the ill-fated Macedonian was taken to England by her first captors, the figure of the British lion was carved by a sailor to take the honored place at the bow then occupied by the classic Minerva. The lion was completed, but before it could be put into place hostilities between England and America called the ship into action. When the Macedonian struck her colors to the guns of the United States, Decatur and his men found the carved lion in the captain's cabin, and it is now an interesting feature of the Naval academy collection.

Small-Pox.

While Germany loses only 110 persons yearly from small-pox, France loses 14,000 in the same time. This astounding difference is attributed to the rigid enforcement of vaccination in Germany, and to carelessness about the matter in France.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of The World.

Italian quarry laborers near Kingston, N. Y., after accepting some demerol re-solutions concerning the New Orleans lynching, hoisted an American flag and then riddled it with bullets. The quarry owners discharged the foreigners.

Information has reached the City of Mexico that the government of Guatemala will increase its forces on the Salvadoran frontier owing to the belief that Salvador intends to send troops to the same point.

Joseph Cohn & Co., wholesale clothing at Kansas City, have assigned with liabilities of \$250,000 and assets of \$250,000. The firm was a heavy importer of Seligman, Mayer & Co., of New York, who failed a year ago.

The Colorado Senate bill appropriating \$100,000 for a world's fair exhibit was unanimously passed by the House. The bill will go to the Governor.

The English Government has decided not to invite Mr. Davitt to serve upon the labor commission and has asked Mr. McCarthy to suggest another Irish representative.

Negotiations have been resumed between William Walter Phelps, United States minister to Germany and Chancellor von Caprivi on the question of the withdrawal of Germany's prohibition against American pork products.

The general manager of the Nicaragua Construction company has received a cable dispatch from Greytown, Nicaragua, announcing the safe arrival of the shipwrecked party of which ex-Senator Warner Miller was a member. The steamship Aguan, which grounded on the Rocaador coral reef, will be a total loss.

The international conference of miners at Paris was given a banquet. All the delegates joined enthusiastically in singing the Socialist song, the "Carminagole."

Nearly 10,000 pounds of sugar were thrown on the market at Baltimore Md., and sold for 4 cents per pound.

Judge Baker and Dr. Howard, under arrest in Fayetteville, Ark., are wanted in several counties in Nebraska and Iowa for swindling farmers out of large amounts.

Gub. Mayberry was lynched by a mob at Bryant station, Tenn. A note left pinned to the body read: "This is done for the protection of our wives and daughters."

Minneapolis millers talk of curtailing the production of flour because of a dull market.

A rumormonger was caused in the lower branch of the Nebraska Legislature by one of the members insisting on smoking on the floor.

The Minnesota Senate passed the bill requiring newspaper articles that reflect on any one's character to be signed by the names of their authors.

Emperor William of Germany inspected the men-of-war being constructed at Stettin and was tendered a banquet at Kiel.

It has been discovered that ex-High Chief Ranger Porter of the Foresters, who embezzled funds of the order, has four wives living, one of them at Grove City, Ill.

Rhode Island Republicans carried a sufficient number of votes to give them the necessary fifty-five votes on joint ballot.

Rival real-estate speculators at Sioux City, Iowa, propose to offer the government a site for the new postoffice free, in order to boom their holdings.

The great Whiteley reaper-shops at Springfield, Ohio, the second largest in the world, will in a few days be offered for sale under foreclosure. They cost \$1,500,000, including the machinery, which cost \$500,000.

The best-sugar experiments which several hundred farmers in central Kansas had contemplated under the direction of Dr. Scheitvoeller, claiming to represent a German syndicate which was to erect sugar factories should the experiment prove a success, have been abandoned, it having been learned that he has no relations with any German syndicate, and that his pretensions are baseless.

Brig.-Gen. Stanley has ordered the company of Indian scouts now at Nevada, Texas, under Lieut. Ryan to proceed at once to El Paso, on the Mexican border, in response to the petition of the people there, who claim they are at the mercy of desperadoes and mifers from Mexico.

It is understood that Supervising Architect of the Treasury Windrim will tender his resignation in a few days to accept a position in Philadelphia. He is offered the place there at \$10,000 per year, with much less annoyance than his present position entails. It is suggested here that the place may be again offered to Mr. Bell, of Chicago.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., was received by President Diaz of Mexico. William Rockefeller, W. D. Bishop and Joseph Park, railroad directors indicted at New York in connection with the tunnel accident, have been admitted to bail.

Two men entered the house of Michael Strominger, an old farmer near Harrisburg, Pa., and forced him to hand over \$2,000 he had drawn from the bank to pay off the mortgage on his farm.

Many deaths from the grip are reported in Berlin.

The Bulgarian government has made contracts with the Krupps for large supplies of war material.

The Mexican Congress has convened. For the first time in the history of the republic the budget showed no deficit.

It has just been learned that twenty soldiers confined in the guard-house at Jefferson barracks, St. Louis made their escape.

Dr. Koch has returned to Berlin from Egypt. He is much depressed over the non-success of his lymph.

Three thousand Philadelphia brick-makers are out on a strike against a reduction of 10 per cent in wages.

The lower Mississippi is rising rapidly and several towns on its banks are in danger.

Adolph Spreckels denies the statement that the Havender and Spreckels sugar refineries have combined to divide the sugar market between them.

The American national bank of Kansas City has resumed business. It has \$1,725,000 in its vaults.

There were 146 deaths in New York Thursday, seven being from the grip. There are 100 New York policemen on the sick list.

Two men were found dead in bed in a room in the San Antonio cement works. They had been asphyxiated by gas escaping from a kiln where lime was being burned.

Charges of embezzlement have been made against High Chief Ranger Porter of the Order of Foresters.

The total number of deaths in Chicago for March was 5,249.

The Leeds (Eng.) Millers' association has advanced the price of flour 1/8d, making a total advance of 3/8d during the month of March.

The license of the Capital Insurance company of Topeka, Kan., has been revoked by the State Commissioner, who claims the concern is insolvent.

Ninety-nine delegates, representing a million miners, are attending the international conference at Paris to discuss measures for the improvement of the condition of mine-workers throughout Europe.

John M. Macdonald, a cousin of the Canadian premier, died at Pine Bluff, Ark. He was a classmate of Livingstone, the explorer.

Elias Martin, father-in-law of John Ankney, whose house near Sycamore, Ohio, was blown up by dynamite while the family were asleep, has been arrested charged with the fiendish deed.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FAIR SHOW.

Communication with Minister Lincoln Opened.

London cablegram: Her Majesty's government has opened communication with Mr. Lincoln, United States minister, with a view to obtaining his advice and guidance in the selection and organization of the British commission which it has decided to send to the world's fair at Chicago.

Gov. Waller, late consul-general of the United States at London, who made himself very popular while here, will open a bureau for information and assistance for intending exhibitors.

Mr. New, the present consul-general, writes that he will soon return from America and give the consular and assistance of the consulate to the work.

The example of Great Britain is having an effect on the continent. Many inquiries are coming from France, Germany, and Austria, and bureaus of information will be established in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna within the present month.

DEED OF A CRAZY YOUTH.

Awful Tragedy at Bloomington, Ind.

—All the Parties Are Highly Connected.

Bloomington, Ind., telegram: Ward Demaree, aged 22 years, killed his mother with a razor and then cut his own throat.

Demaree had been a college student for some time and had been studying languages preparatory to attending Princeton college. At the time of the tragedy an older daughter was absent at school and the mother lay upon the bed sick. Two smaller children were under the house.

The mother, seeing that her son had a razor in his hand as he approached her bedside, motioned the children from the room.

Ward approached his mother's bedside and with one slash of the razor nearly severed her head from her body. The son, after looking at his fiendish work a minute or more, knelt on the floor and with the same bloody weapon cut his own throat.

The bed and floor presented a ghastly spectacle to the excited people who soon crowded into the room. The tragedy was enacted in the heart of the city. All parties are highly connected.

The family view of the son's temporary aberration of mind, but had kept the matter a profound secret.

MURDERED HIS WIFE.

The Brutal Crime of a Jersey City Prize-Fighter.

At Jersey City, N. J., Edward Hollinger, better known as "Big Hollinger," a colored pugilist, brutally murdered his wife by beating her on the head and face with a hatchet.

Hollinger was arrested three weeks ago for assault on his wife, but was released on promise that he would live apart from her, and this promise he kept.

After having murdered his wife Hollinger tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a table knife, but that only made a slight gash. He then picked up the eldest of the children a girl 2 years old, and went into the street. Meeting a policeman he told him what he had done and surrendered himself. He told Chief of Police Murphy he was glad his wife was dead. "I deliberately killed her," he said, "and am willing to hang for it."

CHICAGO'S BIG DEATH RATE.

Over 1,000 Deaths During the Last Week in Chicago.

There were 1,103 deaths in Chicago against 895 for the preceding week. There were fifty-six deaths from la grippe against ten from a similar cause the week before. The police department has 244 on the sick list.

Killed by a Policeman.

Edward Mahoney lies dead at the morgue in Chicago, pierced with three bullet-holes, and John Monahan is at his home with a bullet-hole through his knee, under the guard of a police officer. The circumstance that brought them to this condition grew out of a most vicious assault upon Officer John Urig during the progress of which he shot both men.

Suicided at his Daughter's Grave.

Thomas Gadsden, cashier of the Merchants' National bank of Savannah, Ga., committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a revolver at the grave of his daughter in Laurel Grove cemetery. He was a prominent man in Savannah and had been connected with the bank for many years and was interested in various business enterprises.

Violent Fire at Memphis.

Fire destroyed the new seven-story Abstract building and the Franklin hotel on Adams street and did considerable damage to the Fellows building, loss, upward of \$100,000.

VERY CLOSE IN CHICAGO.

HEMPSTEAD WASHBURN AP- PARENTLY ELECTED MAYOR.

Police Returns From All But Seven Precincts Indicate That He Has 1,367 Plurality.

Police Returns From All But Seven Precincts Indicate That He Has 1,367 Plurality.

Mayor... HEMPSTEAD WASHBURN, rep. City Treasurer, JACOB THIRDEMAN, rep. City Attorney, W. F. RICHMOND, rep. City Clerk, JAS. B. VAN CLEAVE, rep.

Chicago, April 8.—At 3 o'clock this morning the police had received the returns from all the precincts. According to the Democratic leaders Hempstead Washburne received a plurality of 210. This result is not certain, although on the face of the returns it seems likely that Washburne is elected. At the time of this writing the result was being verified, and it may be found that a mistake was made in some of the footings. Shortly after midnight it

was believed that Cregier had been elected by a plurality of 400 in a mistake was discovered in one of the footings that changed the result. According to the latest Democratic returns the following is the result:

HEMPSTEAD WASHBURN.....46,123
CREGIER.....45,819
HARRISON.....35,835
ELMER WASHBURN.....2,704

All Chicago Democratic papers concede the probable election of Hempstead Washburne and the entire Republican city ticket.

Chicago, April 8.—The Times says: It is possible that Hempstead Washburne has won in the great majority light, and has by a very small plurality defeated Mr. Cregier. The incomplete returns would indicate this result, and the Times is in possession of no facts which would authorize it to make the claim that Mr. Cregier has been chosen.

The official count must settle the question, and the Mayor's political managers say they will give up only when the board of election commissioners declare the result.

The News says:

H. WASHBURN (Rep.).....46,123
CREGIER (Dem.).....45,819
HARRISON (Ind. Dem.).....35,835
E. WASHBURN (Ch.).....2,704
MORGAN (Sq.).....1,220

The above figures embrace all but seven precincts.

Other Illinois Towns.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 8.—Complete returns show that Rheena D. Lawrence, Republican, is elected Mayor of Springfield by 350 majority over Charles E. Hay, the present Democratic incumbent. The Democrats elect the remainder of the city ticket by about 200 majority.

The Republicans have gained two Aldermen, but still lack control of the city council.

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., April 8.—The Republicans swept the city, carrying the city and township ticket and electing five out of seven Aldermen.

GALESBURG, Ill., April 8.—L. A. Lawrence, anti-license candidate, was elected mayor. Three anti-license and two license Aldermen were elected.

THE RESULT IN MICHIGAN.

Republicans Carry the State by About 5,000 Plurality.

DETROIT, Mich., April 8.—Returns from the election indicate that Republicans have carried the State by about 5,000 plurality. There are many districts still to be heard from, however, and the vote is considerably closer, but it is not thought that later returns will make any material change in the result.

In the municipal elections in the larger cities the Democrats held their own and made large gains. Grand Rapids, Saginaw, Bay City, Lansing, Marshall, Adrian, Monroe, Pontiac, Easton Rapids, Mason, Hastings, St. Clair, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, Muskegon, St. Ignace, Manistee, Cheboygan, Ionia and Menominee elect Democratic Mayors, while the Republican candidates were successful in Battle Creek, Hillsdale, Charlevoix, Grand Haven, Leelanau, Velland, Flint, Big Rapids, Port Huron, Albion, Jackson, Kalamazoo and Corunna.

IN WISCONSIN.

Pinney Will Probably Have 30,000 Majority for Supreme Court Justice.

MADISON, Wis., April 8.—S. U. Pinney of Madison has been elected Associate Justice of the Wisconsin Supreme court, to succeed Chief Justice Cole, whose term expires next year. His majority over E. H. Ellis of Green Bay will probably be large. Pinney's majority from present indications may reach 30,000.

Belmont Not the Saloon Question.

BELOIT, Wis., April 8.—The city of Beloit met the saloon question and has gone for no license by 123 majority. The first victory for the prohibition people in thirty years. E. G. Smith, Republican, was elected mayor by 65 majority. The total vote was 1,600, the largest ever polled.

Ashtand Will Be "Wide Open."

ASHTAND, Wis., April 8.—The municipal election was very exciting and resulted in an overwhelming majority for O'Keefe and a "wide open" policy. The streets are filled with drunken men and riot and revel reign. O'Keefe's majority, 904. Political boss not drawn.

BARON FAVA'S RECALL.

It Causes Considerable Excitement at Washington.

The recall by the Italian government of Baron Fava, Italian minister to Washington, still continues to be the absorbing topic in diplomatic and official circles.

Dispatches from Rome give assurance that the action of the Italian government in withdrawing its minister from this country will lead to nothing more serious than a diplomatic controversy. Yesterday's reports that American citizens traveling in Italy were being held as hostages—and the basis of the recall is that the United States government has not given assurance that the murderers of the American magistrates and murdered in prison, while under immediate protection of the authorities of New Orleans, would be brought to justice.

The baron will soon leave the United States, leaving the secretary of legation in charge of only current affairs.

Official Circles Surprised.

The action by the Italian government caused the deepest surprise in official circles here when the fact became known. It had generally been supposed that the Italian government would at least await the action of the New Orleans grand jury which is charged with an investigation of the bloody episode at the New Orleans jail.

It is, however, that the information received from its representatives must have led that government to the conclusion that the grand jury investigation would fail to result in punishment or even indictment of any person connected with the killing of the Italians.

The letter of Gov. Nicholls in reply to Secretary Blaine was also regarded as evasive of the real point of issue—reparation for an alleged wrong—and the governor's assurances that further bloodshed would not follow, unaccompanied by an excuse for the failure of the State or municipal authorities to take precautions to prevent the killing, was, it is said, regarded by the Italian government with extreme dissatisfaction.

It appeared that the United States government had exhausted its resources.

NO MONEY FOR ITALY.

The State Department Cannot Promise Indemnity.

Washington telegram: There is no money in the hands of the State department available for paying Italy any indemnity and this may lead to another international misunderstanding. In Secretary Blaine's letter he spoke guardedly of an indemnity, but in Di Rudini's reply Italy notes the fact that the right of indemnity is conceded. As a matter of fact, there was no such concession. The department is without funds to permit an assurance of indemnity, and all it can do is to urge the next Congress to grant an indemnity.

Ship-builder Cramp says that if one of the Italian naval monsters got to our shore the little dynamite cruiser Vesuvius could drop a dynamite shell on the gunboat and blow her to pieces. But Secretary Tracy's last report said that the dynamite guns of the Vesuvius had never been perfected. They are not yet beyond the experimental stage.

ITALIANS PLOTTING MURDER.

Organized Movement to Avenge the Killing of the New Orleans Mafia.

Sebastian Galario, leader of the 350 Italians employed near Wampum, Pennsylvania, tell a strange story which he says shall be communicated to the authorities at once. Galario is a property-owner in Wampum and seemed to place considerable weight upon the information imparted. He said that yesterday a strange Italian, who resided in Pittsburg, called him aside and asked him if he would go into a plot to avenge his countrymen who had been killed at New Orleans. The stranger, who refused to give his name said that at least 20,000 Italians could be brought into Pittsburg in five hours' time and with the aid of guns and by surprising the citizens they would be able to take the city without much trouble.

A dispatch from Wheeling says that 2,000 Italians near Mountsview, now employed on the railroad, and who have been drilling, intend to go to New Orleans, though for what purpose they refuse to say.

ITALIANS GET REVENGE.

A Scotchman Loses His Life for Ap- plauding the New Orleans Lynchers.

Upon the railroad lines known as the Camden system in the center of Virginia, 700 Italians are working, and it is only once a week that news reaches them. At Altam report that the New Orleans riot was received while the Italians were discussing it among themselves the foreman of the gang, a Scotchman named McCutley, said the citizens of New Orleans did just right. The Italians became enraged and killed McCutley. They then mutilated his body in a terrible manner. The excitement among the Italians when they read the particulars of the killing of their countryman was intense. No arrests have been made.

WILL NOT RECEIVE BLAIR.

A Report that the Emperor of China Will Not Receive the New Minister.

The council of the Emperor of China has decided not to receive Senator Blair in his official capacity. The emperor's bodyguards announced that Mr. Blair was not a person of importance, which is the diplomatic phrase indicating that he is not acceptable to the imperial council, and presumably unacceptable to the Emperor himself.

A SUICIDE WELL PLANNED.

Henry W. Grady's Nephew Takes His Life in a Systematic Manner.

Near Augusta, Ark., a young man named Charles West, claiming to be a nephew of the late Henry W. Grady, committed suicide in the most deliberate and unusual manner. After ordering his burial suit and coffin he drove to the woods and shot himself through the heart. He was recently from Georgia, where he is thought to have been implicated in killing a man named Richards.

STRIKERS SHOT DOWN.

NINE MEN KILLED AND FORTY SERIOUSLY WOUNDED.

Bloody Riots Result From the Coke Troubles in Pennsylvania—Hard Fight at the Morewood Works.

A dispatch from Mount Pleasant, Pa., says that a mob of about five hundred men began rioting at the Standard works. They destroyed some of the company's property and then proceeded to cut the telephone and telegraph lines of the coke company so no warning could be sent to the people at Morewood.

In the meantime the company's employees at the Standard works hurriedly repaired the telephone lines and sent word to Morewood that the strikers would attack the works in three places and had a well-laid plan to destroy the whole plant.

The deputy sheriffs were soon in readiness to receive the attack. The men were divided into two parties, Capt. Lauer having charge of the party which was placed behind the big gates of the barn of the stable inclosure.

As the rioters passed the company's store they made an attack upon it and raided it as far as they could, in a brief time breaking the windows and doing other damage.

They then marched to the barn and attempted to break down the gates. They succeeded in doing this and as they entered Capt. Lauer called out to them to halt or he would fire upon them.

Their answer was to fire a rattling volley in the direction of the deputies, none of whom were seriously injured. Capt. Lauer then gave the order to fire. Two volleys were fired before the mob broke and ran.

The fight was brief and deadly. Two rounds of cartridges were fired by a band of sixty-five guards, and seven of the charging mob of strikers fell dead, while at least forty others were wounded—how badly cannot be definitely learned, as they were taken away by their companions.

A later report says that two of the strikers died from their wounds.

A private dispatch received from Greensburg says eleven men were killed and twenty-seven wounded in the Morewood riot. The dead miners are now being buried.

Sheriff Clawson of Westmoreland county sent Gov. Pattison a telegram saying that eight men were killed in the Morewood riot and that the situation was so threatening that the militia should be called out at once.

The dead men were carried into the company's store at Morewood. The strikers demanded the bodies of the victims but were refused, and the place was immediately surrounded by an armed mob of over two thousand men, who threatened to burn everything on the premises unless the dead bodies were given up. The feeling is very bitter among the workmen, who denounce the action of the deputies in no uncertain terms.

TROOPS ORDERED OUT.

Gov. Pattison Sends Soldiers to the Assistance of the Sheriff.

Pittsburg, Pa., telegram: The Governor has ordered the Tenth regiment to aid the sheriff of Westmoreland county in quelling the trouble in the coke region. The Eighteenth regiment of this city has been ordered to hold itself in readiness.

FIERCE TIRADE BY PARNELL.

Members of a Mob in Phoenix Park Anxious for a Lynching.

Dublin cablegram: Notwithstanding a steady downpour of rain fully two thousand persons assembled in Phoenix park to assist in the demonstration of the Amnesty association and protest against the continued imprisonment and alleged inhuman treatment of Irish and American political prisoners by the British government.

After speeches had been made by Mr. Kenney, Mr. Parnell and others, resolutions were passed calling upon Irishmen at home and abroad to put forth every effort to secure the release of their friends, and demanding that the government hasten the unconditional surrender of the prisoners.

Mr. Parnell's speech was a tirade against the liberals, whom he accused of always making political prisoners, while the conservatives released them. The same thing might occur again, and John Lally and others convicted of perjury during the liberal's term of office be liberated by the conservative government.

Why, he asked, did not Mr. Gladstone release these prisoners in 1887? He (Gladstone) did not hesitate to stoop to ascertain the opinions of dynamiters as to whether they would accept his home-rule bill of that year, and even went so far as to receive some of these people at Hawarden. Why did he not release the prisoners at that time?

Here a voice exclaimed: "Why did you not make conditions?" while cries of "Kill him," "Lynch him," were raised.

In reply to his question Mr. Parnell declared that the Irish party never made conditions with the government. The prisoners, he said, would rather rot in jail than accept anything but their unconditional release.

Notorious Confidence Men Arrested.

The two men arrested at Fayetteville, Ark., for swindling Capt. W. F. McDowell out of \$50,000 have been recognized as Chase and Campbell, the confidence men who are under indictment in DeKalb county Ill., and are wanted by Sheriff Ostrander for swindling John Wright out of \$3,000. They are the men who escaped from LaSalle county on straw bail.

M. COQUILLOT IS DEAD.

He Was Governor of Congo and Stanley's Right-Hand Man.

M. Coquillot, vice-Governor of Congo and Stanley's right-hand man, died in London, England.

Gen. Booth of the Salvation army is reported seriously ill.

The directors of the Mechanics and Traders' bank of New York offer a reward of \$5,000 for evidence to convict the parties who set afloat the rumors of the bank's insolvency.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

The excitement over the Italian affair has subsided, and it is not a topic of sufficient live interest to engage attention in fashionable drawing-rooms. Secretary Blaine is not yet prepared to make public anything throwing additional light on the situation, and unless there should be, contrary to all expectations, another bombshell as sudden and startling as the recall of Baron Fava, it is probable that the Italian entanglement will not again be a subject of all-engrossing public interest, and that it will take the usual tedious course of diplomacy.

There is some desire manifested to know the nature of the reply Secretary Blaine will make to the message of the Marquis du Rudini, but the Secretary evidently prefers less haste in the diplomatic affair, for he sent down word that there was nothing new in the situation and that his reply to Marquis du Rudini was not ready for publication.

The following information is furnished by the bureau of American republics:

The government of Honduras has granted to Messrs. F. W. Perry and F. M. Imboden, both citizens of the United States, a concession of land covering the entire region known as Mosquito, the payment for which is to be made in the construction of public works, including an army road from Tegucigalpa to the coast of the Caribbean sea, more than three hundred miles in length, and a canal twenty miles long, connecting the Mosquito lagoon with the Guaymas river.

In addition to these works Messrs. Perry and Imboden agree to erect one hundred miles of telegraph line, establishing communication by wire between the Mosquito region and the interior of the country. Active measures will at once be taken to induce immigrants to settle upon the lands of the concession, and liberal inducements are offered.

The government of Honduras has issued a decree continuing for another term of years the steamship company maintained by Messrs. De Leon and Alger, between Puerto Cortez, Belize and New Orleans.

The government of Guatemala has recently granted a concession to Messrs. Martin, Roberts & Co. for the construction of a canal thirty-two miles in length from

FOR THE LADIES.

SERIOUS AND LIGHT READING MATTER FOR THE GENTLE SEX.

A Kiss in the Dark—Debasement of Women—Who Should Bow First?—Minor Items—Pithy Points.

It was in the dark at the foot of the stairs where after the dance I traced her. I heard her step and I caught her there. And fondly kissed and embraced her.

She did not seem to take it amiss, and finding myself in a cloyer, I wasn't content with a single kiss, but I kissed her a dozen times over.

And I knew that I was not giving offense to her, for she seemed to like it. Ah, me! 'twas a blissful experience—How lucky I was to strike it!

Then a light appeared and I felt I took. With my mind on distraction's borders, I had caught and been kissing the colored cook.

Who was going up stairs for orders. —Cape Cod Item.

To complete the ecstasy of those who believe in the degradation of human labor, says a traveler, in Christian at Work, need I say that at Stockholm the debasement of woman is perhaps more thorough and complete than in any city of northern Europe? She, here, practically supplants the beasts of burden. And I am not altogether unfamiliar with woman's work in Europe. I have seen her round the pit mouth, at the forge, and bare-footed in the brick yards of "merry England," filling blast furnaces and tending coke ovens in "sunny France." I have daily watched her bearing the heat and burden of the day in the fields of the "Fatherland," and in Austria-Hungary doing the work of man and beast on the farm and in the mine.

I have seen women emerge from the coal-pits of "busy Belgium," where little girls and young women graduate underground as hewers of coal and drawers of carts, for it is no uncommon thing in Europe to hitch women and dogs together, that manufacturing may be done cheaply.

Aged, bent and sunburned, I have seen women, with rope over shoulders, toiling on the banks of canals and dykes in picturesque Holland. Having witnessed all this, I was not surprised to find in a city so beautiful and seemingly so rich and prosperous as Stockholm, women still more debased.

In Stockholm she is almost exclusively employed as hod-carrier and bricklayer's assistant. She carries bricks, mixes mortar, and, in short, does all the heavy work about the building. At the dinner-hour you see groups of women sitting on the piles of wood and stones eating their frugal repast. They wear a short gown, coming a trifle below the knee, with home-knitted woollen stockings and wooden shoes. Over the head a handkerchief is tightly tied. Those engaged in mixing mortar and tending plasterers wear aprons.

They are paid for a day of hard work of this sort, lasting twelve hours the magnificent sum of one kronor (equivalent to 1s. 1d.).

Who Should "Bow" First?

A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the question of whose place it is to bow first when a lady and gentleman meet upon the street or in any public assembly.

It is very absurd to say that a man should always wait until a lady has recognized him. In this, as in most other matters, common sense and mutual convenience are the only guides. Many ladies are near-sighted; many others find great difficulty in remembering faces. Are they, because of these drawbacks, to be always debarred of the pleasure of a chance meeting with some agreeable man?

The important thing, of course, is that a man should not presume; that, for instance, he should not speak to a lady to whom he has been merely introduced, unless she shows some sign of willingness to continue the acquaintance. Not to lift his hat to her with deference would be a rudeness, but he should not stop to speak unless she makes the first movement in that direction.

When two people meet who are really acquainted, it is not the man who should necessarily bow first, or the lady—it is whichever of them is the first to perceive and recognize the other.

If a lady is walking and meets a man whom she knows well, and who desires to speak with her, he will, of course, not commit the awkwardness of keeping her standing in the street, but if he has time will beg permission to join her for a few moments and walk beside her long enough for a brief chat.

The lady, on her part, will make it easy for him to leave her when they have exchanged the few pleasant sentences that belong to such a meeting. —Louis Chandler Moulton, in American Cultivator.

A Chicago Train.

They stood aside in an alcove watching the dancer, the flying feet, flushed faces and the gorgeous dresses.

As one girl with an immense train swept by, she in the alcove said: "That dreadful Chicago girl! How ill-bred she is!"

"How can you say so?" said he cynically. "Is it not all apparent that she is well trained?"

"No," with another look at the sweeping train, "she is overtrained." And they wandered out to take as much of the air as the violins could not get. —St. Joseph News.

A Ready Answer.

Lord Fitzcarrington: Gadi British noblemen furnish the money to run your American industries.

Miss A.: Yes; but American wives furnish the money to run your British noblemen. —Texas Baptist and Herald.

How Should She Treat Him?

One of my girl correspondents has written this: "A young man I have known since I was a little child persists in calling me by my first name before entire strangers, and has a decidedly unpleasant manner that would suggest, to anybody who didn't know us, either that I was a girl of no refinement, or that I was engaged to be married to him, and that his manners were very bad. What shall I do?" This is what you shall do. You have known the young man all your life; the next time you see him tell him you have something to say to him, and set an hour when he shall pay you a visit. Of course, beforehand, tell your mother all about it, and don't do anything of which she would disapprove. When he comes just state the case to him plainly, quietly, and with dignity. Tell him that it hurts you; tell him that you can't permit it, and in addition, that if he continues to do as he does, unpleasant as it may be, you will have to entirely drop his acquaintance. If he is a gentleman, who has been a little thoughtless, your first words will be enough, and he will respect you all the more for what you have said. If he is neither gentle, nor a man, but simply a rude fellow, he will grow angry, and the loss of his acquaintance will mean nothing to you. Harsh? No, I don't think so. It is these horrible little familiarities of speech or action that make other men think that they can be equally familiar with you, and your own self-respect demands that you should not promptly and decisively at such a time. Will you take my advice? I can assure you it is good. Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Warlike Widow.

Widow Mary Bailey, who dwells by herself in a lonely house in the outskirts of Chester village, in the Connecticut valley, went into her bedroom to go to bed the other night, set her lamp on a table, glanced at the window, and saw an ugly looking face glaring at her through a pane. She picked up the lamp, returned to the kitchen, threw open the door, and called: "What do you want?"

Thereat the owner of the face at the window, a burly tramp, advanced to the door and strode into the house.

"What do you want?" asked the woman in a resolute tone.

"I want something to eat," was the reply, "and I want it right off, too."

Whereupon Mrs. Bailey stepped quickly into an adjoining room, returned in a moment with a big revolver that was cocked, lifted it to her eye, sighted it at the tramp, and said tersely, "You get out!" The tramp made a feint to bluster, but evidently didn't fancy the black muzzle of the weapon that confronted him, and he backed out of the house saying: "I'll be back here later with my gang and do you up."

Mrs. Bailey looked the door, set the lamp on the table, and took a seat. She looked at her kitchen window, and what a sight! There for her appointment with "the gang." Finally, at about midnight the tramp returned and undertook to set fire to the house but Mrs. Bailey opened a window, thrust her pistol across the window ledge and invited her visitor to retire again. He retired. Mrs. Bailey is now famous in the whole river valley. —Banner of Light.

Why Big Men Have Little Wives.

There is a very general and ancient impression that big men in choosing wives prefer small women. At first glance this would appear to be true, because the number of big men with little wives is certainly in an overwhelming majority as against them. In the five years I have held my office I have learned a thing or two through the medium of the marriage license office, and it is my impression that it is not that big men prefer little women, but that little women prefer big men, and it is the experience of the world-wide that what a woman wants and starts out to get she generally captures. —Globe-Democrat.

She Stopped the Train.

A train in Georgia was lately held up by a lone woman. It had got about 200 yards from a station when a negro woman was seen running frantically after it. The conductor saw her, pulled the bell, and the train came to a stop. A colored brakeman stood on the steps and reached his hand out to help the woman on. But she ran on by, and a negro boy hung himself out of the window and kissed her. The conductor was naturally a little wrathful, and told her so. She told him that her boy was going off, and they didn't give her time to tell him good-by, and she had to do it if she would have to follow the train ten miles. —Chicago Tribune.

Gratulations of Mankind.

"I am sorry to learn your mother is ill," said the sympathizing teacher to the little girl who had come in late. "Is she sick now?" "Not quite," replied the truthful child. "She's just sick-a-sofa." —Chicago Tribune.

A Theory.

Miss St. Fashion: "I cannot understand how the delicate and refined Miss Greendell, the poetess, could marry an Indian."

Miss Brownstone (after reflection): "Perhaps he was rich." —Good News.

All the Same to Her.

At the grocery's. "Give me half a pound of tea, please."

"Black or green, Miss?"

"I don't care which. My mistress is blind."

From Harper's Bazar.

"Was your elopement a success?" "Hardly."

"What went wrong?"

"Her father telegraphed us not to return, and all would be forgiven."

THE CAMP FIRE.

GATHERING AROUND IT IN A REMINISCENT MOOD.

Indians as Enlisted Men—A Letter in a Button—Confederate Prisoners on Their Travels, Etc., Etc.

The enlistment of Indians to form 8 troops and 19 companies in as many cavalry and infantry regiments is an important step toward a solution of the "Indian problem." It is, of course, an experiment, but one from which no harm can come to the new recruits or to the service. It may be productive of good, certainly to the Indians, probably to the Army.

The use of subject tribes under white officers has proved successful in the British occupation of India, and there are many who believe that it solved a difficult problem there. In the use of Indians as scouts our Army made a step toward the present experiment.

The War Department does not expect to escape difficulties in the organization of these Indian companies. It may be very slow recruiting, especially for the infantry, as the Indian has a prejudice to life out of the saddle, but among the Navajos and some other of the tribes of Arizona and New Mexico may be induced to take service in the infantry. These Indians, it is said, do most of their fighting and trailing on foot, and will readily adapt themselves to infantry life.

The conditions of enlistment will be about the same as those governing white recruits, excepting, of course, a requirement of a knowledge of English and testimonials of previous moral character, which the life of the Indian has made it unreasonable to insist upon.

The authorized enlisted strength of the army remains at 25,000, and if the Indian enlistments prove successful the secretary will ask Congress to increase the strength of the army, so as to include the 1,500 Indian recruits that are hoped for. At present the enlisted strength is 23,000, and some difficulty is now encountered in securing white and negro recruits.

The Indian companies will have separate quarters, but in all other respects will be treated as other soldiers are. They will be required to enlist for five years. Doubtless experience will suggest to the War Department and to the officers assigned to the Indian companies variations in clothing, food, equipments, and, perhaps, in discipline; but those most familiar with the Indians when employed as scouts assert that the intelligence of the Indians is likely to be of a higher order than that of the negro or the average white recruit. Those favorable to the present experiment believe that the influence of discipline upon the moral, mental and physical condition of the Indian recruits will be as plainly seen quite as soon as it is upon any other material from which our army is drawn. —Army and Navy Register.

A Letter in a Button.

A most unique relic of the late war is possessed by George Clutch, of Columbus, Ind. It is a button off a private soldier's uniform. During the latter part of the war Mr. Clutch's brother-in-law, J. F. Gallaher, whose home is in Ohio, had the misfortune to be captured by the Confederates and confined in Libby prison. After Mr. Gallaher had been there some time he began to feel the need of money, which would enhance his prospect of reaching the Union lines should he succeed in making his escape. A surgeon of his regiment, who was in the prison, was about to be exchanged. He cut off one of the large brass buttons from his uniform, and separating the two parts of it, made a cavity by taking out the filling. He then wrote on a slip of blank paper, in a small but distinct hand, the following note to his wife, which he inclosed in the cavity and again sealed the button together.

DEAR WIFE—

If we are not exchanged by the 1st of December, send me \$30 in greenbacks. Put in a valise with a can of tomatoes or blackberries. Send it in a box of provisions.

J. F. GALLAHER.

This note is well preserved, and was still resting snugly in its place in the button when shown recently by Mr. Clutch. "To continue the story the button was made to take the place of another on the uniform of the exchanged surgeon, who reached home and delivered it to Mrs. Gallaher in due time. It could not have escaped the close scrutiny of the officers had it been conveyed out of the prison in any other manner, as the officers were particularly to search all of the exchanged prisoners, including the surgeon, most minutely. Mr. Gallaher did not have much hope that his scheme would succeed, even should the note reach his wife, but he was surprised, for the fruit arrived in a short time, and although closely inspected by the prison officials they failed to discover the val containing the money concealed in one of the jars of thick preserves. Soon after receiving the money Mr. Gallaher succeeded in making his escape from the prison, being one of the chief participants in the great tunnel expedition. He found the \$30 obtained in no novel a manner to be of great service to him in reaching the Union lines. —Ex.

Confederate Prisoners on Their Travels.

"We were to be sent to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie."

Our route lay over the Erie Railroad, and we made the trip on parole. The guards placed at each door of our coach were for our comfort only, as we were objects of marked curiosity during the trip and would have been overrun with visitors had not admittance been refused. At the different stations we mingled freely with the

people on the platform and found them, with few exceptions, courteous but inquisitive. We were, no doubt, a disappointing lot. There was nothing in our apparel to mark the Rebel soldier, and as we mingled with the crowd surprise was freely expressed that we were not as their fancy painted us, though just what shape that fancy took I never learned. The ladies, as was the case both North and South, were intensely patriotic, and read us severe and no doubt salutary lectures on the evil of our ways, which were submissively and courteously received and duly pondered. There was one question that you could safely wager would be asked by five out of ten, and that was, "Do you honestly think you are right?" This conundrum was offered to me so often that I was obliged to answer it. I answered in President Lincoln's style by stating that it "reminded me," and told them of the couple who took their bridal trip on an ocean steamer with the usual result. As the husband would return from sundry trips to the rail of the vessel his young wife would inquire, "Reginald, darling, are you sick?" To which he at last replied, "Good heavens! Rebecca do you think I am doing this for fun?" —The Century.

What Became of the Cow.

As I have never seen anything in the papers from the boys of the 57th Ill., it would seem that such a regiment never existed. The following incident which is no doubt well remembered by many comrades, should wake them up, and be the cause of letting their old friends know they are still on earth.

In March, 1862, just before the battle of Shiloh, the 57th Ill. was in camp about half a mile back from the river. Only a few weeks before a sleek cow, somewhat resembling a Jersey, made her appearance, and was at once declared "contraband." She became attached to the regiment, and as she was in prime condition, the Hospital Steward was instructed to care for her. She furnished her daily quota of milk, which was relished by all in the hospital at the time, and to state that her presence was welcome would be to state it mildly. During the bloody 6th and 7th days of April she disappeared, only to return to the regiment after the battle was over. During the march to and through the siege of Corinth, she was in constant attendance upon the boys, and gave them a feeling of home-like content. After the siege I was confined in the hospital, and the milk furnished by "Bossy" made a welcome addition to my cup of black coffee.

Some time during October the cow suddenly disappeared. Whether she was made into beef by some other regiment or appropriated for other use, the 57th never knew. Can any comrade tell anything about "Bossy's" fate? —Wm. Kanth, 57th Ill., in National Tribune.

Lacquer for War Vessels.

There arrived at San Francisco from Japan by the steamer China two packages addressed to the United States Navy Department, Washington, D. C. It was learned that the contents of these cases were four plates of iron and steel, each four feet square. These plates are covered with four coats of anti-fouling and anti-corrosive lacquer. They will be subjected to a test of submergence in salt water for three months, in order to ascertain whether the process can be applied to the ships of the "White Squadron."

It is said by those who have seen the Japanese steel warships having this lacquer on their bottoms, instead of the usual paint, that the plates were thoroughly protected, and that the lacquer coating was perfectly smooth and unbroken. The bottom of the warship Niniwa Kan was coated with this lacquer for nine months. When the vessel was docked it was found that its plates were in excellent condition, and not the least particle of grass or barnacles was found.

Colored People Pleased.

The colored citizens of Washington are happy. The war department has definitely decided to bring a troop of colored cavalry—I of the Ninth—to Fort Meyer as a reward for its services in the recent Indian campaign. No greater honor could be paid a troop, white or colored, than this, for in addition to being the most delightful cavalry station in the country, Fort Meyer has been officially designated as the haven of rest for the troops that have made themselves conspicuous in military achievements. Besides, the troops stationed there have the additional distinction of being the guard of honor to the President on occasions of official ceremony. Troop K of the Seventh Cavalry (white) will also be rewarded for its gallant conduct in the Wounded Knee battle by a period at Fort Meyer. The troops named will come East, relieving the two troops at present stationed here, about May 1.

Grant's Monument.

A former officer of the United States Army, who saw General Sherman in New York several weeks before his death, said that the latter expressed great indignation at the continued talk and inaction about a monument for General Grant. He said: "It is enough to make General Grant turn in his grave to have all this talk and begging going on for a monument over his body. I know that all Grant would have over wished would have been a plain marble slab, something to mark his last resting-place, and no more. I hope that when I am gone no one will talk about a monument over me. A good piece of white marble is enough for any soldier or any

A MASSACRE IN INDIA.

NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE KILLED IN A FIGHT.

Two Days of Desperate Fighting—The Trouble Originated in a Feud Between Rival Rajahs.

A dispatch from Manipur, Assam, brings news of a disaster to a force of native troops there. It seems that James W. Quinton, the chief commissioner of Assam, has recently been investigating some serious troubles which have occurred among the native chiefs. As a result of his investigation the chief commissioner was holding a durbar or conference with the notables of Assam with the view of arresting one of the prominent chiefs who had been instrumental in depositing the Rajah.

The chief commissioner, while pursuing his inquiries into the disputes between the chiefs, occupied a camp which was garrisoned by a strong force of Ghoorkas, native infantry in the British service. Suddenly this camp was attacked by a number of hostile tribes, led by their chiefs. A two days' battle, during which some desperate fighting took place, followed the onslaught of the tribesmen.

The Ghoorkas fought most determinedly against heavy odds and according to the report 470 of the Ghoorkas were killed. Seven of the British officers who accompanied the chief commissioner and that official have been reported to be missing.

The massacre originated in a feud between the Rajah of Manipur and a leading tribal chief. The Rajah was deposed and he appealed to the viceroy. Mr. Quinton was sent to settle the trouble and started from the headquarters at Shillong with the Forty-second and Forty-fourth Ghoorka light infantry.

After crossing the frontier Mr. Quinton summoned the chiefs to a durbar at Manipur for the purpose of arresting the rebellious chief. The tribesmen, pretending to obey the summons, mustered in force and at midnight on the day before that on which the durbar was to be held suddenly attacked the camp of Commissioner Quinton, which lay between Kohima and Manipur.

The attempt to surprise the camp failed and the tribesmen were driven back. They returned, however, and kept up the attack and siege night and day for forty-eight hours. Finally the ammunition of the Ghoorkas gave out and Commissioner Quinton was obliged to give the order: "Save your gun powder." During the fight the camp scouts were sent out to try to communicate with Shillong, but they never returned. The Manipur natives cut the telegraph wires and killed the messengers. Fugitives report that a general massacre followed the taking of the camp. There is reason for believing that the estimate that 470 were killed is incorrect.

The viceroy of India has abandoned his tour and has started for Simla. Five regiments and a mountain battery have been ordered to Manipur.

Quashed the Eight-Hour Indictments.

Judge Lotz, in Muncie, Ind., heard the cases in which the grand jury had found three indictments against Supt. Kennedy of the pulp mills on the charge of violating the eight-hour law by compelling his employees to work ten and one-half hours a day. The court quashed the indictments, holding that the statute only applies to parties having contracts with the State or municipal corporations, and that it does not apply to private persons or corporations who employ mechanics or workmen.

Aged Colored Woman Burned.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—Frances Lewis, an old colored woman was burned to death in her room here this morning, her clothes taking fire from the fireplace near which she was sleeping on her chair.

MARKET REPORT.

Chicago.	
BEVER—Extra 1,500 @ 1.50	
Good to fancy steers	5.5 @ 6.0
Poor to medium	5.0 @ 5.5
Cows	4.5 @ 5.0
Veal calves	3.5 @ 4.0
MILK COWS—per head	20.00 @ 25.00
HOES—Mixed	4.20 @ 4.50
SHOES—Native	4.50 @ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1.0 @ 1.25
CORN—No. 2	.6 @ .65
OATS—No. 2	.5 @ .55
POTATOES—per bushel	1.10 @ 1.20
POULTRY—Chickens, dressed per lb.	.08 @ .12
Ducks, dressed, per lb.	.12 @ .15
Turkeys, dressed, per lb.	.14 @ .18
BUTTER—Choice creamery	.18 @ .20
Low grades	.06 @ .10
CHEESE—Full cream	.11 @ .12
OF grades	.04 @ .07
EGGS—Fresh, per dozen	.10 @ .12
St. Louis.	
BEVER—Choice natives	4.0 @ 5.00
HOES—Choice	.0 @ 4.0
SHEEP—No. 2	4.0 @ 4.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.0 @ 1.20
CORN—No. 2	.6 @ .65
OATS—No. 2	.5 @ .55
Milwaukee.	
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.01 @ 1.03
CORN—No. 2	.6 @ .65
OATS—No. 2	.5 @ .55
Detroit.	
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.0 @ 1.0
CORN—No. 2	.6 @ .65
OATS—No. 2	.5 @ .55
Kansas City.	
BEVER—Grain and corn-fed	4.00 @ 5.00
STEEPS—Grass range	1.50 @ 3.00
HOES	3.0 @ 4.0
WHEAT—No. 2	.0 @ .30
CORN—No. 2	.5 @ .6
OATS—No. 2	.5 @ .55

MURDERED AT OOSHEN, IND.

Alexander Snyder Found Dead in His Bed—Two Tramps Arrested.

OOSHEN, Ind., April 7.—Alexander Snyder, an old citizen, was found dead in his bed this morning with a great slash in the side of his head which looked as though it might have been inflicted with a club. No signs of a struggle were evident. Two tramps who were found shortly after the discovery of the crime with some of Snyder's things in their possession were arrested and put in jail. They were seen lurking about Mr. Snyder's residence last night.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

Fire destroyed the Central house at Prairie du Chien.

A Milwaukee section of the Socialist party was established.

Bank-wrecker Glassen was recently sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

Johnson & Co.'s dry goods store at Stoughton was burned. Loss \$30,000.

President Kingsley, of Milwaukee college, will take a party of ten to Europe.

Henry Kenkert, aged 10, was found helplessly intoxicated on the street in Milwaukee.

One of the most notorious places in Northern Wisconsin was destroyed by fire at Minocqua.

John Plankinton, Milwaukee's most prominent citizen and a well known philanthropist, is dead.

The house of ex-Speaker T. H. Mills, of Millston, with most of the contents, was destroyed by fire.

Mrs. Sophia Kraemer, the shoplifter, was sent to the house of correction at Milwaukee for six months.

George Gerhard, of Milwaukee, a barber, is accused of having fired his house to secure the insurance.

Edward McGovern tried to shoot Katie Broadhead at Milwaukee because she refused to marry him.

Ferdinand Troitz, aged 63, hanged himself in the jail in Milwaukee, where he was in custody for arson.

At Watkesha occurred the death of Mrs. R. A. Gove, nee Addie Duffield, formerly of Galveston, Tex.

Roland D. Salisbury, professor of geology at Beloit college, has refused to enter the service of the government.

A man giving his name as Robert Walters, a fugitive from justice from Germany, committed suicide at Milwaukee.

Fond du Lac and adjacent counties are suffering from an epidemic of gripple, and 50 per cent of the adult population is affected.

Woodmen are coming out of the pines. There will be no serious shortage of logs, as everything favors a good spring rise in the rivers.

Instructions were received at the Ashland land office not to accept bids by mail on the Oshkosh lands to be opened to settlers April 17.

Fire broke out in John Mullinger's planing mill and carpenter shop, destroying the building and contents. The loss is \$1,000, fully insured.

The dead body of Nelson E. Hinds, a wealthy resident of St. Francis, was found with a bullet-hole through the head. He committed suicide.

A young son of A. Nickerson and a son of Mr. Harget, each aged 14, died suddenly at Prairie du Chien of nicotine poisoning after smoking cigars.

Watkesha prides herself on having one of the sixtiest men now living who served in the war of 1812, namely, Silas Ware, now 92 years of age.

The first State association of Patrons of Industry was organized near Beloit a year ago. Now there are nearly 100 associations, with a membership of over 6,000.

Richard Hinchman, a young man who stole several hundred pounds of brass at the J. L. Case shop, Racine, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to Waupun for one year.

W. D. Bacon, one of the early settlers in Waukesha county, and formerly prominent in State politics, is dangerously ill, and recovery is despaired of. He is 73 years old.

Fred W. Staples, who killed David Seely at Staples, Jan. 17, pleaded guilty of manslaughter in the fourth degree and was sentenced to thirty days in jail and a fine of \$500.

Scarlet fever prevails to an alarming extent in several of the towns in Southern Wisconsin. At Belmont, Fairplay, and Benton the public schools have been closed.

The women of Berlin will make another attempt to vote. Having been informed that the Union women voted in full, they see no reason why their vote should not be accepted.

Adam Volk, who killed Daniel Ahern of Chicago, at Logtown, last July, was sentenced at Jarrow to fourteen years at hard labor. He was convicted of murder in the second degree.

Mr. and Mrs. August Telly, of Caledonia, Ill., came to Madison on their wedding trip. The groom was taken ill with a heart difficulty and died. The bride of a week is prostrated with grief.

The Assembly passed the bill to prevent the sale of narcotics to minors when forbidden by the parents, and the Senate concurred in the bill forbidding the employment of children under 12 years of age.

Edward March was sentenced to one year in the house of correction at Milwaukee for forgery. He formerly worked for C. Iverson & Co., and on leaving their employ carried goods on forged orders.

Weakness resulting from an attack of the grip caused E. G. Asmus to fall down stairs at his residence near Milwaukee. A lamp, which he carried in his hand, exploded, setting fire to the house and causing a loss of \$5,000.

Flavius Josephus Mills, who died in a hospital in Chicago, was a pioneer journalist of Wisconsin. He established the first newspaper in Sheboygan county, having carried the type and press from Milwaukee in a wagon.

Spring politics are exciting in Racine. Charles E. Case, the nominee for the Baptist church, Racine, conducted by Rev. H. H. Pratt and the gospel singer, J. A. Birchoff. They have been largely attended, and over 200 persons have professed conversion.

Joseph White, it is alleged, broke into a store at Eau Claire December 31, stole and concealed \$1,500 worth of goods, fled to St. Paul, was arrested eight days

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF WIT AND HUMOR.

The Man Who Liked a Joke—He Had an "Object"—A Sensitive Patron—Tempting Justice—Johnny's Great Head—Also, He Done It.

THE MAN WHO LIKED A JOKE.

His life had bright and cheerful been,
Good fortune on him smiled;
His brow was smooth, his eyes serene,
His temper soft and mild;
No trouble ever came his way
His patience to provoke,
Until he said to friends one day—
"I like to hear a joke."

From that time forth he was a wreck,
His life was dark and sad;
He lost his peace and self-respect
And drifted to the bad.
And men would point to him and say:
"There goes the weary bloke,
With figure bowed and hair so gray,
Who likes to hear a joke."

For men of every sort and class—
Each with his funny tale—
Would seize him as he tried to pass
Their humor to unveil.
And so it chanced one day, alas!
His heart in anguish broke—
They laid beneath the frozen grass
The man who liked a joke.—H. D. Muir.

Accommodating.

Young Wife—John, mother says she wants to be cremated.
Young Husband—Tell her if she'll put on her things I'll take her down this morning.—Texas Sittings.

Putting on Appearances.

Dobson—I feel certain that Jenkins is in financial distress.
Noblit—Why?
Dobson—He is beginning to live very extravagantly.—Epoch.

The Machine and the Maiden.

Brown—These large cabinet machines take up a great deal of space. I wish somebody would invent a typewriter that one could hold on his knee.
Smith—I've got one.

A Windy Day.

Mistress—"What is that noise? Have the children come in from school?"
Maid—"No, mum. It's only the north wind of the house tumbling down."—New York Weekly.

Just as Bad.

Brooklyn Mother—Is that one of those horrid dime novels you are reading?
Her Little Son—Yes'm.

Mother—Oh, dear! The next thing you will be reading the New York papers.—Brooklyn Life.

Didn't Catch Pa.

Tommy—Did you do much fighting during the war, pa?
Pa—Did my share of it, Tommy.

Tommy—Did you make the enemy run?
Pa—You're right, I did, Tommy.
Tommy—Did they catch you, pa?
Boston Courier.

A Chance to Rise.

Young Man—I see you advertise a vacancy in your establishment. I should like to have a position where there will be a chance to rise.
Merchant—Well, I want a man to open up and sweep out. You will have a chance to rise every morning at five o'clock.—New York Weekly.

Unintentional.

"What did you break the window for?" asked the court. "I didn't intend to do it, your Honor. Ask the policeman if I did." "No, sir," corroborated the officer; "he was throwing the brick at his wife."—Philadelphia Times.

Conjugal Reflections.

"Wake up, Maria!" exclaimed Jinglepopp the other night. "I hear burglars!"
"Really?" retorted his better half, with great sarcasm. "But you'd better lie down and go to sleep. With those ears it's a great wonder, Hiram, dear, you didn't hear a regiment of anarchists and a battering ram!"

Credentials Sufficient.

Young Usher (in fashionable church)—"Take a look at that stranger down there waiting to be seated. That's a cheap John suit he has on, isn't it?"
Old Usher (after a critical examination)—"No, that's the new style of French goods; cost \$50, if a cent. Show him to a front pew."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Proof and Punishment One.

Primus—Howard says the phenologist he consulted was a fraud.
Secundus—How so?
Primus—He told Howard his bump of memory was abnormally large, and yet Howard says "came off and forgot to pay the man his fee."

All Full.

Applicant—Can I get board at your house, ma'am?
Landlady—No, sir; sorry, but we're full.
Will you put me down on your list? Yes, but that's full just now!
Isn't it strange that your husband should have sent me here?
Not at all; he is full, too!

They Were Dudes.

Editor Western Cyclone—This here correspondent out on Cowskin creek is tryin' to swing on air. In writin' up a party he says "All the society dudes was present." Dudes! Xavi!
Foreman—He means that several of the fellers was wearin' coats and one or two had collars on. My brother was there an' seen 'em.—Munsey's Weekly.

One Detail Yet Lacking.

Friend—Gogson, how is your airship getting along?

Inventor—It is complete with the exception of one little detail I have not yet perfected. I shall take that up next.

"What is it?"
"A mere trifle that I can think out at any time. The principal feature of my invention is a safety net that will trail along under the airship to prevent accidents. It will make navigating the air absolutely free from danger. In the making of that net I have revolutionized the whole business."
"But how is the net itself to be kept from falling to the ground when anything happens to your airship?"
"That is the little detail I haven't worked out yet."

Rough On the Prodigal.
Father (to prodigal returned from Chicago)—Oh, my son, how could you worry us all so?
Prodigal—When we quarrelled over my spending money you told me to go to hell, didn't you?
Father—Yes, but I didn't tell you to go to Chicago. Poor boy!—N. Y. Herald.

A Sensitive Patron
"You've got a fellow in there that won't wait on me again, not much," said an irate customer, as he emerged from the dining room and slapped his check down before the hotel clerk.
"What's the trouble, sir?" asked the clerk.

"I'm not stingy," continued the customer, "and don't mind giving tips; but when a waiter hangs round when a fellow is nearly through eating, and whistles 'Do Not Forget Me, I think it is about time something was done.'"
The offer of a 25-cent cigar seemed to wonderfully pacify the enraged customer.—Boston Herald.

Tempting Justice,
Judge Erebus—Well, gentlemen er de jury, has yer cogitated on the verdict?
Foreman—We hab, judge.

Whar as it am yo' functions ter spresserly de same.
Jesso, judge! We darfo' perclains dat pris'n'er am gilty er 'salt on bat'ry.
Massy on us! Didn't he kill deman? Suttinly he kilt 'im, oo' honah, but yo' see de remains wuz mo' dayninety-ii' year ol' an' could'n last for de de season anyway, so we on'y jus got de right ter charge de pris'n'er with a suttin percenterum ob de z'ult.—Boston Courier.

Johnny's Great Head.
Mrs. Quidnunc—You must be very fond of reading, Johnny; I never see you without a book.

Johnny—Yes'm.
What are you reading?
I don't know, mum.
You don't know?
No'm; I just hold the book, 'cause when ma sees me with a book, she says to pa. "Now don't disturb that boy; don't you see how he studies? He'll make a great professor or something; let him alone and go and split the wood yourself."—Boston Courier.

Also, He Done It.

Advocate—"Now, sir, what led to the assault?" Plaintiff (deaf): "Yes, sir." Advocate (loudly): "What caused the defendant to assault you?" Plaintiff (still deaf): "Hear!" Advocate (roaring): "What made him hit you?" Plaintiff—"Wal, you see, aquire, it was this way: 'I called him a dad-danged liar. Sez he, 'If you don't take that back I'll knock a bale o' hay out of you.' 'Advocate—"What ensued?" Plaintiff—"Hear!" Advocate stentorially—"What followed?" Plaintiff (cheerfully)—"Also he done it."—Life.

He Had an Object.

"Gentlemen," he said, as he approached the four of us seated in a row in the waiting-room, "It grinds me to the soul to be obliged to ask favors of strangers, but I've got to do it right here and now."

"What's your case?" asked the man on my left, who looked like a judge.

"I've lost a wife and five children."

"Then my house burned down and I got no insurance."

"Well?"

"Then I fell out of a tree and broke my leg, and didn't walk for a year."

"Well?"

"Then I sold a piece of real estate—the only property I had—and a fellow robbed me of every cent."

"Well?"

"Then I got a heavy cold, consumption set in, and one of my lungs is gone and the other going."

"Well, I'm ragged, poor, hungry, and sick, and want money to buy a supper and pay for a night's lodging."

"I see. You are hard up, indeed. I should think you were tired of life."

"I have just one object in living."

"And that?"

"When I was a boy, 10 years old, and lived in Vermont I stole a watermelon from a farmer. My crime was never discovered, but it has weighed like lead on my conscience and I know it has hastened my end. I want to live long enough and collect money enough to enable me to return to Vermont, go to that farmer's house, and, standing before him, say:

HOW TREY MAKE MONEY.

BUT THEY CANNOT POCKET A SINGLE DOLLAR.

An Interesting Description of the Government Money Mill—The Bureau of Engraving and Printing Visited.

Coming out upon the wide, stretching plain, over which the Washington Monument keeps silent guard, you see a large brick building, ornamented by a tower and a waving flag. Every morning at eight o'clock nearly 1,000 people pass under its arched doorway, and at five o'clock they come out again. In the meantime they make money, make it in a purely business way, as a modiste fashions gowns to earn a daily living. Besides the national currency, they make there bank notes, internal revenue stamps, and silver and gold certificates.

This building is known as the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. When congress has authorized a new series of notes, the first thing done in the bureau is to draw what is called the model. This is generally a pen-and-ink drawing of the proposed note, and when finished it is submitted to the secretary of the treasury.

When the model has been approved the next step is the engraving of the plate. This is done in a large, well-lighted room on the first floor. The steel used for this work is imported from England and the instruments from Paris. To engrave one note twelve workmen are employed. The vignette is done by one, the portrait by another, the border by another, and so on. This engraving is a tedious process, as it requires the greatest care. Six weeks is the shortest time in which a portrait can be engraved. The highest salary paid the engraver is \$5,000.

When, after many weeks, all the engravings are finished, an impression of each section is taken upon a solid plate of steel, each part being placed in the position it would occupy upon the note. This plate is hardened, and across its surface a small steel roller is passed. The impression from the plate appears on the roller as a raised surface, and when this is hardened it forms a die. This in turn is rolled by great pressure upon a plate of soft steel. Four impressions of the die are made on one plate, so that four faces, or backs, of the notes are printed at one time. This transfer process allows any number of plates to be made.

From the engraving room the plate goes upstairs to the printer. Every printer has a woman assistant to place the paper upon the plate. There are nearly 200 printers, and each will take from 500 to 1,000 impressions every day. These men are paid by the number of impressions they take; hence they are careful not to waste a minute of time, and the majority of them earn about \$5 a day each. The woman, or girl, who places the paper on the plate, works just as hard in her way, but as she receives a fixed salary, she earns only about \$1.25 a day.

When the sheet of notes has been printed on both sides and examined and counted many times, they are sent to the numbering room. The numbering is done by women, fifty-six in all, who operate machines. The machines number as high as 99,999,999.

The sides of these sheets are trimmed by machinery, and when this is done they represent four perfect notes, lacking only the red seal, which is put on at the treasury. When this seal is printed on the note the latter represents the coin of the land. The paper upon which the money is printed is made in Dalton, Massachusetts, of selected linen rags bought from rag dealers. It is shipped to the treasury and from there sent to the bureau, where it is placed for three days in the wetting room to be thoroughly dampened. Then it is given to the printers, one hundred sheets at a time to each one.

A sheet of paper is counted fifty-two times from the minute it enters the building not worth a whole cent, to the time it leaves, sometimes worth \$40,000. The counters are women, and each one is required to put her initials on every package she counts.

Every evening the plates, with the initials of the printer they belong to, all the dies and pieces of steel are locked up and receipted for. There is a vault in the second story where, at the end of each day, every scrap of printed paper, finished or unfinished, is locked. This vault is the size of an ordinary room and is lighted by electricity. It will hold 50,000,000 one dollar notes.

There are two steel doors to the vault, with combination and time locks. One of the doors opens by a combination of the letters of the alphabet, the other by a combination of figures. These doors are in charge of the accountant and custodian of the vault. They are locked every evening and it is the duty of the custodian, whenever a new combination is made, to write it on a slip of paper, place it in an envelope, seal it with wax and the seal of the bureau, and give it to the chief of the bureau. Then, if he is unable to be at his post the following morning, the chief of the bureau opens the door of the vault.

No Imported Seratchers.

Blamark's last story concerns Nicholas L. of Russia. The czar suffered from a disease that his physicians told him could be relieved only by a rubbing of the spine. Nicholas was anxious enough to try the prescription, for he was in great pain, but in all his court he had no one whom he would trust to give him the treatment. So eventually he sent a courier all the way to Berlin with a written request that Frederick William II. should send him five non-commissioned officers of the guards to rub the czar's back. The officers were sent, rubbed the czar's

back for a few weeks, and were then dismissed to Berlin with presents of \$1,500 each.

In speaking of the matter to the Prussian King subsequently the czar said: "I trust my Russians as long as I can look them in the eye, but to let them go to work at my own back—that is more than I care to risk."

PERSIAN PASTIMES.

How People Sometimes Amuse Themselves in the Shah's Land.

Excepting their great religious drama or passion play, called the "Tazieh," the Persians have no dramatic amusements such as afford entertainment to other people. They partly make up for this lack by listening to professional story-tellers and strolling musicians. They are also addicted to card-playing, although with much less variety of games than with European cards. Games of chance are forbidden in the Koran; so also are pictures or sculptures of human beings; but the facile, pleasure-loving Persians have found means to evade the precepts of the prophet of these points.

Next to the "Tazieh" the least objectionable sport in Persia is that of athletic exhibitions. All people with a healthfully developed manhood enjoy displays of physical strength, which need never be demoralizing when kept above the brutalities of the prize ring. As one strolls about the streets of Teheran he often sees a crowd collected, intensely absorbed in some exciting scene. They are dead to all else but what is going on before them. On approaching and peering through a chink in this animated mass one finds that they are gazing on a wrestling match. Such is the steadiness of the climate that almost the whole year round such exhibitions occur out of doors under a clear sky. But these are cheap shows, witnessed chiefly by the lower classes, the performers being altogether second-rate.

If one would see the athletes of Persia at their best he must see them in the covered arenas where they perform to "cultured audiences." The professionals of Persia form a class by themselves, as distinct from other pursuits as our actors, as carefully trained, dieted and disciplined as champion oursmen.

The athletes of Greece and Rome thought to maintain their prodigious strength by frequent and violent exercises in the gymnasium. But the Persian professionals follow quite another course. They avoid severe exertion and fatigue. They eat five or six times a day and are warmly clothed, especially during the cold season. As the Persians also treat their horses in the same way—and all the world knows the endurance, strength and beauty of the Persian breeds—this system may not be so absurd as it at first appears to us with our different notions and practice.

These athletes on ordinary occasions go abroad but once daily, and toward evening, and walk with great deliberation. What is especially remarkable, so long as they pursue this profession they lead lives of absolute continence. St. Anthony was a more tyro in chastity compared with the Persian athlete, who, for no spiritual and eternal advantage, but solely for worldly and perishable objects, mortifies the flesh.

ACROSS THE BAY ON ICE.

In Dark Weather a Compass Has to be Used by the Driver.

Mr. Rotnatt, for several years has run a stage line across the ice from Memomino, Mich., to Sturgeon Bay, says the correspondent of the Chicago Mail. The stage line has some peculiarities not usually found in the ordinary course of stage traveling. In hazy or foggy weather, at night, or in a snow-storm, it is necessary to "steer" the horses by a compass. There are no familiar trees, houses, or other roadside objects to assist the driver in locating the road or determining the right direction, the trail being usually indistinct on the hard, glassy ice, and frequently entirely obliterated by the snows and winds that have a clean sweep for miles over the hard and frozen waste. To add in the comfort of the trip there has been built on the ice a commodious and comfortable house some ten miles out on the way, about one-half of the distance to Sturgeon Bay. This tavern on the ice, nearly out of sight of land, is something out of the ordinary, and might also be called unique. There the hungry and thirsty traveler can get a good substantial meal, which includes, if desired, hot fresh fish, caught and cooked "while you wait." The tavern has a good, clean bar, where stout and cold can be speedily over-matched and the frame of man permeated with a gentle and pleasurable warmth after its long chilly ride across the bay. The ruddy glow at night of the "light in the window" shines out upon the glacial surroundings to cheer the isolated traveler and to presage for him a cordial welcome. The route is well patronized.

Ocean Cables.

The longest ocean cable in the world is that of the Eastern Telegraph Company, whose system extends from England to India and measures 21,000 miles. Africa is now completely encircled by submarine cables, which make up altogether a length of 17,000 miles. There are eleven cables across the North Atlantic, though not all of them are at present in use. Five companies control the lines of telegraphic communication between this country and Europe.

Man's Worst Failing.

A farm journal says a cow can be prevented from kicking by tying her hind legs together. Perhaps so; but a man can't be prevented from kicking by tying his hind legs together. He would "kick" if he had no legs. That's his nature.—Boston Cultivator.

WEATHER-WISE SAYINGS.

IN DAYS OF OLD THEY WERE SET TO RHYMES.

Some of the Signs of the Skies and Their Accepted Significance—But There Was Nothing Scientific in the Silly Sayings.

The agriculturist and the husbandman, and indeed all those whose conditions of life force them to rely upon the soil for the means of subsistence, are so dependent upon the changes of temperature and the alternations of foul and fair, of wet and dry, that it is not surprising that questions regarding the weather, should from time immemorial have been made a subject for particular attention. Long, therefore, before there was any meteorological bureau to enlighten the world with its scientific predictions, people had begun to study the face of the sky, the shifting of the wind, and the changes of the moon, and to embody the results of their observations in rough and ready rhymes and proverbs for the guidance of themselves and those who should follow in their steps.

One of the most widespread and popular of these old weather-superstitions was that which attached a peculiar and miraculous importance to two particular days in the year. The first of these was January 25, known in the calendar as Saint Paul's Day, from the fact that this is the alleged anniversary of the conversion of the great apostle to the gentiles. The vulgar opinion was that from the aspect of the weather on this day, prognostications might safely be made for the whole subsequent course of the year. "If," says a very old writer, referring to the subject, "it be a fair day, it will be a pleasant year; if it be windy, there will be wars; if cloudy, it doth foreshow the plague that year;" while a Shepherd's Almanack, dating back to the year 1676, farther informs us that if on that day there were mist, there would be famine in the coming months; and if thunder, then high winds and great mortality.

These opinions, as usual, found expression in verse. For instance, there was an old Latin stanza which was very popular, and of which the following lines form one of several English versions:

"If St. Paul's Day be fair and clear,
It doth bode a happy year;
If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars will trouble our realms full oft;
And if it chanced to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all sorts of grain!"

Even more important for the weather-wise of the past was the 15th of July, a day which, as the feast of St. Swithin, is even to-day by no means shorn of all its former reputation. In England, at all events, it is not unusual to hear people of some pretense to education, frequently in joke, perhaps, but sometimes partly in earnest, remark that as St. Swithin's Day is wet or dry (as the case may be), so for forty days thereafter there would be a continuance of the same kind of weather. Thus the old rhyme ran:

"St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain no more."

The commonly accepted explanation of this ancient and widespread superstition is too curious to be omitted, though its value, even as tradition, has been authoritatively impugned. St. Swithin was a bishop of Winchester, who, after his death in 862, was canonized by the pope. It is said that he had expressed a wish to be buried in the open churchyard, and not, as was usual in the case of bishops, in the chancel of the cathedral. Some time afterwards, however, the monks of the establishment were seized with a fit of pious indignation at the thought that so great and good a man should sleep his last sleep in so humble, and, for a saint, so unseemly a spot; and heedless of his well remembered desire, they determined to convey the body in great state into the cathedral and reinter it there. But just as they were on the point of their operations a heavy rain burst forth, which continued without intermission for forty succeeding days. The monks ever ready to regard any departure from the ordinary course of nature in a miraculous light, at once interpreted the tempest as a special warning from heaven, and relinquished their undertaking—whence it said St. Swithin's day derived its prophetic character in relation to the condition of the weather for the ensuing six weeks.

But when our forefathers were content to limit themselves to a less extensive field of prophetic vision—when, instead of undertaking to settle the weather for weeks or months beforehand, they simply attempted to provide against the changes immediately approaching, they were a great deal more successful. Many of the wise laws upon which they placed such implicit reliance are not to be laughed at or thrown aside with scorn, based though they were, not upon scientific data or reasoning, but on simple observation and experience. Everybody, I suppose is familiar with the curt little verse which runs:

"A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight."

But not everyone who repeats it is aware that a statement which it contains is capable of scientific verification. So, too, with such common adages as:

"If red the sun begins his race,
Be sure the rain will fall apace."

And:

"Evening red and morning gray
Set the traveler on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Bring down rain upon his head."

Are something more than old wives' fables, for they embody at least a rough approximation to established truth. Both of these latter proverbs, indeed, seem to be fashioned directly upon words

found in the gospel of St. Matthew, where we read (chapter xvi.): "In the morning, ye say it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering;" and again, "When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather, for the sun is red."

It is not always, however, even at the present day, that people are willing to content themselves with such comparatively safe prognostications as these, and many others of the same which might be mentioned. They desire, if possible, to make certain of the weather a long time in advance; and hence the prophetic almanacs which have long enjoyed, and still continue to enjoy, so extensive a popularity. One may smile at the quiet audacity of the reader of the future who does not hesitate to predict on the 1st of December in the year to come; but it is an amazing instance of the gullibility of the great public that there are still so many people ready to take such statements seriously. All such pretended forecasts are of course matters of guess work merely. By a happy chance the prophet may be now and then correct, but it is hardly needful to add that he is far more often wrong than right.

SLIVERS OF SCIENCE.

Much has been accomplished in the way of electrical inventions, the chances are that only the outer edge of the measureless field has as yet been touched.—Inventive Age.

It is proposed making engines of aluminum to develop 84 horse power and to be used for directing the movements of a French war balloon of 3,000 cubic meters capacity, experiments with which are to be made in April next.

A new form of chair has been brought out by the Medical Battery Company, of Oxford street, London. An electric current renders the patient insensible to pain when an operation is being performed on him. If this be true the days of laughing gas, ether, etc., for dentistry are numbered.

An old German in San Francisco has conceived a new idea which is rapidly bringing grist to his mill. This is the utilization of long French nails as lead pencils. The ingenious mechanic hollows out the nail, puts a screw in the head, and then, by putting a piece of graphite in the hollow stem, he has an excellent pencil. The nail when polished looks like silver, and the pencils are in great demand.

News comes from New Castle, Pa., that Joseph Martin, a glassblower, is engaged in a series of experiments to develop a formula by which glass may be hardened so as to endure great shock. He has devised a method by which a bit of glass was treated and made so hard that a strong blacksmith could not break it on an anvil.

Electrical flat irons are now in the market, or more correctly, irons heated by the electric current, says invention. The interior contains a set of coiled wires, through which the electrical current passes and heats the wires red hot. The latter are arranged between protecting sheets of mica and asbestos. By turning a switch the flat iron at once heats up ready for use. Convenient enough when you have the electricity "on tap."

The new industry of camphor production gives promise of being permanently established in Florida. It is believed that in ten years' time there will be more camphor trees than orange trees in Florida, and that the camphor industry will be more profitable than that of sugar. It is said that the camphor obtained from the Florida trees approaches more nearly to that of Japan than to Chinese camphor, since the odor of saffron is distinctly recognizable.

While preparing sleep brains for the use of the physiology class at Cornell University Professor Wilder found one in which the colliculus, the great band of nerve-fibers connecting the two cerebral hemispheres, was wholly absent. Among the thousands of human brains examined, there have been recorded only fifteen such cases, mostly from persons of feeble intellect. From the lower animals the only previous cases also occurred in the anatomical laboratory of this university, viz: two kittens and a cat, the latter described and figured by Professor Wilder in 1883.

General Sherman as a Chairman.

He was a famous chairman, says Myron W. Reed. I have seen him preside at the meeting of the Army of the Tennessee. Beside Sherman as a presiding officer Spenser Reed would be a model for a statue of Diffidence. He would do it this way: "Gentlemen, in selecting officers for the Army of the Tennessee for the year to come you must exercise great care—you must take time and thought and choose the right men." Then he would go down into his vest pocket and read a list of names and then say: "It is moved and seconded that these nominations pass as read. All in favor say 'aye.' He could get more business done by a deliberative body than Bismarck. It happened that someone made a motion to adjourn. "Oh," he said, "sit down, it is not time to adjourn." The presiding officer of the gang smashers' convention was nothing to him.

More Tonic Needed.

"Did you say that chord ye jest struck was a tonic?" asked the old gentleman who isn't going to stand in the way of his daughter's education.

"Yes, papa."
"Well, hit it three or four times more, so if there's any bracin' qualities about it, we'll get 'em before ye go ahead with the practice!"—Washington Post.

The Difference.

The difference between a suitor and an office-seeker is that one pays court and the other courts pay.—Arkansas Traveler.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

My baby slept—how calm his rest.
As 'er his handsome face a smile
Like that of angel fitted, while
He lay so still upon my breast!

My baby slept—his baby head
Lay all unkniss'd 'neath pill and shroud;
I did not weep or cry aloud—
I only wished I, too, were dead!

My baby sleeps—a tiny mound,
All covered by the little flowers.
Woe me in all my waking hours,
Down in the quiet burying-ground.

And when I sleep I seem to be
With baby in another land—
I take his little baby hand—
He smiles and sings sweet songs to me.

Sleep on, O baby, while I keep
My vigil till this day be past!
Then shall I, too, lie down at last,
And with my baby darling sleep.

—Eugene Field.

THE SCAPEGRACE.

We who earn our living by hard
work naturally regard with a good deal
of interest those who manage to dodge
this seeming necessity.

What are these mysterious mortals,
we say, who toll not, neither do they
steal, who have no property, nor any
apparent source of income, yet they
wear clothes, eat meals and sleep under
a good roof like the rest of us?

We have a habit of speaking with
contempt of these people, as though
they were beneath us in the social
scale. Are we not really in secret a
little envious of their originality and
courage?

If one should, for example, try the
simple rule of "put yourself in his
place"—

You, now, who make a living by
some occupation, commonplace but re-
liable, suppose you were to wake to-
morrow in a strange place, without
money or friends, and with all work
prohibited—what would you do? How
would you arrange about breakfast,
and, subsequently, about dinner, and
supper, and a bed, and then numerous
meals and beds thereafter? Would you
not be frightened? Would you not be
at a loss what to do? Well, that is
where you would show your inferiority
to those of whom we speak.

It must be admitted that they could.
If they wished, earn a plain, honest
living as we do; whereas could we, by
the exercise of our wits exist a week
after their fashion? En effet, there
you have the whole matter.

Before I undertook a study of these
singular beings, I had always thought
of them as a class by themselves, pur-
suing, for the most part, similar
methods. To live without work con-
stituted in my mind a profession—like
law or the ministry. I wronged them.
I did not appreciate their fecund origi-
nality. There is no profession that is
common to them all, but each has his
own, complete in itself, unique and
delicate as the miniature carved work
of the Japanese.

To tell of them is to tell of indi-
viduals, not of the class.

There was one who recently came to
live at the very respectable boarding
place of the present writer. He was,
as the naturalists would say, an excel-
lent specimen—rather young, good
looking, well dressed and correctly
mannered. There are some of this
class who have a low habit of making
a pretense of earning a living. They
will maintain an office with "Real
Estate" or "Commission," or something
of that kind on the door. To no such
stupid vulgarities did Mr. Richard Kerth
descend. Not even a suggestion of
work cast a cloud upon his title of
"gentleman."

I had known something of the pre-
vious career of Mr. Kerth, and when he
took possession of two of the best
rooms in the house I hastened to make
his acquaintance. He treated me with
easy condescension, and soon offered to
borrow money of me.

I did not loan Mr. Kerth any money.
It was, indeed, for a long time a source
of quiet satisfaction to me that while a
number of others, in plain view on all
sides, were being taxed for the support
of this American peer, I was exempt.
But one day as I was being meas-
ured for an overcoat, my tailor asked
me what I knew about Mr. Richard
Kerth, and told me that he owed fifty
dollars on a suit of clothes. I answered
Shenbary that I thought he had better
charge it up to profit and loss. He im-
mediately proceeded to do so. The over-
coat which I ordered was more expen-
sive by \$5 than I had ex-
pected, and possibly about nine other
of Shenbary's customers suffered a
similar amount of indirect taxation.

As time passed, I gained more and
more of Mr. Kerth's confidence. I
knew just enough about his past per-
formances to make him think that my
silence was a useful commodity, and
he sought to purchase it with frank-
ness. He was, however, loth to be-
tray his secret at once, but prepared
me beforehand by various significant
hints to appreciate better its mysteri-
ous nature.

One evening, when he was smoking
one of my cigars before my fire, he
said: "I am getting very hard up;
I must raise some money."

I said: "How will you do it?"

"I have a method of my own," he
answered, "which I apply whenever I
am in need of ready cash."

"What is it like?"

He smiled with the smile of a sphinx
as he replied:

"I call it a system of absence."

On several occasions he made use of
physiology similar to the above.
For example, once he said to me: "I
get a good enough living out of not
being in certain places at certain
times." Further he would not ex-
plain.

About this time his creditors, of
whom the crop seemed perennial,
began to press him close, and it was
evident that, unless the ready cash
should presently come to his rescue, he
was lost—that is, lost in the same way
that he had been lost many times be-

fore. In the nick of time the money
came, however, and he proceeded,
with the skill of a practical debtor, to
make a small stream of cash irrigate
a vast area of credit. This being ac-
complished, he was at ease again; and
one night, over a bottle of wine and
cigars, he told me how he had raised
the money.

"It wasn't much," he said careles-
sly—"five or six hundred. I manage
to raise that sum about four times a
year. If you understand how to make
it go—good as twice that, you know.
Now, I'll tell you. I have, back East,
a number of relatives—rich, respected,
and all that. Money comes from
them. Easy enough, you think? Well,
I wonder. I am the black sheep of the
family—scapegrace, you know. And do
you imagine they would ever give up
a bean for me, if I did not come at
'em with something worse than a gun?
Why, sir, the whole bloody layout is so
mean, and they hate me so, that I give
up my world. If I was roasting in the
lowest depths of sheol, there isn't one of
'em would loan you a fork to go and see
if I was done. No, sir! That's the kind
of citizens they are. But I notice they
come up pretty regular just the same."

He flicked the ashes from his high
priced cigar into the fireplace with an
impressive gesture. Then from his
desk he produced several letters and a
book labelled "Journal."

"Here it is," he exclaimed, throwing
the book down on the table in front of
me. "Richard Kerth's Ready Letter
Writer, or the Art of Holding Up Your
Relations." And here are sample re-
turns," he headed, dropping the letters
on the table. "But you had better be-
gin at my end of the transaction. Read
in the book first—the last batch of
letters copied there. I always copy
'em so as to keep track of what I'm do-
ing."

I opened the volume at the place
which he indicated and began to read
aloud: "Hiram Griffin, Cleveland, O.:
My dear Uncle—"

"My mother's only brother," inter-
polated the scapegrace—"Presbyterian
elder—hardware merchant—moral citi-
zen." I read on: "I suppose you will
be devilish glad to learn that I have
at last decided to turn my face
homeward. I am tired of wandering,
and it's—poor picking here. I expect
to start in a couple of weeks, unless I
hear from you in the mean-
time. A lot of California stock will
be entered at the fall meetings at
Cleveland, and I think I can fix for
both of us to get let in on the ground
floor, so that we can make a good
thing out of it. How are Bill and Jim-
my?"

"William and James," said the black
sheep, rolling up his eyes; "his sons,
whom he is bringing up in the way
they should go—pious youths of 16 or
thereabouts."

"I expect they would enjoy the
races and some of life that I could
show them. I plan to spend a month
in Cleveland, and perhaps may locate
there. Some of the fellows are making
up a party to go to China. If I had a
couple hundred more I would go
with them, but I have only just enough
to take me home. Your affectionate
nephew—Richard."

"Cold chills ran down his back when
he read that letter," said Mr. Kerth.
"Here is his reply. He prays for the
salvation of my soul and encloses a
check for two hundred. See? Read the
next one."

It was addressed to "S. Van Doosan
Kerth, The Beauchamp, New York
City," and began: "Dear Uncle—"
"Father's brother," the scapegrace
exclaimed, "old bachelor—great swell.
He never saw me, and has an idea that
I am very wild and woolly, like every-
thing west of the Croton Aqueduct."

I read as follows: "Dear Uncle—
Respected brother of my parent, I take
my pen in hand to let you know that
two weeks from date I shall take the
train for your city and shall visit you
at the Beauchamp House, where you
are staying. If you should happen to
be out of town, I will wait until you
get back for I mean to live in your
city hereafter; I hope to get a job
there. I know you will help me, as
your brother's son, to get a job. Per-
haps Mr. Beauchamp would like a man
to carry trunks. I know you will be
glad to see me. If I could get into the
grocery business here I would stay,
and a man I know of will take me for
\$200. Please look for me at the depot
in the emigrant cars. Your
nephew, Richard."

"Imagine Uncle Van Doosan reading
that at his club, said the scapegrace;
"I wonder it didn't give him a stroke
of apoplexy. However, it was not the
first of its kind. He always comes up.
I don't have to whistle twice to him."
The next was addressed to "Mrs.
Elizabeth Pennington, Germantown,
Philadelphia."

"Van Doosan's sister," said the
scapegrace; "they have quarrelled and
won't compare notes. She is a widow,
with a fine income and an elegant
place. Two lovely marriageable
daughters."

The letter set forth the intended visit
of Mr. Richard Kerth to the East and
his plan to spend some time at Ger-
mantown—at his aunt's residence, if
she wished it; or, if not, with some
friends of his there by the name of
Boggs. There were various gallant
references to Mr. Kerth's cousins and
a delicate insinuation that he would
probably fall in love with one of them
during his visit. There was also a
casual reference to the sum of \$150.
"She was short this time," remarked
the writer of the letter aloud; "only
sent \$100. Strike her deeper next
time."

There were two more letters in the
batch—both to cousins in Chicago.
They were full of mysterious hints
about good times to be enjoyed when
he should visit that city shortly. Each
demanded a plain loan of \$50.
"I send them to their house," said

he, with a villainous grin; their wives
read 'em first. Good for fifty any time.

I noticed that the book was written
nearly full, and that Mr. Kerth's "val-
uing list"—if so it might be called—
contained some 10 or 16 names. Each
letter was dated, and underneath was
entered the result achieved. The lat-
ter was generally favorable.

"Whenever the machinery gets rusty,"
said the scapegrace, "which hap-
pens every four or five years, I take a
trip East and lubricate things. After
that," he added with a wink, "it runs
better."

I do not know whether I have done
wisely in making these facts public.
For there are many people who might
easily sell their absence at a good fig-
ure—if they only understood the art.—
Fred Bayham in The Argonaut.

LETTERS MAY GET THERE.

Not Their Addresses Are Sometimes of a
Most Perplexing Character.

At the Washington postoffice there
is a collection of old envelopes and
postal cards that would be entitled to a
place in the most curious of old
curiosity-shops, says the Washington
Post. The collection has been made by
C. M. Merrill, head clerk of the city
distributing case, who has secured the
specimens after the persons for whom
they were intended had read the com-
munications.

Here is one in an unpracticed,
scrawling hand as nearly as it can be
translated into letters: "bin hamson,
Washin' D. C." That would defy any-
body but a postal clerk. It was sur-
mised, however, by one of these that
this communication was intended for
Benjamin Harrison, president of the
United States, and the surmise proved
to be correct. The letter, which was
postmarked Lincoln, Neb., got to the
president all right. It was probably a
letter of advice as to how to run the
government. An office-seeker would
at least have addressed the president
as "Mr."

"Mr. Adkin Jurnel" was the address
on a letter that came from some place
in Arkansas. It was meant for the
adjutant-general of the army and to
him it was delivered. "Nash true
brumbum, Washen," was the address
on a letter from Trenton, Kan. Even
this did not defy the expert postal
officials. They concluded the letter
was meant for the National Tribune of
this city, and this proved to be the case.
The letter was probably written by a
German. It did not take long to decide
that a letter addressed to "Mr. Reuben
Wright," or that one addressed "Em-
E laker an son" was meant for Penno-
baker & Son.

"For Misses Sole, a tornela W" was
a puzzler for a little while. Then it
was decided that the letter was intend-
ed for Messrs. Soule & Co., attorneys-
at-law. "Mr. Affmanetling, Auditor,"
stuck some of the force for a little
while. Then it was remembered that
A. D. Shaw had been acting auditor
for a time and the letter turned out to
be for him. The person who wrote
the letter had doubtless seen Mr.
Shaw's name signed as "acting
auditor" to some document, hence the
mistake.

The mistake made in allowing
Washington territory to come into the
union under the name of "Washing-
ton" and thus perpetuating the con-
dition of having a territorial division
and a large city with the same name
is more apparent to the postal officials
than to anybody else. For example,
a great deal of mail matter is put into
boxes here addressed "Washington,
D. C.," that is evidently meant for
places in the state of Washington.
People here seem unable to write the
name of "Washington" without putting
"D. C." to it. Hundreds of letters
and packages go into the boxes here
every week containing this error.

He Always Listens.

"Yes," said a clergyman who knows
how to tell a good story as well as to
listen to and appreciate one told by
another, "I am, of course, often asked,
when some one in conversation is on
the point of telling a story, whether I
have heard so and so. Now, it is pos-
sible that I may have heard that story
half a dozen or half a hundred times
before, but I am certain that I have
never heard it told exactly as this par-
ticular person will tell it. So I can
truthfully answer that I have never
heard it, and that is my invariable
practice. Everybody who has under-
taken to tell a story knows what a sen-
sation is produced when the listener
interrupts him to say that he has heard
it before, and of course there is some-
thing of the same feeling when one
who thinks he has a good thing to tell
is headed off by the remark that it has
been heard already. No story is ever
told twice precisely alike. The indi-
vidual element always comes in. So it
is no evasion or stretching of the truth
when I say of some incident that may
be familiar to me that I have not
heard it; I am sure I have not heard it
precisely the way this teller will nar-
rate it. And it makes things much
pleasanter, too, in the long run,
especially for a minister."

The Cross Mother.

At no time in her busy days is an
intelligent mother so apt to fold the
arms and close the eyes of maternal
justice as when she is cross. This
crossness is chiefly caused by fatigue—
weariness of mind and body, and
sometimes of soul. With tired nerves
and weary body, she cannot endure
the common demands made upon her,
and ill-temper follows. She sows bit-
ter feelings and impels loving at-
tentions with her irritable hasty words.
Broadly speaking, no mother has any
right to get so tired. She cannot
afford it. It takes too much out of
her life, and too much out of her child-
ren's life. Such a condition can mor-
e frequently be prevented than is gen-
erally believed.—Harper's Bazar.

PLAGUE OF INFIDELITY.

DR. TALMAGE SAYS IT IS THE MOTHER OF PLAQUES.

Infidelity a Negative Religion.—It
Can Offer the Christian Nothing
in Exchange for His Faith.

New York, April 5, 1891.—Continuing
his course of sermons on "The Ten
Plagues of the Cities," Rev. Dr. Talmage
today took for his subject "The Plague of
Infidelity." The discourse was delivered
to large and appreciative audiences at the
Brooklyn Academy of Music in the fore-
noon and the New York Academy of
Music in the evening. The text was,
Romans 3: 4: "Let God be true, but every
man a liar."

That is if God says one thing and the
whole human race says the opposite, Paul
would accept the Divine veracity. But
there are many in our time who have dared
arraign the Almighty for falsehood. In-
fidelity is not only a plague, but it is the
mother of plagues.

It seems from what we hear on all sides,
that the Christian religion is a huge
blunder; that the Moslem account of the
creation is an absurdly large enough to
throw all nations into rollicking guffaw;
that Adam and Eve never existed; that the
ancient flood and Noah's ark were impos-
sibilities; that there never was a miracle;
that the Bible is the friend of cruelty,
murder, of polygamy, of all forms of base
crime; that the Christian religion is a
woman's tyrant, and man's a stultification;
that the Bible from lid to lid is a false-
hood, a humbug, a sham, a lie; that the
martyrs who died for its truth were miser-
able dupes; that the Church of Jesus
Christ is properly gazetted as a fool; that
when Thomas Carlyle, the sceptic, said,
"The Bible is a noble book," he was drop-
ping into imbecility; that when Theodore
Parker declared in Music Hall, Boston,
"Never a boy or girl in all Christendom
has been profited by that great book," he
was becoming very weak minded; that it is
something to bring a blush to the cheek
of every patriot, that John Adams, the
father of American independence, de-
clared, "The Bible is the best book in all
the world"; and that Hon. bearded Andrew
Jackson turned into a salu-
velling coward when he said, "That
book, sir, is the rock on which
our Republic rests"; and that Daniel
Webster abdicated the throne of his intel-
lectual power and resigned his logic, and
from being the great expounder of the
Constitution and the great lawyer of his
age, turned into an idiot, when he said,
"My heart assures and reassures me that
the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a
divine reality. From the time that at my
mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I
first learned to lispen verses from the sacred
writings, they have been my daily study
and night contemplation, and it there is
anything in my style or thought, or in
my commendation, the credit is due to my kind
parents in instilling into my mind an early
love of the scriptures; and that William
H. Seward, the diplomatist of the century,
only showed his puerility when he
declared, "The whole hope of human
progress is suspended on the ever-growing
influences of the Bible"; and that it is
wisest for us to take that book from the
throne in the affections of uneducated
multitudes, and put it under our feet to be
trampled upon by hatred and blasphemous
contempt; and that your old father was hood-
winked, and deceived, and cheated, and
defooled when he leaned on this as a staff
after his steps shortened as he came up to
the verge of the grave; and that your
mother sat with a pack of lies on her lap
while reading of the better country, and of
the ending of all her aches and pains, and
promising only with those of you who
stood around her, but with the children
she had buried with infinite heartache, so
that she could read no more until she took
off her spectacles, and wiped from them
the heavy mist of many tears. Alas! that
for forty and fifty years they should
have walked under this delusion and had it
under their pillow when they lay a-dying in
the back room, and asked that some words
from the old book might be cut upon the
household altar, and that the shadow of the
country meeting-house, where they sleep
today waiting for a resurrection that will
never come. This book having deceived
them, and having deceived the mighty in-
tellects of the past, must not be allowed to
deceive our larger, mightier, vaster, more
stupendous intellects. And so out with the
book from the court-room, where it is used
in the solemnization of testimony. Out
with it from under the foundation of church
and state. Out with it from the domestic
circle. Gather together all the Bibles,
the children's Bibles, the family Bibles,
those newly bound and those with lid nearly
worn out and pages almost obliterated
by the fingers long ago turned to dust—
bring them all together, and let us make a
bonfire of them, and by it warm our cold
criticism, and after that turn under with
the ploughshare of public indignation the
polluted ashes of that loathsome, adulter-
ous, obscene, cruel, and deceitful book,
which is so antagonistic to man's liberty,
and woman's honor, and the world's happi-
ness."

Now that is the substance of what in-
fidelity purposes and declares, and the at-
tack on the Bible is accompanied by great
jealousy, and there is hardly any subject
about which more malice is kindled than
about the Bible.

Now in this sentiment of infidel thinkers
I cannot join, and I propose to give you
reasons why I cannot be an infidel, and
so I will try to help out of this present
condition any who may have been struck
with the awful plague of scepticism.

First, I cannot be an infidel because in-
fidelity has no good substitute for the con-
solation it proposes to take away. You
know there are millions of people who get
their chief consolation from this book.

Infidelity is a religion of "Don't know."
Is the soul immortal? Don't know! Is there
a God? Don't know! A religion of "don't
know" for the religion of "I know." "I
know in whom I have believed." "I know
that my Redeemer liveth." Infidelity pro-
poses to substitute a religion of awful neg-
atives for our religion of glorious positives.

Furthermore, I cannot be an infidel, be-
cause of the false charges infidelity is all
the time making against the Bible. Per-
haps the slander that has made the most
noise under the shadow of the old book
has been intelligent enough to deny that
the Bible favors polygamy. Does the God
of the Bible uphold polygamy, or did he?
How many wives did God make for Adam?
He made one wife. Does not your com-
mon sense tell you when God started the
marriage institution, he started it as he
wanted it to continue? If God had
favored polygamy he could have created
for Adam five wives, or ten wives, or
twenty wives, just as easily as he made
one.

At the very first of the Bible God
shows himself in favor of monogamy and
antagonistic to polygamy. Genesis

2: 24: "Therefore shall a man leave his
father and mother, and shall cleave unto
his wife." Not his wives, but his wife.
How many wives did God spare for Noah
in the ark? Two and two the birds, two
and two the cattle; two and two the lion,
two and two the human race. If the God
of the Bible had favored a multiplicity of
wives, he would have spared a plurality of
wives. When God first launched the
human race, he gave Adam one wife. At
the second launching of the human race
he spared for Noah one wife, for Ham one
wife, for Shem one wife, for Japhet one
wife. Does that look as though God
favored polygamy? In Leviticus 18, 19,
God thunders his prohibition of more than
one wife.

Another false charge which infidelity has
made against the Bible is that it is an an-
tagonist to woman, that it enjoins her de-
gradation and belittles her mission. Under
this impression many women have been
created of this Plague of Infidelity. In
the picture gallery, the Louvre, the Lux-
embourg of the Bible, and see which picture
are the most honored. Here is Eve, a per-
fect woman, as perfect a woman as could
be made by a perfect God. Here is De-
borah, with her womanly arm hurling a
bolt into the battle. Here is Miriam, lead-
ing the Israelitish orchestra on the banks
of the Red Sea. Here is motherly Hannah,
with her own loving hand replenishing the
wonder of her son Samuel, the prophet.

Here is Abigail, kneeling at the foot of the
mountain until the four hundred wrathful
men, at the sight of her beauty and prowess
halt, halt—a hurricane stopped at the sight
of a water-lily, a dewdrop dashing back
Niagara. Here is Ruth, putting to shame
all the modern slang about moth-
er-in-law as she turns her back on her
home and her country, and faces wild
scarcity and death, and then she may be
with Naomi, her husband's mother.
Here is Vashti, defying the bacchanal of a
thousand drunken lords, and Esther, will-
ing to throw her life away that she may
deliver her people. And here is Dorcas,
the sunlight of eternal fame gliding her
philanthropic needle, and the woman with
perfume in a box made from the hills of
Alabastron, pouring the holy chrism on the
head of Christ, the aroma lingering all
about the corridors of the centuries. Here
is Lydia, the merchantess of Tyrian purple
immortalized for her Christian behavior.
Here is the widow with two mites, more
famous than the Peabody and the Lenoxes
of all ages, while here comes in slow of
gait and with careful attendants and with
special honor and high favor, leaning on
the arm of inspiration, one who is the joy
and pride of any home so rarely fortunate
to have one old Christian grand-
mother. Grandmother, Lady! Who has
more worshippers today than any being
that ever lived on earth, except Jesus
Christ? Mary. For what purpose did
Christ perform his first miracle upon
earth? To relieve the embarrassment of a
womanly housekeeper at the falling short
of a beverage. Why did Christ break up
the silence of the tomb, and tear off the
shroud and rip up the rocks? It was to
stop the bewailing of the two Bethany
sisters. For whose comfort was Christ
most anxious in the hour of dying excre-
culation? For a woman, an old woman, a
wrinkle-faced woman, a woman who in
other days had held him in her arms, his
first friend, his last friend, as it is very
apt to be, his mother. All the pathos of
the ages compressed into one utterance,
"Behold thy mother." Does the Bible
antagonize woman?

Since you put the Bible on your stand in
the sitting-room, has the Bible been to you,
O woman, a curse or a blessing? Why is
it that a woman when she is troubled will
go to her worst enemy, the Bible? Why do
you not go for comfort to some of the great
infidel books? No, the ally, deluded woman
persists in hanging about the Bible verses.
"Let not your heart be troubled."
"All things work together for good."
"Weep ye no more for ever." "I am
the resurrection," "Peace, be still."

Furthermore, rather than invite I repeat
this Plague of Infidelity because it has
wrought no positive good in the world and
is always a hindrance.

There stands Christianity. There stands
infidelity. Compare what they have done.
Compare their resources. There is
Christianity, a prayer on her lips, a ben-
ediction on her brow; both have full
help for all who want help; the mother of
thousands of colleges; the mother of thou-
sands of asylums for the oppressed, the
blind, the sick, the lame, the imbecile;
the mother of missions for the bringing back
of the outcast; the mother of thousands of
reformatory institutions for the saving of
the lost; the mother of innumerable Sab-
bath schools, bringing millions of children
under a drill to prepare them for respect-
ability and usefulness, to say nothing of the
great future. That is Christianity.

Infidelity scrapes no lint for the wound-
ed, bakes no bread for the hungry, shakes
up no pillow for the sick, raises no com-
fort for the bereft, glids no grave for the
dead. While Christ, our Christ, our
wounded Christ, our risen Christ, the
Christ of this old-fashioned Bible—blessed
be his glorious name forever! our Christ
stands this hour pointing to the other side
of the great future, saying, "I was sick and
ye gave me a crutch, I was blind and ye
physicianed my eye-sight, I was orphaned
and ye mothered my soul, I was lost on
the mountain and ye brought me home; in-
asmuch as ye did it to one of the least of
these, ye did it for me."

But I thank God that this plague of
infidelity will be stayed. Many of those
who hear me now by the Holy Ghost upon
their hearts will cease to be sceptics and
will become disciples, and the day will
arrive when all nations will accept the
Scriptures. The book is going to keep
right on until the fires of the last day are
kindled. Some of them will begin on one
side and some on the other side of the old
book. They will not find a bundle of loose
manuscripts easily consumed like under-
thrown into the fire. When the fires of
the last day are kindled, some will on this
side, some on the other side of Revelation,
and others will burn on this side, from Re-
velation towards Genesis, and in all their way
they will not find a single chapter or a
single verse out of place. That will be the
first time we can afford to do
without the Bible. What will be
the use of the Book of Genesis,
descriptive of how the world was made,
when the world is destroyed? What will
be the use of the prophecies when they are
fulfilled? What will be the use of the
evangelists or Pauline description of Jesus
Christ when we see him face to face? What
will be the use of his photograph when
we have met him in glory? What will
be the use of the Book of Revelation,
standing as you will with your foot on the
glassy sea, and your hand on the ringing
harp, and your forehead chapleted with
eternal coronation, amid the anarchy and
two-legged glories of heaven? The
evangelist dashing its crown against the beryl,
and the beryl dashing its blue against the
sapphire, and the sapphire throwing its
light on the jacinth, and the jacinth dash-
ing its fire against the chrysoprasus, and
you and I standing in the glories of ten
thousand sunsets.

It's Different in the Morning.

In the evening, feeling good,
Young man in the cafe, stood,
"I'm thirsty!" was his cry,
"Here is water if you're dry."
Said his friend, "Nay, nay," quoth he:
"O! me beer!" and beer flowed free.
"No use for water here I got;
Water doesn't hit the spot."

In the morning, feeling bad,
That too little vintage had
"I've a thirst!" was still his cry,
"Here's your lager if you're dry."
Said his friend, "Nay, nay," quoth he:
"O! me water!" Glasses three!
"No use for lager here I got;
Lager doesn't touch the spot."

At the Church Fair.

"Do you know why you remind me of
the steamer Tontine?" asked Jimmy
Macdunnell of the Rebecca at the well.
"No, sir," she answered, with a smile
that would have graded above No. 10,
Dutch standard.

"Then I'll tell you. It's because you
draw a good deal of water, my dear."

Sure to Be Returned.

"She returns everything I send her,"
said Charlie, sadly, "presents, letters and
all."

"Then why don't you send her your
love?" suggested Jack.

Dobbin's Electric Soap is cheaper for
you to use, if you follow directions, than
any other soap would be given to you,
for by its use clothes are saved. Clothes
cost more than soap. Ask your grocer
for Dobbin's. Take no other.

Hotel Porter—"Are you a guest of the
house?"

Mr. Gruff—"No; I'm paying for what I
get!"

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

I read what Mr. Bell said about making \$100 per month.
I also read in the Standard that Mr. Bell had been
in Boston, Mass., and received a fine case of samples. I
took order the first day that I saw the prospectus, and
sent the first order at the end of one month. I had this
clear profit. Any one can get rich and get rich by
writing the above story. I have every one ready by
my experience. Yours truly, W. F. WILLIAMS.

Little Pemberton (as the slipper is
about to descend)—"Ah, mamma, did
you notice that great bargain sale at
Thread & Needles' to-morrow?"

Where There Are No Bad Indians.

The Sisseton Indian reservation at the
eastern boundary of South Dakota, and
containing one million acres of choice
farming lands, has just been opened for
settlement and is to the homeseeker
inducements that cannot be equalled.
The soil is very fertile, the country well
watered, there being numerous small
lakes within its boundary, and it is within
a short distance of the twin cities of the
Northwest, St. Paul and Minneapolis. In-
suring good markets almost at

They Were Glad.
Misses—Did you tell the ladies that I was at home?
Servant—I did, ma'am. I said the ladies would be glad to tell you who wasn't at home.
Good gracious! Were they mad?
No, ma'am. I rather think they were glad, for one says, "How fortunate we are," and the other says, "Amazingly!"

No Hurry.
Old Gentleman—My boy, don't you go to school!
Boy—Yes, sir.
"It's long after 9 and here you are playing."
That's all right. We had a late breakfast and mamma was afraid I'd be late, so she wrote me an excuse and I've got it in my pocket.

On the Edge of a Precipice.
Passenger (to train-boy)—You probably did not know when you put this book in my lap that I was the author.
Train-boy—Did you write that book?
Passenger—I did.
Train-boy—Then you had better keep mighty quiet about it. I just sold a copy to the man back of you.

Just a Little Blue.
Mrs. Jones—Now here, John Jones, what are you sitting here moping for?
Jones—I'm feeling a little blue, Mary.
You see, I got to thinking what a blow your first husband's death was to me.

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations

A worn-out with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDRICK, Saugerties, New York.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$5.00
\$4.00
\$3.50
\$2.50
\$2.25
\$2.00
FOR GENTLEMEN
\$3.00
\$2.00
\$1.75
\$1.50
FOR LADIES
\$2.00
\$1.75
\$1.50
FOR BOYS
\$1.75
\$1.50
FOR MISSES

W. L. DOUGLAS
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\$1.75
\$1.50
FOR LADIES
\$2.00
\$1.75
\$1.50
FOR BOYS
\$1.75
\$1.50
FOR MISSES

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
from which the excess of oil has been removed, is absolutely pure and it is soluble.
No Chemicals
are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with starch, arrowroot or sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, healthy, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

MAGIC CURE FOR MEN
ONLY.
\$5.00 for a case of LOSS OF PALENESS, MANHOOD, General or Nervous Debility, weakness of body or mind, the effects of error or excess in diet or young that we cannot cure. We guarantee every cure or refund every dollar. Five days trial treatment \$1.00, full course \$5.00. Perceptible results in three days. By mail, securely packed, from observation. COOK REMEDY CO., OMAHA, NEB.

C
Cures in 1 to 3 days. Guaranteed. No return. Sold by all druggists. Price \$1.00.

LADIES ONLY
MAGIC FEMALE REGULATOR, safe and reliable. No return. Sold by all druggists. Price \$1.00.

MANHOOD RESTORED
By the use of the **MANHOOD RESTORER**, a safe and reliable. No return. Sold by all druggists. Price \$1.00.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A BIT OF GOOD ADVICE ABOUT MIXED FARMING.

The Question of Poor or Rich Milk—The Degeneracy of Poultry—Asparagus Beds—Pot Plants—Household Matters.

Mixed Farming.

By mixed farming we should understand that our operations are not confined to one product, but embrace all products that can be cultivated and raised with profit. Almost every product of the farm is subject to failure from various causes, drouth, frost, blight, storms, etc. Every class of products has its peculiar enemies. The potato bug attacks the potato, cut worms the corn, lice the cabbage, weevil and fly the wheat, blight the pears, rot the grapes, etc.; but they do not often occur the same season, and the farmer who cultivates a variety need not fear an entire failure. There are always some good crops. Experience and observation have taught that it is not safe to rely upon a limited class of products for a series of consecutive years. It may do well enough for a short time, but sooner or later it will fail. A very important consideration is, that mixed farming furnishes constant and regular work through the year. A farmer with a family of boys or a man hired by the year, should give them constant employment, and this can be done best by mixed farming. Mixed farming is best for the land, as it furnishes a proper rotation for maintaining fertility. One thing soon exhausts the soil of a particular element or elements. This policy confers the greatest amount of happiness. It gives additional thought and interest to the mind, enlarges the sphere of action and stimulates mutual activity. By cultivating a variety of products, farming is made more interesting. The monotony of confinement to one thing is relieved. The mind naturally seeks something new and fresh. There is a disposition in many of our youth to leave the farm and go to the towns or on railroads. There is a kind of romance about railroading to many young men, and it is frequently taken out of them very suddenly when they get between the bumpers or under the wheels. Farmers should do all they can to prevent their boys from leaving the farm. Farmers' sons ought to have a chance to earn something for themselves, to be allowed to make little ventures in stock-raising to furnish pocket money and to keep them contented at home.

Poor and Rich Milk.

Any one who has attended a dairy convention, or who carefully follows the dairy literature of the day, writes Prof. Henry, must have come to realize that milk testing is the leading question before our dairymen. The milk injustice of paying for milk or dividing money between patrons on the pounds-delivered basis has been tolerated only because it could not be avoided. When the system of paying for milk upon weight is now in a community, it works fairly well for a short time, but soon patrons learn to take advantage and the result is that as time goes on more and more milk is required to make a pound of butter or cheese. Of course there are always a few who water or skim; these are occasionally caught and fined or expelled, but the difficulty does not end here, for there are other ways of getting ahead. The greatest trouble has been through buying and breeding cows which produce the greatest number of pounds of milk without any regard whatever to the quality. Between the cows giving thin milk and the patrons who skim or water, dairymen producing good milk and factory men have a hard time of it. Factory men have come to realize that their best friends among the patrons are the poorest paid. Going from bad to worse, matters have come to a point where, unless some equitable system is adopted, we must expect the factory system to drag out a miserable existence. If it is not driven to the wall. Is it any wonder, then, that intelligent factory men have come to the conclusion that milk must be paid for on merit only?

About Poultry.

In the majority of cases it is the early turkeys that are the most profitable. Get the breeding stock needed and feed them up to a good condition so as to start the hens to laying early. Early laying means early hatching. A drawer is a good place to keep eggs. A cool, dark place where they can be kept at an even temperature, and where they can be turned regularly and conveniently, will be found best. Clean straw makes one of the very best as well as cheapest materials that can be used for lining the nests. It should be changed often enough to keep clean. Better be a little early than a little late. With poultry intended for early market even a few days difference will often make considerable difference in the profits. It is the little things connected with the management of poultry that largely determine the amount of profit. It is the constant care in looking after the apparently little things that gives one a profit where another loses.

Asparagus Beds.

To set an asparagus bed, says the Michigan Farmer, get plants one or two years—one is about as good as another—set in trenches about a foot deep with plenty of manure in them mixed with soil. Set the plants about twenty inches apart diagonally in the trench and it would be better, perhaps, to make it two feet. Cover first with soil and then manure each autumn and in the spring spread it in not forking the ground too deep. During the summer fork the ground over enough to keep the weeds down. For a family of six persons 100

plants will be ample. Every farmer should have a bed of asparagus. The plants will not cost more than 50 or 75 cents. When once started and cared for, an asparagus bed will last for generations and it will afford a large amount of healthful food. The bed may be cut for use a little the second year after planting and the fourth year it may be fully cut.

Stimulants for Pot Plants.

The successful florist has more faith in giving stimulants when the plants really need them than in keeping the roots buried in soil made rich and almost offensive by strong manure. When roots are few and the plants are almost at rest, the purer the soil and the less stimulant the plants receive, the better will they thrive when their roots come to draw up larger supplies of nourishment.

Moisture is needed to soften the soil and to allow the roots to extract nourishment from it, but when all the virtue is out of the earth and the plants begin to show signs of distress, all the watering in the world will not give vigor to the exhausted functions; but let a portion of guano, or any well-prepared manure, be mixed with the water sufficient to color it, and let this be repeated at every watering. Instead of giving a much stronger dose at longer intervals, the result will be most satisfactory. The beneficial results obtained from manure water when judiciously applied to flowering and fruiting plants have long been recognized by cultivators, and its use is now becoming more general.

A valuable liquid is made by using ammonia, putting about one teaspoonful to two quarts of water when watering the plants.

Why Well-Fed Stock Eat Straw.

Surprise is often expressed at the fact that the feeding of the highly concentrated and nitrogenous foods results with cows, horses and sheep in a great deal more grain straw being eaten. Animals are wiser in this respect than men and women, who will continue to eat concentrated foods without desire for change until digestion is destroyed. When oil meal is given to stock instead of teaching them to divide it and make it more digestible by eating a large amount of straw. Thus straw which is not nutritious enough to keep any animal in good condition becomes the necessary adjunct to the highest feeding.

The Use of Tomatoes.

It is comparatively recently that the tomato has been used for food. Men little past middle age remember when they were only a garden ornament called "love apples," and nobody thought of eating them. People generally had to acquire a taste for them. Now a large proportion of young people are born with this taste inherited. Immense amounts are put up by canning factories every year, and last season the failure of the fruit crop increased the demand for the tomatoes as an available substitute for other sauce.

Degeneracy of Poultry.

The introduction of new breeds of fowls is only a temporary benefit, unless care is taken to breed them with purity, or to cross only with design for a specified purpose, and then killing all these crosses so soon as their purpose is accomplished. A great majority of complaints that hens do not pay come from those who years ago used crosses, and have continued to breed from them. Their progeny are poor layers, subject to disease and generally worthless. Returning to pure blooded fowls is the only resource of those whose flocks have got in this condition.

Hints to Housekeepers.

A drink which is very refreshing to invalids is made from lime juice and sugar.

A bulging appearance in the can, in the case of canned goods, is indicative of decomposition of the contents.

Ten leaves are good to scatter over carpets before sweeping, not only to freshen the colors, but also to prevent the dust from arising.

Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and three of flour. Roll this into the upper crust of pies; it will render the crust flaky and tender.

After buttering the tins for layer cake, give them a good sprinkling of flour. This will prevent the cake from sticking to the tins, and a little less flour will be required in the making of the cake.

Half a teaspoonful of sugar will nearly always revive a dying fire, and, unlike the few drops of oil which servants are so fond of using, and which has caused so many sad accidents, is perfectly safe.

A fresh egg will sink in water because of the water in it. It will lie on its side also rather than upside. Should the yolk be plainly distinguishable upon being held up to a strong light, the egg is good.

In making custards and custard pie, heat the milk to the scalding point, before adding it to the beaten eggs and sugar; bake at once in a hot oven. The time required for baking them will thus be reduced one-half.

Black satin can be stiffened by sponging with vinegar and water, a tablespoonful of the former to a pint of water. Sponge on the wrong side, then more lightly on the right side and press on the wrong. If there are grease or other spots on it they may be removed by the use of alcohol and ammonia in equal parts, diluting each tablespoonful of the mixture with a pint of water.

To remove and prevent dandruff a good wash is made from two ounces of pulverized borax, two ounces of gum camphor, broken in small pieces, one quart of boiling water. Bottle and cork tightly. Before each time of using strain a small quantity and dilute with an equal portion of water. Apply to the head with a dandel cloth or with the hands. Wash the head and hair afterward with soft water.

Voices of Habit.
A barber, as a change of trade, his way into a pulpit made. And glibly preached from any text. Old habit, though, sprang up once more: His congregating he perverted. One day, baptizing half a score. After the first, by calling "Next!"

Spelling a Horse.

Buyer—Look here, you! You said this horse was sound and kind and free from tricks. The first day I drove him he balked a dozen times, and he's as bad today.

Dealer—Um—you've been wondering if I cheated you, may be?

Yes, I have. And the first time you drove the horse you sort of wondered if he hadn't some tricks, didn't you?

Of course.

And you kept saying to yourself, "I wonder if that there horse will balk," may be?

Probably.

And you had your mind on it a good deal, most like!

That's true.

That's what's the matter. You've hypnotized him, see?

What Mammas Say.

A little Washington boy, who keeps his eyes and ears open constantly, recently succeeded in rather embarrassing his father. He had been amusing himself by pretending to transact business "like papa," and insisted on being shown the respect due a full-grown citizen. But he wanted a pair of roller skates, and when he got them a good deal of time on the pavement. One evening his father came from his office, and for the sake of teasing the little man said: "That's nine, isn't it? The idea of a man playing like that. What would you think of papa were he to come home on skates?" "Well," said the youngster after a thoughtful silence, "mammy says you do."

Another Placid Disaster.

Elvira—Placid is a horrible ontre, Priscilla. So many embarrassing things happen, you know.

Priscilla—Did anything occur yesterday, Elvira?

"Why, yes. Mr. Morgan killed a serpent right in our path."

"Well, you weren't afraid with him, were you?"

"No, not that. But you see it was a garter snake."

The World's Fair Rights at Home.

Little George—Mamma, where is the world's fair going to be held?

Mamma—in Chicago, dear; why?

Little George—Oh, nothing; on'y while I was hiding under the sofa last night, I heard Charlie tell Grace to come over to him and he would show her where the world's fair ought to be held, and was just going to peep out and see where when the gas went out.

Multum in Parvo.

Mr. C. H. Eap—Isaac, I don't think those trousers are worth \$1.50. The checks are too pronounced.

Isaac—Goot g-racious! mine friend; vat you vant for der price! I gits you a set of checkers mit dose trousers, and den you had a sin pair of pants, a checker-board and checkers, all for vun dollar and a half!

Model Girl Buying a Stamp.

"One cent stamp, please."

It was a young and pretty woman who said this in the Post-office the other day. She was at the head of a long line of men waiting to be served, and every man expected there would be one of those long expiring delays that usually occur when a woman steps up to a stamp window.

But nothing of the kind happened and everybody was pleasantly disappointed. In the first place, she had the exact change, and again, when she got the stamp she did not stop to ask questions or wait to affix it to her letter. She simply took her purchase and went away untroubled of the broadside of admiring glances she received. She was a model young woman.

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But nothing of the kind happened and everybody was pleasantly disappointed. In the first place, she had the exact change, and again, when she got the stamp she did not stop to ask questions or wait to affix it to her letter. She simply took her purchase and went away untroubled of the broadside of admiring glances she received. She was a model young woman.

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The Star Editorial.

The Arizona Kicker man has a formidable rival in the editor of the Negri (U. T.). Ensign, a paper published sixty miles south of Salt Lake. He had a battle with the postmaster of his town a few days ago which he describes as follows:

"While passing W. H. Gago's saloon yesterday we stepped inside on a matter of business and were accosted by our esteemed half-drunk postmaster, John Whitehead, with the request that we have a drink with him. Being particular about our company, we politely but firmly declined, only to be urged again and again in a brutal manner, while we positively declined to accept. Stepping up to where we stood, the burly bully seized us by the collar, saying: 'I'd like to strangle you and all your associates.' We then told him to proceed to business if that was his desire, when without further warning the cowardly braggart struck us in the eye. This naturally raised our ire and we called in to make the for fly. We were just beginning to get warmed up and were taking the same interest we have so often experienced in punching a sack of sand when Policeman Pitt appeared on the scene and stopped our fun just as we were putting our fist on our opponent's jaw."

"We went before Judge Stout, and pleaded not guilty to a charge of fighting, but after hearing the evidence of a few witnesses his honor decided that we had fractured the statute, which would take a \$3.50 bill to repair."

"He did not offer any suggestions as to where we could get so much money, so we went out and 'bug' up."

"The other fellow blundered up to the mourner's bench, pleaded guilty, and deposited the necessary amount in postage stamps, which released him from custody, when he waddled back to the saloon to renew his alcoholic saturation. It will now be in order for him to attack our office boy."

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THE MODEST MAID.

"He told me," said the modest maid, "I was the pearl of pearls; my charms displayed would overshadow ten thousand other girls. He vowed I was his cherished prize, his goddess, his delight; he praised my eyes more blue than skies. Their glance than gems more bright. He swore gold glittered in my hair, no words could tell my worth. He called me fair beyond compare with anything on earth. 'And trust you,' asked the matron, wise. 'In what he says to you?' From the maid's eyes shone sweet surprise: 'Of course! I know it's true.'"

THE FLAGMAN'S STORY.

"In the line of duty? Well, yes, though that duty had nothing of the heroic in it, sir; nothing at all. You see, thrusting out the insensible bit of wood and leather which did duty for his once sturdy limb, you see, sir, I was, not so long ago, a freight-handler on the Little Miami, and able to handle the heaviest with the best of 'em, but," reflectively, "it was with me in time as with other strong men who daily take their lives in their hands, not always to go down to the sea in ships, but to face every day the iron monsters between whose wheels and the glistening track lurks oftentimes something far worse than death." The speaker's eyes following, as he spoke, a flock of crows returning from the "bottoms," their "caw, caw," sounding weirdly clear upon the summer air.

"Well," he resumed after a pause, "I was unfortunate enough one day to fall a victim to one of the black monsters—a slip, a wild catching at something which gave way, an express thundering by, a fall, and—well, you can imagine the sound of crushing bones, the groan of agony, the clang of the rushing ambulance, the hospital, and—all the rest," with a glance neither gloomy nor morose at his poor maimed limb.

"A mercy 'twas only my leg? Well, yes, consider! I had four motherless girls to bring up and educate. Yes; but, sir, if the company hadn't had a berth like this at Langdon's Crossing for a cripple like me, where would the mercy have come in, I'd like to know?"

The listener thought of the great reduction in the man's wages, the many months to feed upon \$25 per month, of his happy philosophy, his cheery manner and smile, and wondered in his heart of hearts if honest Tom Owens was not entitled to the name "hero."

"Yes," thoughtfully, "it was in the line of duty that I got the Lord's permission to go about on one good leg, but you see, sir, if I had never met with that accident and been assigned to this very crossing, a soul one night, unprepared might have been hurried into eternity!"

There was a simple earnestness in the speaker's words and manner which attracted the regard of his listener, impressing him with the belief that in the flagman's soul lived a consciousness of having done something far nobler and higher than his mere simple duty.

"You'd like to hear the story?" after a pause. "Well, just take my stool here in the sentry box and I'll be pleased to tell it, sir, and in as few words as possible."

"It is something high onto two years now," he began, "when one pretty cold night in December I sat dozing by the fire in my little house over yonder. I sat there half asleep and half awake, not disturbed by the children's chatter around me till high onto 9 o'clock. I had about concluded to go to bed then, but as I still sat there, the heavy rumbling of a team as it neared the crossing here struck my ear. It was no unusual thing for teams to be returning from Cincinnati at that hour, of course, but I listened as I had got in the habit of doing—even in my sleep. I sometimes think, sir, for the muffled thunder of the horses' hoofs as they passed through the duck creek bridge over yonder, to the pike beyond."

"Something within the room at that moment attracted my attention, so that it was full five minutes before I thought of the team again. 'Did you hear that wagon go through the bridge?' I asked of my eldest daughter, dimly conscious somehow that I had not. 'Yes,' she answered carelessly. 'I think I did!'"

"Another five minutes passed. I looked at the clock. In ten minutes or less the Chicago express would thunder by. Restless and uneasy, somehow, I went to the door and opened it. The moon was at its full, bathing every object in its pure white light. 'I glanced down the track! A dark object threw its black shadow directly across the spot it was my daily duty to guard. 'The team!' I gasped reaching for my hat. 'My God!' and the next moment, as well as my halting step would permit, I was making for the crossing. That shrill whistle in the distance—could it already be the express?"

"In less time than it takes to tell it, sir, I had clambered into the wagon, upon the floor of which, with white, upturned face, lay a young man, dead—if you will permit me to say it, sir—dead drunk!"

"The train was between Linwood and Russell's. Even now its fiery eye glowed balefully over the track. The horses trembled, reared and wouldn't obey the reins. Pray? Aye, sir, that instant of peril taught me the difference between form and earnest prayer. 'Good Lord, deliver us,' meant something more than an idle petition spoken with a smile on the lip. I needed help, superhuman help! A second later the express, shrieking like a demon, flashed by, and on the crossing lay no writhing horses, no torn and bleeding man, no wrecked and useless wagon."

"The young man, aroused by the noise, had by now struggled to his feet. 'What is it?' he asked doggedly, yet half comprehending."

"I was trembling as violently as the horses, and for a moment was unable to answer him. His face, when I had explained, turned ghastly white in the moonlight. Thoroughly sober, he sat silent for awhile, his lips moving convulsively as tho' in prayer. 'You're all right now,' said I after awhile, giving him the reins, 'but be careful, my boy, of the next crossing.' For answer he wrung my hand, saying never a word. I understood, of course, all that was in his heart, and so I stood, all unmindful of the cold, till long after the wagon had crossed the bridge and the sound of the wheels had very nearly died in the distance. 'It was a month or more after that, when one day a young man stepped up to the sentry-box and cordially grasped my hand. 'You don't remember me,' he said a little bashfully, 'the young man whose life you saved almost on this very spot?' 'Why, bless me! I returned heartily, and then we, of course, fell to talking the thing over. 'Mr. Owens,' said he earnestly, when about to leave, 'I feel as though I can never repay you for your noble deed that night, but,' passing me a shining silver quarter of a dollar—which by courtesy, sir, I felt I shouldn't refuse—it would afford me great pleasure if you would some time drink to our further acquaintance. 'I can never do that, sir,' I answered, shaking my head. 'I never indulge in spirits. I wouldn't always be fit for duty, young man, if I did.' 'That's so,' said he, the muscles about his chin quivering. 'If you had been in bed and as tipsy as I was that night, why—' but No. 20 was due, I could only say good-by and leave him. 'About a year after that,' he resumed after a slight pause, 'an old gentleman, standing here idly one day, engaged me in conversation. Something in his face and speech seemed familiar, tantalizingly familiar. Presently I asked his name—Morrow, John Morrow, of —. I knew then who stood before me. He was the father of the young man I have been telling you about. Naturally enough I spoke of his son's peril that night. The old gentleman looked dumbfounded. 'That accounts for the sudden change in my boy,' exclaimed he, when, at his request, I had told him all. 'That accounts for the change in No. 20 about that time.' And then he told me of the sorrow and trouble the boy's love of liquor had given the mother and him, and how unreliable he was generally in all matters of business—the father, you see, sir, being a well-to-do lumber merchant of —. Suddenly, in one day it seemed, a change had come over their son, a 'serious' change as the old man called it. The slight and small of liquor turned him pale; his boon companions had no charm for him; he took to business, and," said the old man, proudly, when about to depart; "and to-day, Mr. Owens, there's not in the whole state of Ohio a sturdier, better young man than Ned Morrow, my son, the boy you saved."

"How Signor Blitz Sold a Hen. In the first quarter of this century, a party of travelers was journeying down the Missouri on a flat-boat. The river was covered with floating ice, and provisions scarce. One of them, a school-teacher, and a Frenchman whose occupation nobody could discover, went ashore to buy provisions at a farm house. The teacher offered fifty cents to the farmer's wife for a motherly old hen that was scratching about the yard. She refused, with a torrent of abuse. His comrade, who was lounging over the gate, whispered, 'Offer another bit.' 'Five bits!' said the teacher. The woman hesitated, when, to her amazement, the hen squealed out, 'I'm not worth it!'"

The teacher started back in dismay. The farmer's wife, regaining her courage, chased the hen, and caught it up in her arms. 'Take two bits; it's all I'm worth!' it said, flapping in her arms. She ran, pale with terror, to the Frenchman, and put it into his hands, screaming out: 'Take it away! It's bewitched!'"

The young man threw back the money to her and carried off the hen. Many years afterward, among the crowd in the East room of the White House which attended one of the receptions of President Fillmore was the kindly Signor Blitz, well known to all the children of the Eastern states as a ventriloquist. When he was introduced to the president, the two men looked at each other a moment, and then burst into a laugh. "You never thought to see me here," said Mr. Fillmore. "Now for the first time I understand the mystery of the old hen."—Youth's Companion.

Rabbit Wool for Market. To look at the rabbit as a wool-bearing animal and source of annual profit, is a point of view that certainly will be novel to most people, but a student of the subject declares that a rabbit is valuable when thus regarded. He yields a wool, it is said, softer and finer than that of sheep, and, besides its beauty, it is believed to have the valuable attribute of benefitting or curing rheumatism. Small as the rabbit is his growth is various and it is estimated that the amount of wool produced by a rabbit in a year, as he can be combed several times and the wool grows again, is as much as the wool of a lamb would fetch.

Good Advice. "It costs the government \$230,000 a year to print the Congressional Record." The government should economize by using a patent inside and boiler plate matter for the outside.—Norristown Herald.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

FRESH FACTS OF INTEREST TO INQUIRING MINDS.

Fallacies Concerning Aluminum—How an Electric Car is Moved—A Novel Microscope—Rain and Explosions—New Process for Raising Sand—Notes and Lubrication.

A Novel Penell.

An old German in San Francisco has conceived a new idea, which is rapidly bringing grist to his mill. This is the utilization of long French nails as lead pencils. The ingenious mechanic hollows out the nail, puts a screw in the head, and then, by putting a piece of graphite in the hollow stem, he has an excellent pencil. The nail when polished looks like silver, and the pencils are in great demand.

New Process for Raising Sand.

An improved process for raising sand has been patented in England. A barge is used having a tank to receive drainage or over-flow of water therefrom. A pulsometer or other pump is furnished with a suction pipe—part rigid and part flexible—to reach to the bed or bank of sand, which is drawn through it and deposited in the tank. Around the mouth of the suction pipe are placed a number of hollow prongs, suitably connected with another pump. Through these prongs jets of water from the water-hole on the barge are forced, and the sand thus loosened is readily taken up by the suction pipe.

How an Electric Car is Moved.

The dynamo which generates the current does so by the revolution of a coil of wire near the poles of the magnet, the force which revolves the coil being derived from the engine. The current then passes over the wires, down the trolley which surmounts each car, to a small motor. This motor has an armature consisting of coils of wire traversed by an electrical current which is attracted in succession to the poles of the stationary coils called the field magnets, through which the current also flows, flies around, and transmits its motion by means of cogwheels, to the axle of the car. The driver of the car, by use of a lever turns the current into the motor beneath the car, or diverts it to the rails at will. In the conduit system the current passes along the wire, with which connection is made into the motor on the car, and then out through the wheels to the rails, and then back to the central dynamo—Engineering.

Covering Pipes for the Conservation of Heat.

An instance of the success attending the covering of pipes for conserving heat occurred quite recently, in which a residence was fitted with a complete system of hot water supply pipes on a scale sufficiently large for a good boiler in a five-foot kitchen range; but owing to the exigencies of a temporary delay a three-foot range was fitted up and connected to the chimney and circulating pipes for temporary cooking and hot-water supply. It was not supposed that the little range with its boiler would do much in the way of water heating, but to the astonishment of everyone it gave an abundant supply of very hot water in every part of the house as quickly in the morning as a larger range could be expected to do. The best material for covering pipes is hair felt; hair is a poor conductor of heat, and is unsurpassable for this purpose, especially as it is so easy of application. The felt, which is readily obtainable in sheets, is cut up into strips for pipe work, and wound round the pipe spirally and secured with cord or wire.

Notes on Lubrication.

In some practical notes on lubrication F. Kuhne says in the Electrical Railway Advertiser: Great care should be taken to keep cylinder oil free from all dust or flying particles. The smallest quantity of gritty matter may cause trouble, delay, and considerable expense, should it happen to get into your cylinder. The use of a galvanized iron oil cabinet, which can be kept entirely closed, will obviate this difficulty. Knight's American-mechanical dictionary says: "The requisites of a good lubricant are, that it must endure the heat of melted lead without change, in order to stand friction and lubricate the cylinders of steam engines. The heat under a pressure of 150 pounds of steam is enough to decompose or distill any vegetable or animal oil in the market. They must be fixed and not volatile, otherwise they are decomposed by friction and burned or dried up. They must not show or possess acid reaction either naturally or artificially; otherwise bolts are cut in the steam chest, and the iron, particularly wrought iron, is made porous. They must possess a sufficient power of tenacity without oxidation otherwise they will gum."

A Novel Microscope.

A microscope, which it is claimed is the most complete and finest instrument of its kind ever imported into this country has been imported for a prominent New York scientist. The instrument which is known as the Deck International, cost \$10,500, and has all the movements that can possibly be obtained for its manipulation. Nearly every adjustment is operated by a rack and pinion, and the others by equally easy and stable methods. Some of the size of the microscope may be obtained by mentioning that the reflector, which carries level and concave mirrors is three-and-a-half-inches in diameter. Every revolution of the instrument around the stage which is sufficiently heavy to give freedom and firmness, is graduated to degrees. The case for the instrument is a carefully finished mahogany box, with mountings of polished brass. In it are three small cases of mahogany, filled with what is considered every conceivable device for magnifying objects or reflecting light. Notable among the accessories is a polariscope arranged especially to register the angle from crystals under examination. There are fourteen objectives or lenses to complete the outfit and to increase the power of the instrument from 10 diameters to 10,000. There are also eight additional eye pieces to decrease or increase power as wanted, and an eye piece micrometer with color adjustment. The Sorbya microscope is so arranged as to fit neatly upon the eye piece of the instrument for spectroscopic analysis, and together with the gonimeter and diroscope, together with over 100 additional pieces of apparatus, go to complete the outfit.

Under the directions of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture experiments to produce rainfall by the explosion of dynamite are to be made. The theory that rain may be produced by explosives is based largely on the fact that nearly all the great battles of this century have been followed quite shortly by rain.

During the siege of Valenciennes in 1793, the weather, which had been hot and dry, became violently rainy after the cannonading commenced.

At the battle of Dresden in 1813, the weather, which had been serene and very warm, suddenly changed. Vast clouds filled the sky, and soon a torrent of rain fell.

At Waterloo, according to one authority, the weather during the morning of June 17, 1815, had been oppressively warm. The atmosphere was close, and a dark heavy cloud hung over the combatants. Brigade guns began firing. The concussion seemed to rebound through the still atmosphere, and to communicate like an electric spark with the heavily charged clouds above. A violent thunder-clap burst forth, which was followed by a great downpour of rain.

One of the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad states that he was compelled to do a great deal of blasting through a part of the country where rain had never been known to fall in considerable quantities, and where it has never rained since. But during the period of the blasting, nearly a year, it rained every day.

Humboldt states that the eruption of a South American volcano in a dry season sometimes changes it to a rainy season.

It is believed also, that in very warm, calm weather the burning of woods and long grass produces rain. Extensive fires in Nova Scotia are generally followed by floods of rain.

Whether rain can be artificially produced without expense too great to make the enterprise worth while, and without dependence on a favorable condition of the atmosphere, are questions which the experimenters have yet to decide.

Fallacies Concerning Aluminum. The claims made for aluminum as the metal of the future are shown to be extravagant by William Kent in the American Machinist. Aluminum should never be reduced in price, he says, to 10 or 15 cents a pound, as is claimed, what field is there for the metal at that price? It cannot possibly replace iron or steel as a structural metal for even at 10 cents a pound it would be about five times as expensive per pound. If it be said that this is largely offset by its being only one-third as heavy, and that the bulk of a pound is three times as great as that of a pound of steel, then it may be rejoined that it is only one-third as strong. It may replace silver, German silver, copper, tin and zinc for some of the purposes for which these metals are used, but by no means for all. It is too cheap to replace silver for coins, and for high-priced tableware, but is excellent for moderate-priced ware. It will probably make a better roof than copper, tin or zinc, if it ever is as cheap as these metals, but is more fusible than copper, which makes it less useful for stoves, has less electric conductivity, making it less useful for electric wires, and thus far it has not been successfully brazed or soldered, in which respect it is inferior to nearly all other useful metals.

The most valuable properties of aluminum are its ductility under drawing processes, and its non-liability to corrosion. It can be rolled into sheets .0007" in thickness, beaten into leaf, drawn into tubes, and spun or stamped into various shapes. It is susceptible of a high degree of finish by polishing or burnishing. It becomes hard by working, and requires frequent annealing. It melts perfectly fluid at about 1300°, but becomes granular at about 1000° F. It is most easily worked at a temperature of from 200° to 300°. It is apt to become granular and to stick to the rolls at a higher temperature. As to the corrodibility of the metal, it is unaffected by either dry or moist air, by water, by sulphuretted hydrogen or other sulphur vapors, by salt, sea water, a weak solution of salt in acetic acid, or by sulphuric or nitric acids. These acids, however, rapidly act upon the metal in the presence of chlorine. The alloys of aluminum with other metals have many valuable properties, and there are probably many other useful alloys of the metal yet to be discovered. Aluminum has enough valuable properties, therefore, to make its cheap production a great boon to many arts and industries which are already using it in ever-increasing quantities, but there is absolutely no foundation for the extravagant claims which have been made for it as a new metal for great structures, and no ground for believing that it will "revolutionize the world."

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